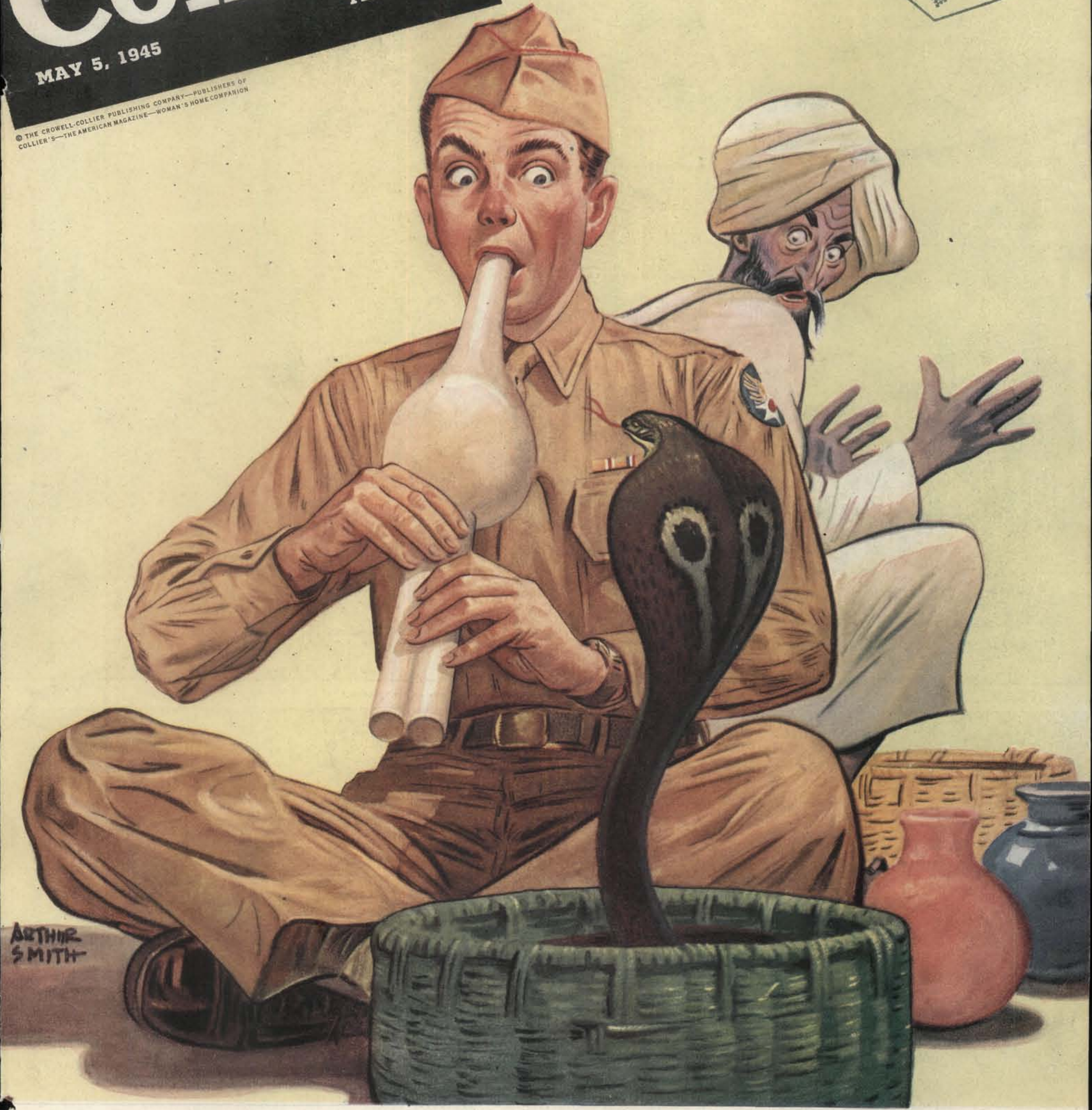
Collier's
TEN CENTS
MAY 5, 1945

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

IOLA,
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

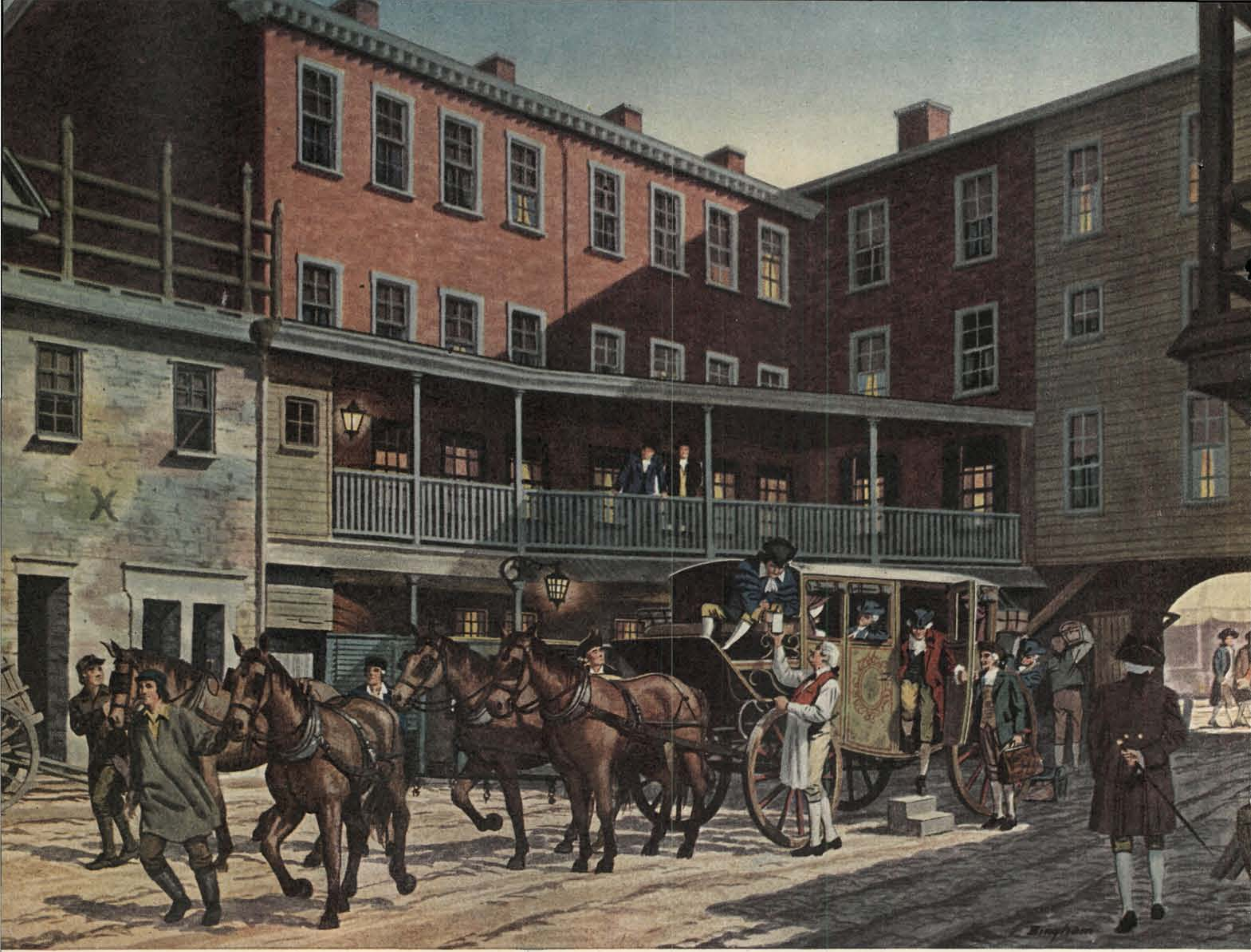


THERE IS NO LABOR MOVEMENT

By JOHN L. LEWI

FREE PUB LIBR
IOLA
KANS
25AU45
A
15835
C
RKK

May 5-1945



New York stage arriving at Black Horse Inn, Philadelphia . . . based on early records.*

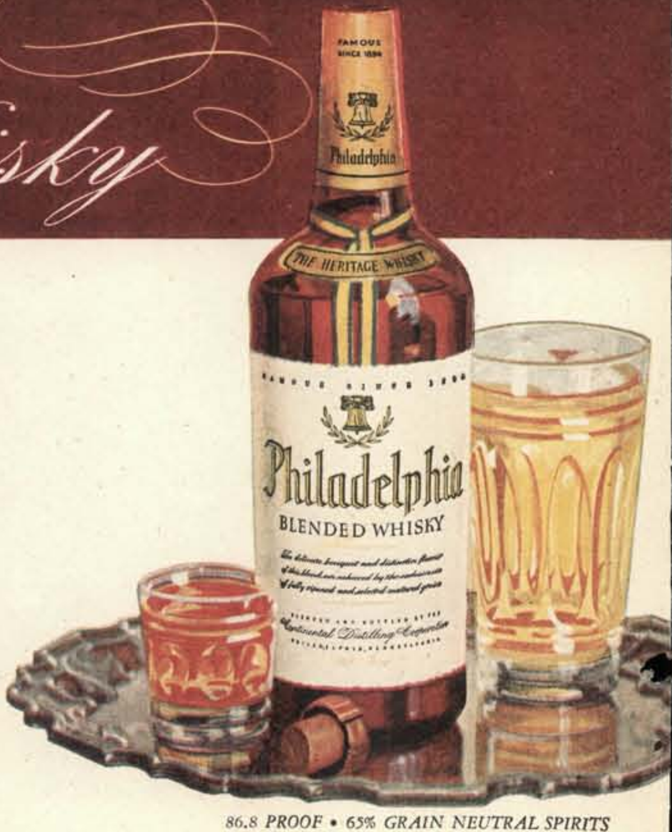
Philadelphia

The Heritage Whisky

"John Butler, with his waggon, sets out on Mondays, at the sign of the Death of the Fox in Strawberry Alley, and drives the same way to Trenton Ferry"— from early advertisement of original Philadelphia-New York stage coach service.

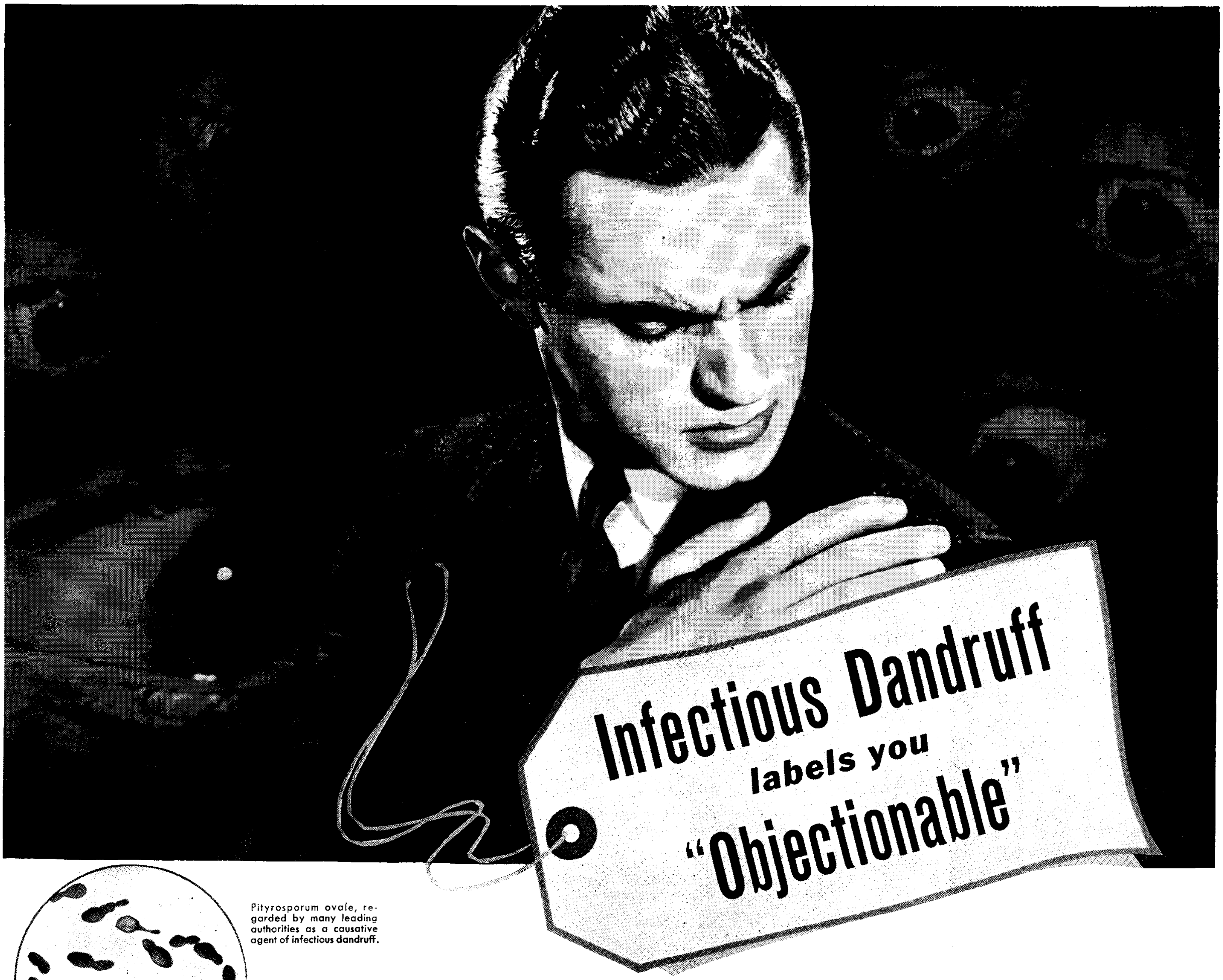
Happy indeed were the hardy travelers of Colonial days to end their rugged 3-day journey from New York! For what a royal welcome awaited them in the hospitable inns which made the name of Philadelphia a synonym for warm good cheer throughout the Colonies. A tradition of hospitality which survives today in Philadelphia Blend . . . "the heritage whisky." A whisky of noble qualities you might set aside for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia . . . regularly and often!

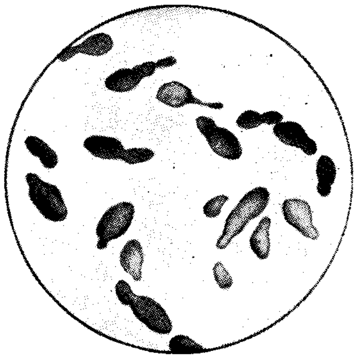
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

*CONTINUING, BY POPULAR REQUEST, THE SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS FOR PHILADELPHIA BLEND... *THE HERITAGE WHISKY*...FAMOUS SINCE 1894




Pityrosporum ovale, regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Better do something about it now!

THOSE embarrassing flakes, those distressing scales, are a black mark against you . . . can stamp you as an objectionable person. Moreover, they're a warning that if you don't do something about the condition at once you may be in for a case of infectious dandruff.

Better Start Now

Why let infectious dandruff threaten the health of your scalp? Why not get started at once with an easy, delightful, tested treatment that has helped so many and may help you . . . a treatment that doesn't fool but gets after the germs accompanying the infection.

Just douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on scalp and hair; and follow with vigorous, rotary, finger-tip massage for several minutes.

Combined with your regular hair-washing this acts as a precaution against infection. And, if the infection has got the jump on you, the treatment should be stepped up to morning and night frequency.

How Listerine Antiseptic Works

Listerine Antiseptic kills the "bottle bacillus" by millions, that stubborn, ugly little customer that many dermatologists say is a causative agency in this type of dandruff.

Used regularly, Listerine Antiseptic helps to get rid of those distressing flakes and troublesome scales and alleviates that bothersome itching so many sufferers complain about.

And, at the same time, it imparts a wonderful sense of freshness and exhilaration. Your scalp glows and tingles. Your hair feels delightfully fresh.

In clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic, used twice daily, brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of the dandruff sufferers. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

The TREATMENT

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places and apply Listerine Antiseptic. **MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

the Tested Treatment

P. S.—*In these days when so many products suffer from a lack of materials, it is a comfort to know that* ***Listerine Tooth Paste*** *remains first-rate in quality, cleansing ability and safety . . . a truly representative member of the Listerine Antiseptic family.*

* PLAYBOY PERSONAL RADIO
* AVAILABLE AFTER THE WAR
Two very famous FIRSTS by—
Motorola Radio
F-M & A-M HOME RADIO · AUTO RADIO · AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPHS · TELEVISION
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION · CHICAGO 51, ILLINOIS
"HANDIE TALKIE"

Collier's
FOR MAY 5, 1945

HENRY LA COSSITT • Editor
KENNETH LITTAUER • Executive Editor
WILLIAM L. CHENERY • Publisher
JOE ALEX MORRIS • Managing Editor
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	FREDERICK R. NEELY	Aviation	KYLE CRICHTON	Articles	ULRICH CALVOSA	Photographs
W. B. COURTNEY	London	EDWARD TOMLINSON The Other Americas		HERBERT ASBURY	Articles	GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor
ERNEST HEMINGWAY	France			AMY PORTER	Articles	AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
MARTHA GELLHORN	France	FRANK D. MORRIS	Pacific Fleet	JIM BISHOP	Articles	IFOR THOMAS	Studio
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast	GEORGE CREEL	Washington	JAMES N. YOUNG	Articles	ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa	ROBERT DE VORE	Washington	INNES MacCAMMOND	Articles	ELIZABETH BOUTELLE	Fiction
FRANK GERVASI	Mediterranean	WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington	HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables	DONALD CONGDON	Fiction

this week

FICTION

PAGE

NEVER ARGUE WITH A CIVILIAN By NORBERT DAVIS 12
In all the cockeyed world there's no place like home!

THE KIDS ON THE BLOCK By EDWIN LANHAM 14
He had no family to mourn his death, only a neighborhood.

I'M SENSITIVE By EMILY HAHN 20
The Short Short Story.

DARLING, THIS IS DEATH By DANA CHAMBERS 24
The Serial Story. Conclusion.

THE BLUE MOSQUE By EILEEN DAVIS 42
At heart he was another Sindbad the Sailor—but even Sindbad had to come home at last.

A LONG SHOT By GEORGE WESTON 74
The Gunner shot the works and hit the jackpot, straight out of Hollywood.

ARTICLES

THERE IS NO LABOR MOVEMENT By JOHN L. LEWIS 11
The mineworkers' spokesman says it is the politicians who are to blame for our present industrial disunity.

BIG JUMP INTO GERMANY By RICHARD C. HOTTELET 13
A correspondent participates in one of the major adventures of the war—the airborne invasion of the Rhineland.

TRANSFER TO THE EAST By QUENTIN REYNOLDS 16
To move an army and its equipment from Europe to the Pacific and then process it for war on the Japanese front will take at least 10 months.

FLAME-IN-THE-FOREST By WILLIAM BRIDGES 18
With Charles Cordier, on the trail of some of America's most fabulous birds.

KING OF SING By RUTH CARSON 21
If Bob Shaw has his way we'll soon become a nation of choristers.

SEVEN MILLION YOUNG DETECTIVES By VERA CONNOLLY 22
Our kids help the Secret Service clean up the counterfeiters.

NEW ORLEANS' PRIVATE WAR By HARNETT T. KANE 27
A city of gourmets struggles to hold to its epicurean traditions.

SALOME ON RYE By MICHAEL SHERIDAN 56
The "most beautiful girl in the world" would rather eat than—act.

●

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

WING TALK By FREDERICK R. NEELY 8

THE HEROES, *A Gallery of United Nations Patriots* By GEORGE CREEL 38
No. 28—Yefim Vilkis

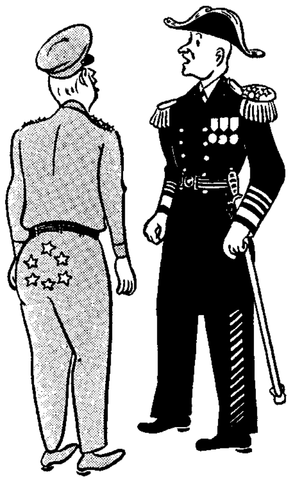
THE WEEK'S WORK By AMY PORTER 84

EDITORIALS: *Laws Against Prejudice* • *Northrop Spots Some Jobs* • *How Are Your Personal Brakes?* 86

COVER By *ARTHUR SMITH*

any week

YOU doubtless realize, begins Mr. Alex Smith, of Aloha, Washington, that a man's breadth of shoulders and length of arms are limited. If, therefore, our higher officers continue to increase in rank at the present rate, there will soon be a dearth of room for stars and gold bands. Should this come to pass, Mr. Smith asserts, it would be perfectly feasible to put gold bands on the trouser legs, starting at the bottom and working up. The stars could be arranged in a neat circle on the seat of the military pants. There, gentlemen of the War and Navy departments, is something for you to discuss in your sparse spare moments.

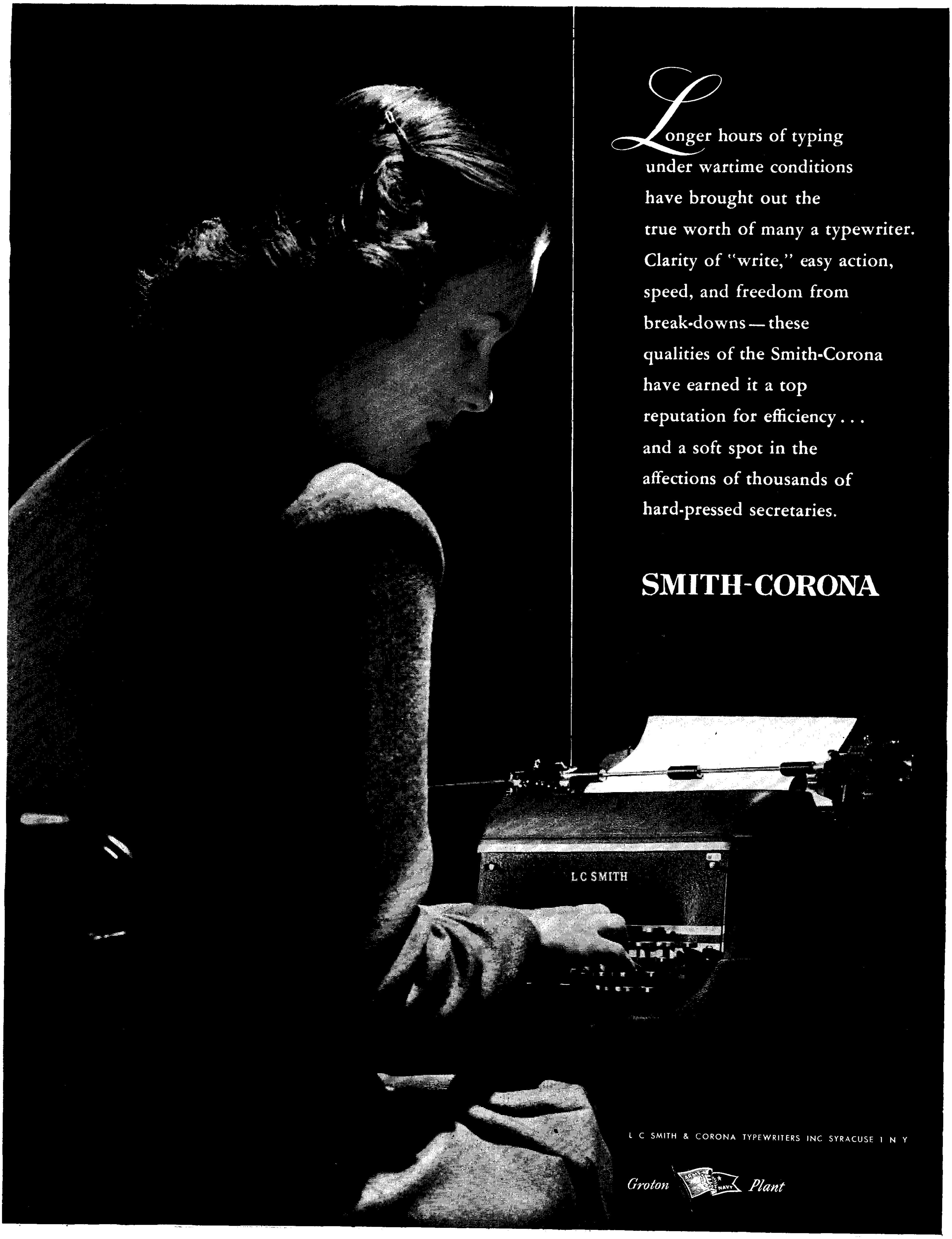


FROM Excelsior, Minnesota, Mr. Joe Colihan reports an after-dinner conversation which revolved largely around the scarcity of butter. One of the guests said pooh-pooh—he had the problem licked at his home. "I just buy one pound of butter and one pound of lard," he told an enthralled audience, "and warm them up a little until they're sort of semi-soft. Then I mix the butter and lard thoroughly in a large bowl and put the whole mess into the refrigerator to harden. In about an hour I have two pounds of what you might call butter." Somebody asked what it tasted like. "Tastes like lard," said he.

ALMOST everything has been said about the cigarette shortage except perhaps that a New York concern is now manufacturing a cigarette that "blends the flavor and aroma of selected coffees with the finest domestic and imported tobaccos." We tried a pack. Makes you smell like coffee grounds. Anyway it's a smoke, and if they could only impregnate this product with essence of orange juice, the average stenographer could inhale her breakfast while walking to work.

(Continued on page 82)

Vol. 115, No. 18. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1945, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Denerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $5.00 for two years, $7.00 for three years, in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to Subscription Department, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and the new addresses.



Longer hours of typing under wartime conditions have brought out the true worth of many a typewriter. Clarity of "write," easy action, speed, and freedom from break-downs — these qualities of the Smith-Corona have earned it a top reputation for efficiency . . . and a soft spot in the affections of thousands of hard-pressed secretaries.

SMITH-CORONA

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC SYRACUSE I N Y

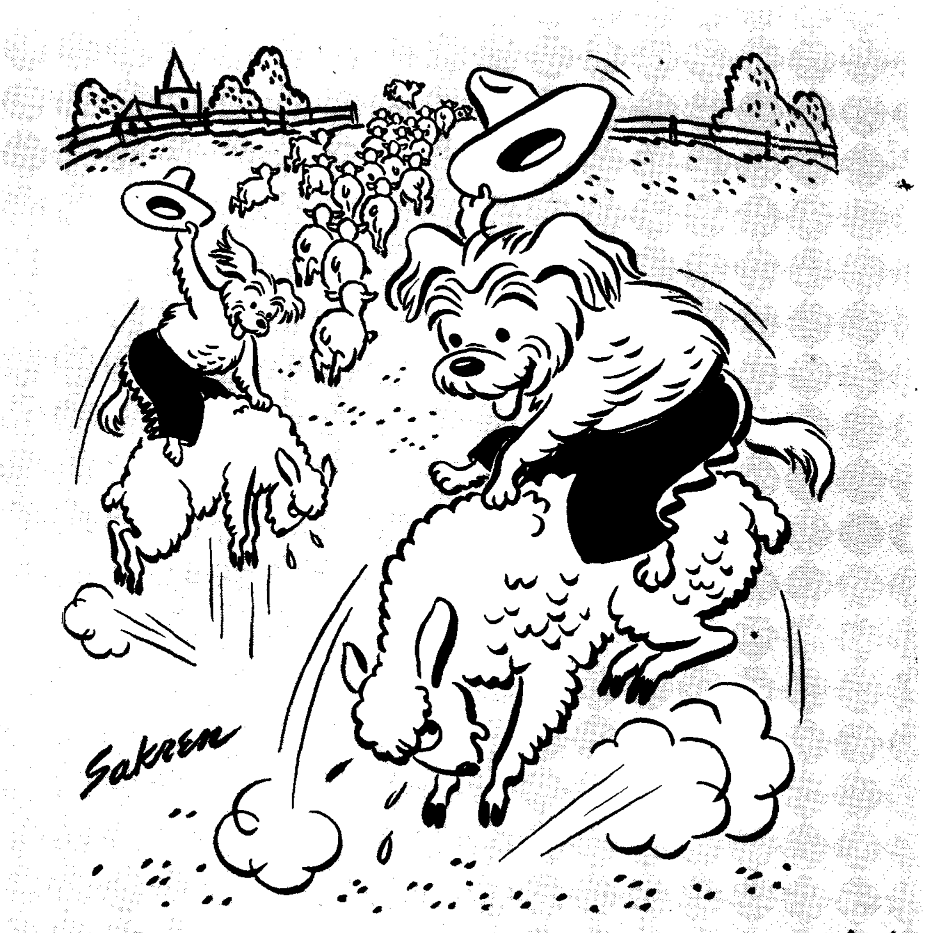
Groton *Plant*

Every *second* pair of Florsheim Shoes *is going to war*

The DEARBORN

Most Styles $10.50 and $11

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

No breed of dog equals the little Puli of Hungary in intelligence and ingenuity as a sheep herder. For instance, one of its own methods for controlling a runaway is to leap on the sheep's back and ride it like a broncobuster until the animal is exhausted and can be returned to the flock.

Unknown to the public, many important bridges in Europe contain secret "demolition chambers" so strategically located that explosives set off in them will destroy the structures completely in a matter of seconds in case they have to be sacrificed to stop an invading army.

One of America's outstanding memorials of the first World War is The God of Peace, the 38-foot onyx statue of an Indian by Carl Milles, installed in 1936 in the Ramsey County court house in St. Paul, Minnesota. To show the detail of its back, this 60-ton figure rotates automatically on its base, to the right and to the left, 66 degrees in each direction, completing the two movements in five hours.—*By O. B. Johnson, New Richland, Minn.*

Among the world's largest land signs for aviators is the word Studebaker which marks the company's proving grounds at South Bend, Indiana. More than a half-mile in length and as deep as a 20-story building, its block letters are comprised of 8,500 pine trees.—*By Frances Ryan, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Certain types of music should not be played for factory workers at certain hours, while other types should not be played at all. Recently, so much boogie-woogie was played in one Baltimore plant that 71 of its employees had to be sent to Johns Hopkins Hospital for psychiatric treatment.

Bridges consisting of a single rope are still in use at points along the rivers of western China where only men and horses travel. To get over them, a man hooks his horse to the rope in an underslung harness and, clutching the rope with hands and feet, pulls himself and animal across, a few inches at a time.

The Falange, ruling political party of Spain, operates "legal" black markets in food through its own syndicates. Thus, the government itself violates its ceiling prices. For instance, when the ceiling price on an article is equivalent to $1, its cost through one of these syndicates is about $2.50 and $3.25 in the real black market.

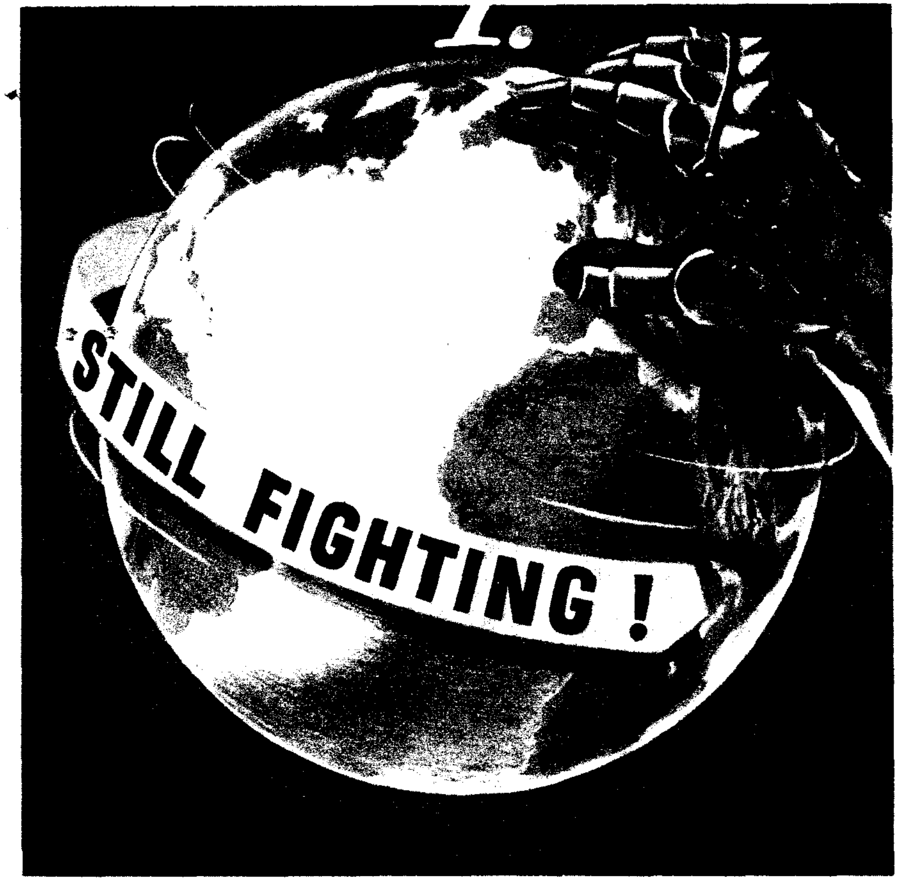
The only mutilated religious statue that Roman Catholics are allowed to venerate is believed to be a figure of the Madonna in the English Theological College at Valladolid, Spain. In fact, this image has been venerated since about 1600, after an invading army had chopped away part of the face and cut off and carried away the arms and the Child nestled in them.

How America's Unknown Soldier was chosen in France in 1921: On October 22d, one unidentified body was exhumed from each of four American military cemeteries, put in a new plain casket and shipped to Châlons-sur-Marne, where all four arrived the next afternoon and were placed side by side in the city hall. That night, the caskets were rearranged in position and their transportation papers burned to destroy means of tracing cemetery of origin. On October 24th, the selection of the Unknown Soldier was made by Sergeant Edward F. Younger, who, after walking around the four biers several times, signified his historic choice by placing a spray of white roses on the second from the right. Following the ceremony, the Unknown Soldier was transferred secretly to a new casket, and the body of one of the other three soldiers was placed in his old one, so that its burial would obliterate the last possible clue to the identification of the soldier.

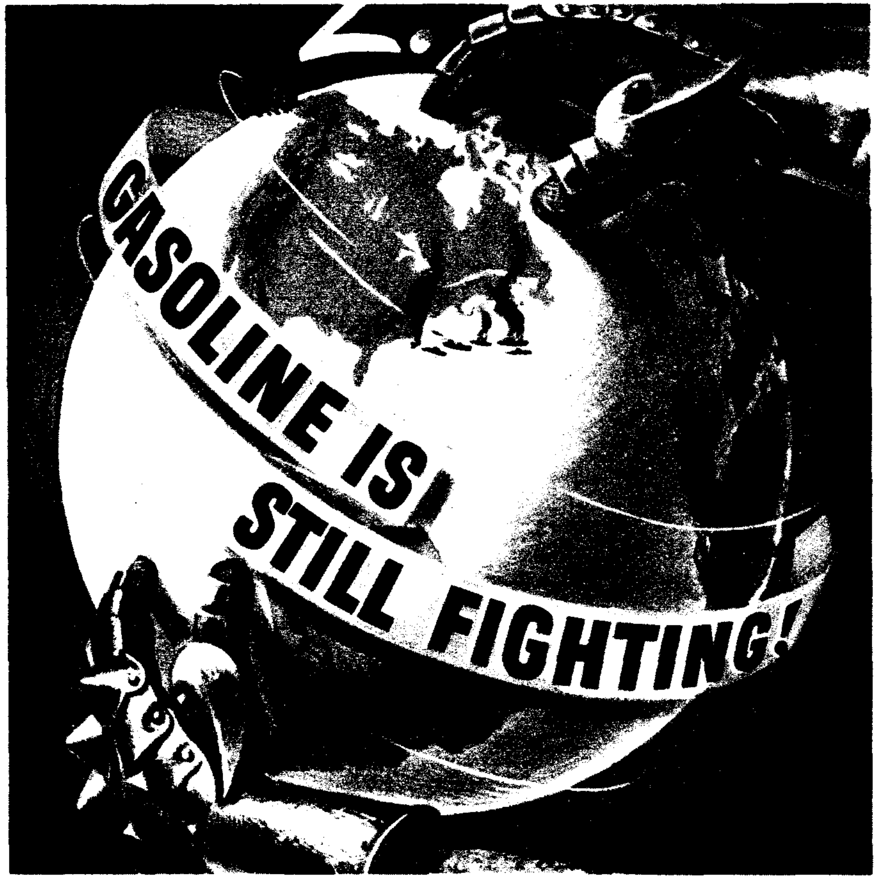
A Mohammedan mosque in Damascus named in honor of Jesus is believed to be the only temple dedicated to the founder of another religion.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

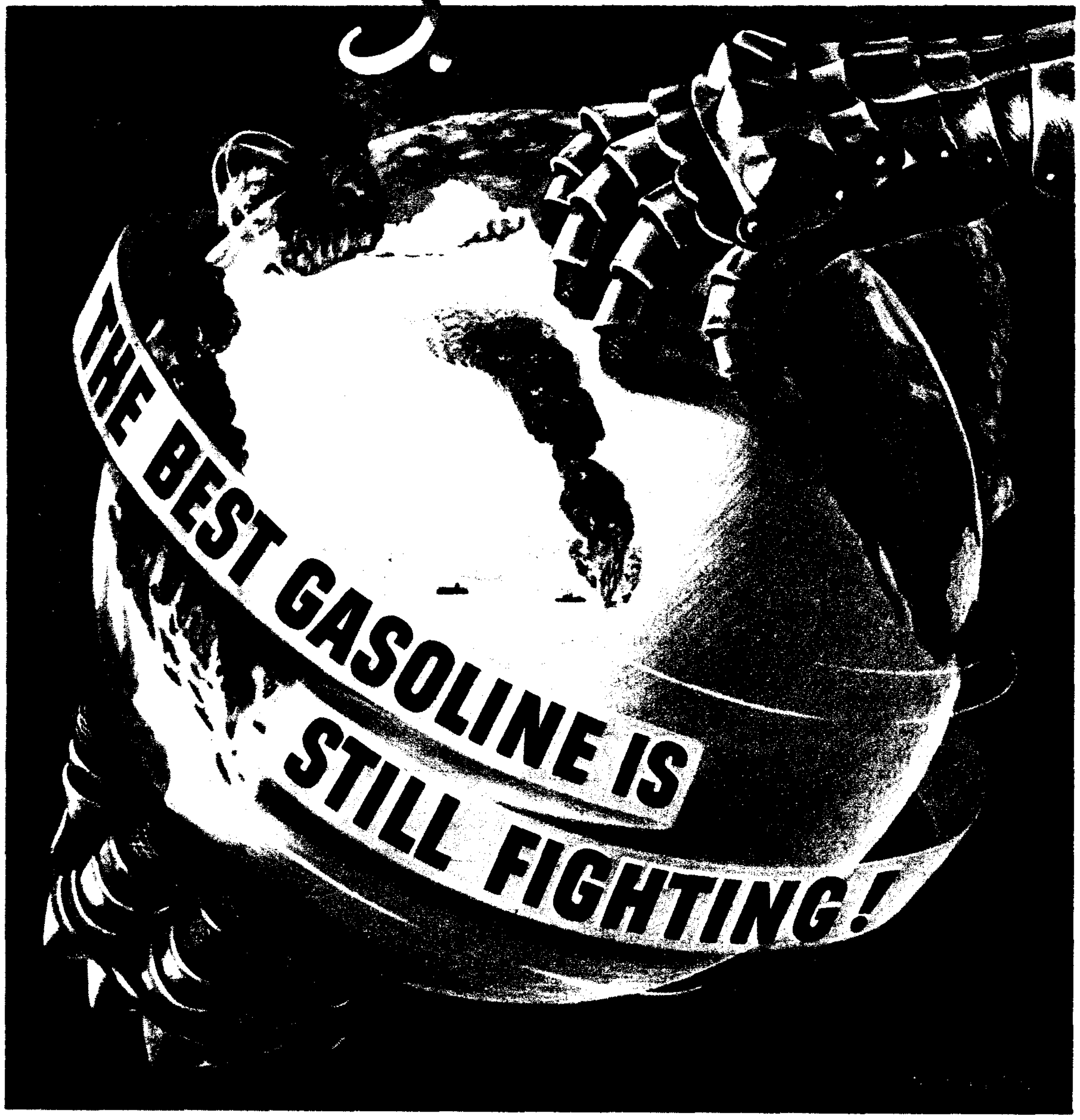
1.


STILL FIGHTING !

2.


GASOLINE IS
STILL FIGHTING!

3.


THE BEST GASOLINE IS
STILL FIGHTING!

RIGHT NOW *the world's best gasoline—millions of gallons of it—is being shipped to fighting fronts all over the world. Our fighting men are getting the cream of the petroleum industry's production—and all they need.*

But as long as America is fighting two wars—one in Europe and the other in Asia—home-front gasoline supplies must be limited both as to quantity and quality. Only complete, final Victory will bring car-owners the Ethyl gasoline they look forward to—the Ethyl that will bring out the top performance of any car.

Ethyl CORPORATION

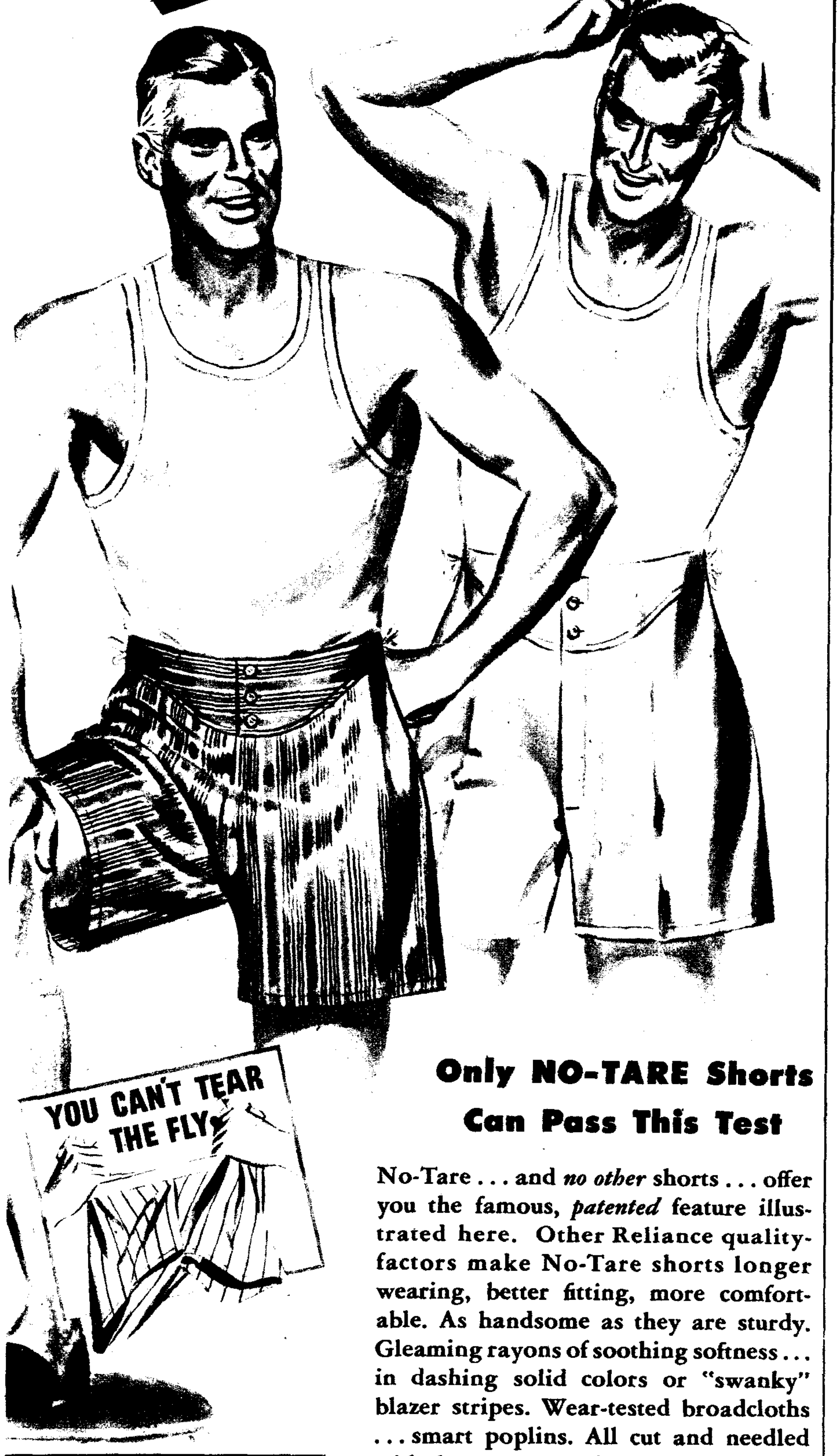
CHRYSLER BUILDING
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

ETHYL
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG US PAT OFF

●

ETHYL IS A TRADE MARK NAME

Rely on Reliance


YOU CAN'T TEAR THE FLY

Only NO-TARE Shorts Can Pass This Test

No-Tare . . . and *no other* shorts . . . offer you the famous, *patented* feature illustrated here. Other Reliance quality-factors make No-Tare shorts longer wearing, better fitting, more comfortable. As handsome as they are sturdy. Gleaming rayons of soothing softness . . . in dashing solid colors or "swanky" blazer stripes. Wear-tested broadcloths . . . smart poplins. All cut and needled with the unsurpassed craftsmanship that won Reliance the "E." No-Tare shorts are sold by better stores as often as our military obligations permit civilian shipments.

THE MIGHTY 7th WAR LOAN DRIVE
Starts May 14th
BUY MORE AND MORE THAN EVER BEFORE

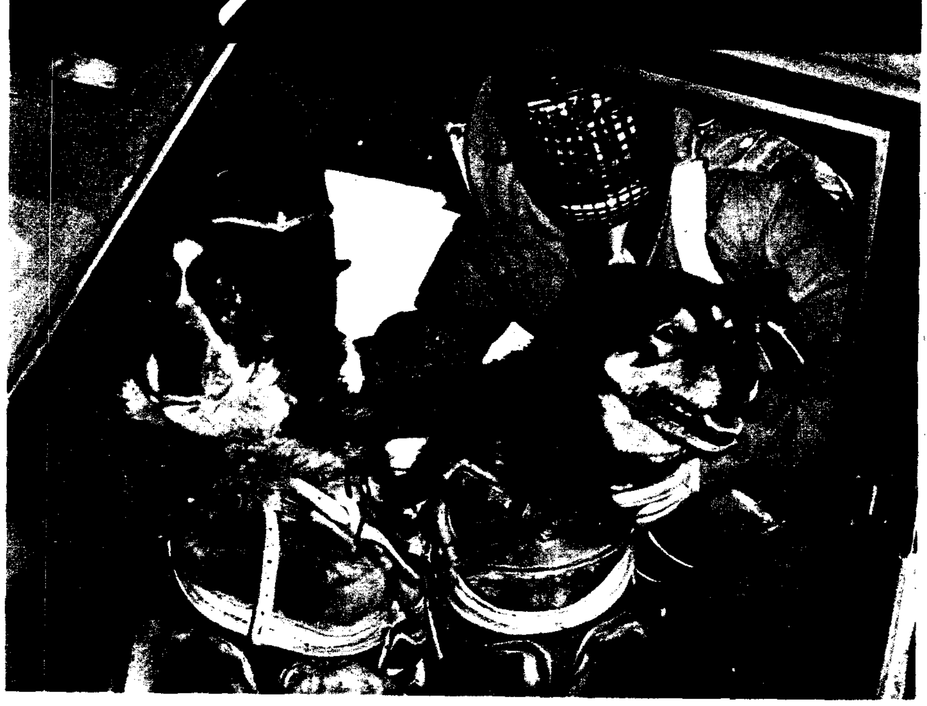
Reliance NO★TARE

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
212 W. Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois
New York Offices:
200 Fifth Avenue • 1350 Broadway

MAKERS OF Universal Shirts and Pajamas Ensenada Shirts and Slacks • Yankshire Coats • Kay Whitney and Happy Home Frocks • Big Yank Work Clothing

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES

Capt. Wm. R. Jacobs, Alaskan Division flight surgeon, prepares to jump with two Parapups. Mask is protection in case he lands in tangled brush

SEARCH and rescue for unlucky aircraft forced down in isolated spots of the globe are now highly efficient and systematized and will be a welcome holdover from the war to world air travelers.

Many of these operations at present fall to the Air Transport Command, each division of which has problems peculiarly its own. There is a separate technique employed for rescuing bombers from the Greenland Icecap. Likewise, there is a different procedure for picking up crews and passengers who bail out in the Himalayan Hump country.

But up on ATC's Alaskan Division is perhaps the most unusual of all search and rescue organizations. Fort Nelson, far north in British Columbia, is the home of the Parapups. On a 24-hour basis, Eskimo Huskies are alert to leave their comfortable doghouses in the woods, take to the air and be dropped by parachute to bring aid to downed Allied airmen in the bush and ice country.

While much of the experimental work that led to Parapups was doubtless accomplished in Maine, Newfoundland and Labrador, the first detailed application of this rescue operation has come to light on the Alaskan Division. Major Joseph F. Westover of Winnetka, Illinois, came to the conclusion that merely dropping food, clothing and medicine to crash victims was not the ultimate in rescue preparation. Many a ship was forced to crash land on the side of an inaccessible mountain in terrain forbidding to even the finest-equipped ground party. So the most plausible answer was the dropping of fully supplied and self-sustaining dog teams.

It was not easy to train 100-pound pack dogs to jump in pairs under a single 28-foot parachute. There was the problem of temperatures; often the mercury descends to 48 degrees below zero and stays there for days. Snow is several feet deep at the end of the jump and, most of all, the dogs must reach the ground healthy and ready for action. Each dog must land like a feather.

Two magnificent Huskies, Maggie and Jiggs, were selected for the initial test jump in British Columbia. For days the G.I.s in charge of the Fort Nelson kennels worked to design and produce a special chute harness. The finished product weighed five pounds and was abundantly lined with sheepskin. The rigging was not unlike the parachute harness for airmen—it fits snugly over each dog's back and buckles across his chest and under his tummy. If the pooches are to leap singly, the 24-foot chute is used, while twin jumps call for a 28-foot job, standard for dropping cargo.

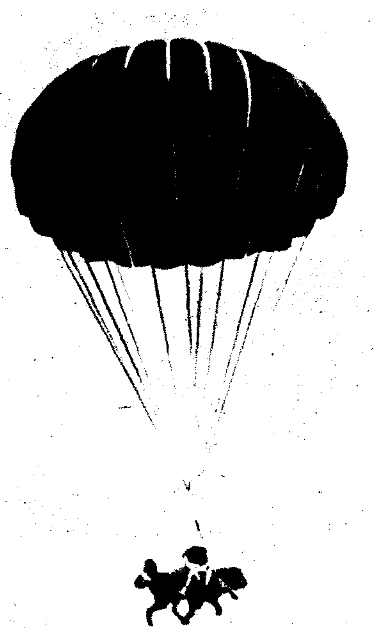
Maggie and Jiggs were not enthusiastic guinea pigs. A Canadian-built Norseman monoplane was prepared for the launching of the Parapups. The suspicious Huskies were installed in a rear compartment with the static lines hooked up to their chutes.

There were no blinking lights to tell the dogs when to leap; they were not quite that well trained. A little muscular persuasion had to be used when the Norseman got up to 1,500 feet. Out the open door they tumbled. Tails were seen to curl tightly between their legs as they left the plane. The big chute blossomed above the furry pair and they hit the silk like veterans. Ground observers rushed to where the pair landed and found them none the worse for the experience.

The training program went ahead, and other Huskies at the kennel were indoctrinated. Completely G.I., they have service records, serial numbers, enlistment papers and shots against disease. Sentimentalists along the Alaskan Division even proposed that each dog be authorized to wear Parawings after five jumps.

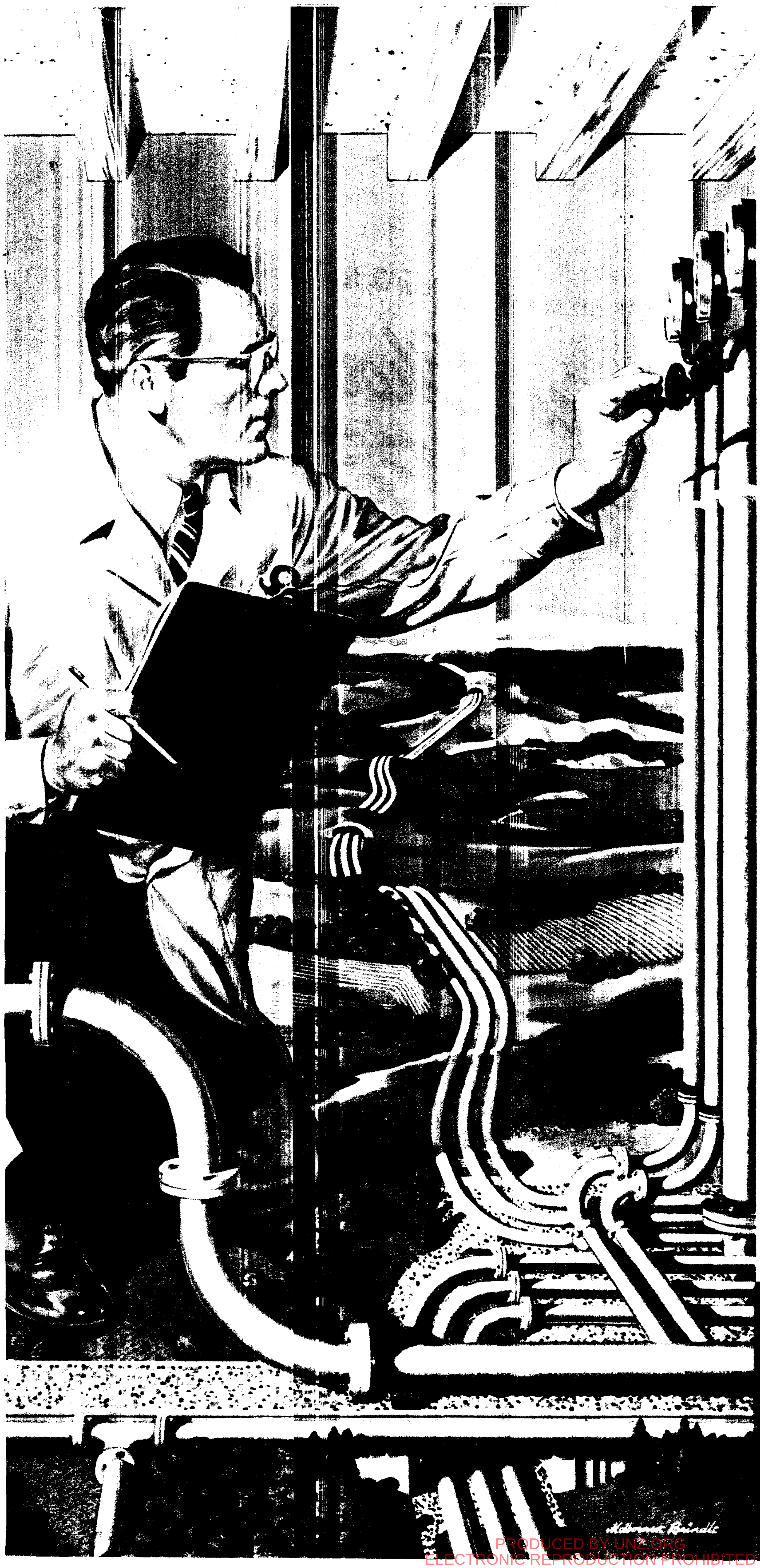
As a matter of standard procedure for Parapupping operations, a flight surgeon precedes

(Continued on page 72)



With their 28-foot cargo chute fully opened, Jiggs and Maggie swing free above the wilderness

IOLA
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS



Gulliver

IN EAST CHICAGO

ALMOST everything in East Chicago is normally large—buildings, streets and traffic are "life size." But if you were permitted to enter one big building, you'd immediately feel like Gulliver in Lilliput . . .

Inside are pipelines—like those used to transport petroleum products from refinery to market—but these are miniatures, like the model railroad every boy dreams about.

Everything is scaled down. One pipeline is 6/10-inch in diameter, another is 2 inches. Tiny valves and pumps control the flow of products. Instead of hundreds of miles long, these lines are one mile—yet that's quite a distance, inside a building.

All of the conditions met in transporting petroleum products by pipeline are simulated. Other "Gullivers" like yourself—technologists of Shell's Transportation and Supply Department, builder and operator of this Lilliputian supply system—are fiddling with valves and pumps, reading dials, compiling data.

And don't think it's all in fun—Shell has accumulated and disseminated volumes of new pipeline technology. The East Chicago "Little Inch" is one important source . . .

As many as 14 different finished petroleum products are being transported today by Shell pipeline, *at the same time*. One stretch of line may be carrying 100 octane aviation fuel. Right behind it, in the same pipe, comes gasoline for automobiles. Then, perhaps, heating oil. The "trick" is to keep them from mixing.

These Shell technologists have discovered how to do it—just what the pressure can be, and rate of flow, without contamination. They pioneered the transportation of 100 octane fuel by pipeline—the severest test in maintaining purity.

Much of the "know-how" comes from those "Gullivers" in East Chicago.

Look to Shell Research for finer motor fuels and lubricants

Shell's wartime leadership in petroleum research and technology is your assurance of finer fuels and lubricants. When the time comes, your Shell dealer will be ready.

For distinguished service—Shell's Martinez and Wood River Refineries have been awarded the Army-Navy "E"

Horizons widen
through
Shell Research

© 1945, SHELL OIL COMPANY, Inc.

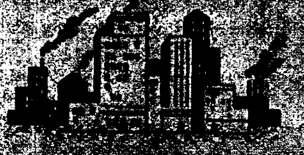
By an average of 3 to 1 . . .

America Chooses Philco FIRST

over any other make of radio!

IMPARTIAL POLLS ARE FEELING THE PULSE OF POST-WAR DEMAND

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE
asked its readers what radio they will buy after the war



A METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER
surveyed future radio demand in [illegible]

A SMALL TOWN WEEKLY
polled [illegible] of families on post-war radio [illegible]

A FICTION MAGAZINE GROUP
[illegible]

IMPARTIAL consumer polls are feeling the pulse of post-war buying demand. And from all over the country, the evidence keeps coming in . . . *Philco is America's first choice in radio by an average of 3 to 1 over any other make!*

This is an expression of America's satisfaction with the quality and performance of the seventeen million Philco radios it has bought. And it is a reflection of America's confidence in the future achievements of Philco leadership in radio and electronic research.

For twelve straight years, the products of its laboratories made Philco the overwhelming leader of the radio industry . . . the world's largest radio manufacturer. Today, those laboratories are working all out for Victory, producing the radar and electronic miracles of modern warfare, adding to the sum total of man's knowledge in electronic science.

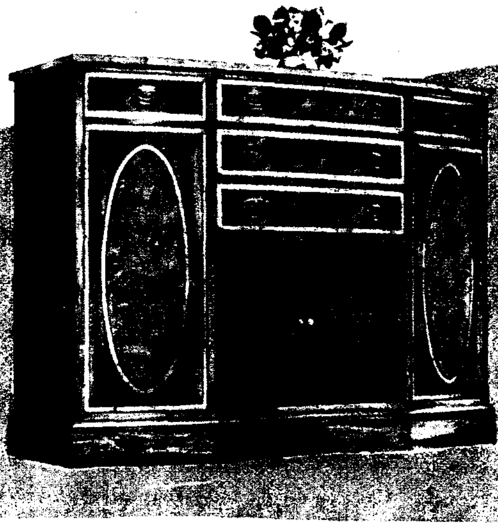
When Victory is won, a finer Philco radio and radio-phonograph will be the legacy of this war research . . . finer in tone, performance and quality . . . richer in the joys they will bring you from radio and recorded music. Yes, tomorrow, Philco leadership will fulfill the obligations of America's *vote of confidence* today!

Tune in! RADIO HALL OF FAME
Every Sunday, Philco honors leading stars of radio, stage and screen. Tune in 6 to 7 P.M. E.W.T., Blue Network

Follow through to Victory . . .
KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS
KEEP THE BONDS YOU BUY

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over



COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MAY 5, 1945

THERE IS NO LABOR MOVEMENT

BY JOHN L. LEWIS

Collier's asked John L. Lewis several explosive questions about U.S. labor. His answers will probably make a lot of people mad, but here they are

WHY, with America's millions fighting, suffering and dying in foreign lands, is the national effort weakened by industrial war at home? When peace comes, will the tremendous task of reconversion be sabotaged by a continuance of the disruptive struggle between workers and management? Will the labor movement insist on unilateral settlements, or will it co-operate with other forces for the development of a sound and lasting prosperity? Have I any formula for industrial peace?

These, and others, are searching questions that Collier's asks, and all deserve honest answers. Unfortunately, they rest on an assumption that has no base in fact. Repeated references to "the labor movement" plainly imply your belief in the existence of an organized, militant body that speaks for the workers of the nation as a whole. *There is no such body.* Labor's temple is a Tower of Babel. Instead of a single authoritative voice, we have a confusion of tongues.

A "labor movement," in the sense that you use it, presupposes unity, and there is no unity. Aside from the American Federation of Labor, the Congress of Industrial Organizations and the United Mine Workers of America, there are a number of powerful independent unions, each going its own unaffiliated way. Even if we accept inflated membership figures, the total is around 15,000,000. At least 40,000,000 wage earners are unorganized, and therefore unrepresented.

Union leaders themselves cannot escape responsibility for the failure to organize the overwhelming majority of American workers, and for the ugly disunities that prevent common purposes and common action by existing organizations. The trouble, however, goes deeper than vanities, jealousies and the fight for personal power and emolument. That there is no *real* labor movement in the United States today is primarily due to politicians. Not only have they divided labor by their intrigues, but they continue disunity by a persistent intensification of interlabor differences.

Unions as Political Agencies

For a full decade, and increasingly in the last few years, there has been a skillful and sustained drive to make organized labor part and parcel of a political "machine." The promises of favors and special privileges have alternated cleverly with threats of condign punishment, and as a consequence the effort has met with no small measure of success. Today we witness the ever-widening spread of what can only be called "political company unions," as much under the control of a party as the "industrial company union" is under the control of the employer.

Increasingly the interests of the party are put above the interests of the workers. It is, in effect, an alarming approach to the situation in Russia, where unions are an integral part of the Communist state, without independent function, and purchase the meager right of mere existence by abject servility. Not one has a voice in the determination of wage scales and working conditions.

These U.S. labor leaders, who have bellwethered their memberships into the abattoir of partisan politics, may seek to salve their consciences by claiming that they are equal partners, not cogs in the machine, but the record gives them no support. In the last election nothing was more common than the spectacle of labor support for labor's open enemies, because these enemies were on the ticket that they were under orders to elect. As political party workers, these leaders are subject to party discipline, and party victory always takes precedence over every other consideration.

With this covering correction, I come now to the first of your questions. It is regrettably true that from the very first day of war, there has been industrial strife instead of the industrial peace demanded by America's peril. Precious days, weeks and months have been lost by bitter quarrels between management and labor. But it is not the workers who are to blame. I say to you that any honest analysis proves plainly that responsibility for the plague of industrial unrest

(Continued on page 62)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN-PIX

NEVER ARGUE WITH A CIVILIAN

BY NORBERT DAVIS

The sergeant mistrusted civilians, particularly female civilians, but a girl reporter who played chess taught him a few important new moves

IT WAS six o'clock in the morning, and Staff Sergeant Eben Arthur was sitting on a bench in Palisades Park in Santa Monica, California, watching the sun wipe the mist out of its eye and get ready for another day's work. Sergeant Arthur was small and neat and blond, and he was feeling fairly well until a civilian came along and stopped on the path in front of him and looked him over in a calculating way.

Arthur kept right on staring at the Pacific and the sun. The civilian produced a candid camera and snapped a picture of him head on. A week ago this would have startled Arthur quite some, but in the seven days he had been back in the United States he had grown somewhat accustomed to the odd and unpredictable mannerisms of civilians. He knew that if you maintained an air of cool, calm indifference, you could usually keep them in their place.

This one was a female civilian. She was slim and, even in medium high heels, a little shorter than Arthur. She had long, very shiny black hair and a turned-up nose, and her lipstick was on a little crooked. Arthur thought she was probably a couple of years younger than he was, although it was hard for him to judge the age of civilians, especially the females. She had put her camera away now and walked up to his bench.

"Are you lonesome?" she asked.

"No," said Arthur.

ILLUSTRATED BY LONIE BEE

"Why are you sitting alone here at this hour of the morning?"

"Waiting," said Arthur reluctantly. He knew it was bad policy to answer civilians' questions. Given the slightest opening, they came boring right in.

"Waiting for what?" said this one.

Arthur jerked his head to indicate the neat white dining car kitty-corner across Ocean Avenue. "For Bill, the Burgermaster's, to open up."

"Are you going to eat there—all alone?"

"Yes," said Arthur. He realized that it would be useless to explain that Bill, the Burgermaster's, was a haven of refuge for returned GIs. Bill, the Burgermaster, had been an Army mess sergeant for eighteen years. He cooked the kind of food soldiers were used to, and he could explain to them the outrageously outlandish customs and traditions of civilian life. In addition, and this was very important to Arthur, he could play chess, Army Air Force style.

The female civilian sat down on the bench. "Have a cigarette?" she asked, extending a crumpled pack.

Arthur hesitated. He had heard that when a civilian offered you anything for nothing, there was always a catch.

"Go ahead," this one urged. "I've got another pack."

Arthur took the cigarette and, under the pretense of tapping it on his thumbnail, examined it carefully. It looked all right. He took out his windproof lighter and held it toward her cigarette.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "I've never seen one like that! May I—"

Arthur put the lighter back in his pocket instantly. The civilian stared at him in a bewildered way for a moment, then took a pad of paper and a pencil from her jacket pocket.

"What's your name?"

"Arthur, Eben. Staff sergeant."

"You're in the Air Force, aren't you? What's your job?"

"Tail gunner."

"Oh, that's very dangerous!"

"Is it?" said Arthur.

The civilian sighed. "What would you like more than anything else in the world?"

"I'm doing all right," Arthur said warily.

"No, but if you could have one wish, what would you wish for right now?"

"A cup of Bill, the Burgermaster's, coffee, I guess."

The civilian sighed again, very drearily. "Okay. Here's my card. Read the Sentinel this afternoon." She got up and walked away.

Arthur examined the card. It said: "The Sentinel. Darcy Smith—Features." It didn't make sense. It was obviously just some more incomprehensible civilian nonsense. Arthur tore the card in two and flipped it at the trash basket.

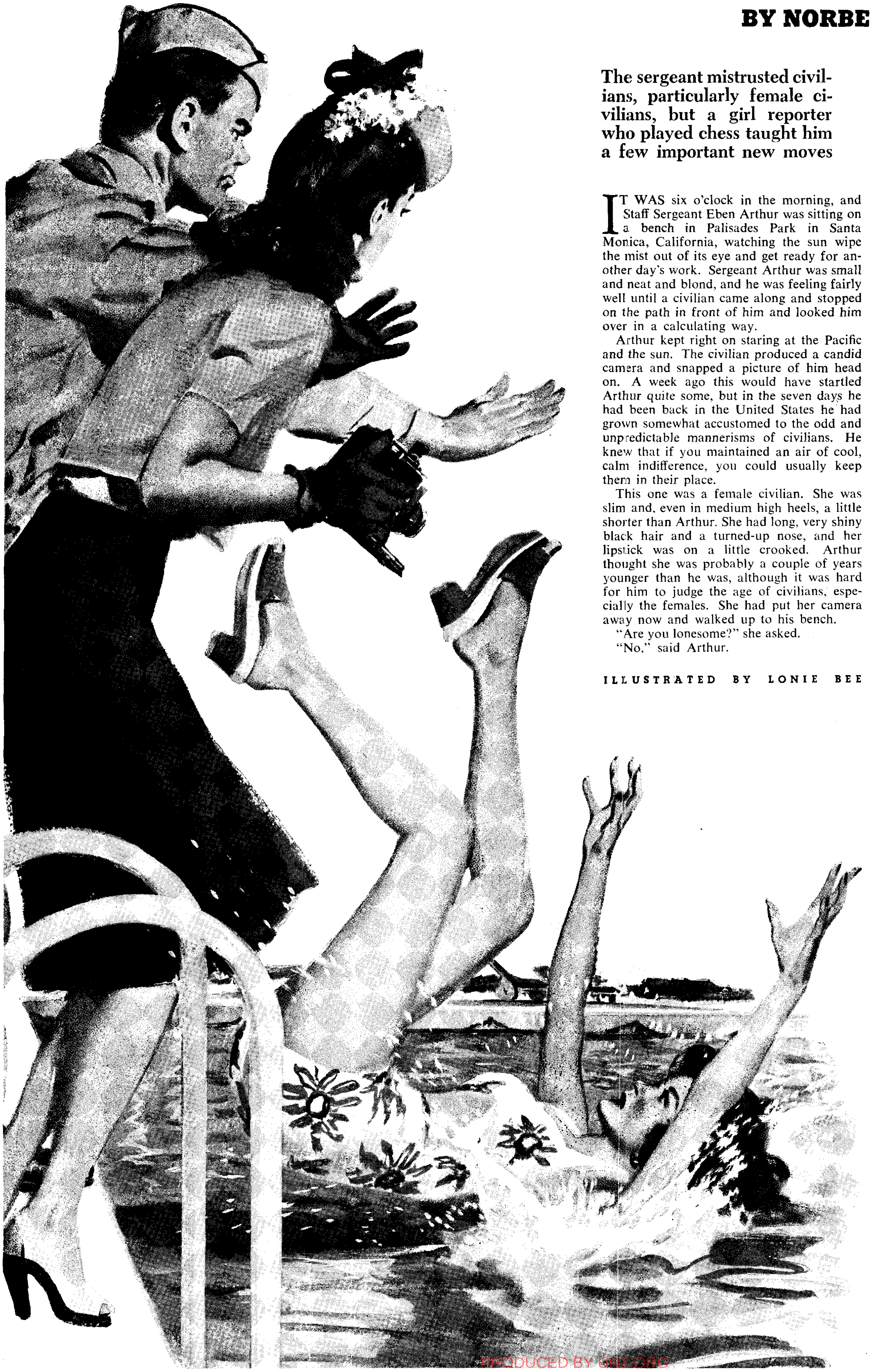
STAFF SERGEANT EBEN ARTHUR had a pretty good day. He and Bill, the Burgermaster, managed to work in two quick chess games before the civilian rabble started hooting and gabbling for its evening meal. Arthur went back to the park to wait until the evening rush was over. The sun was setting, and it was warm and quite pleasant there until the same civilian female showed up again.

"Oh!" she said breathlessly. "I hoped I'd find you here! Did you see it?"

"No," said Arthur coldly.

But she ignored the tone of his voice. She plopped down on the bench beside him and

(Continued on page 48)



Suddenly Arthur extended his hands and Pepper fell in the pool with a loud splash. "You've spoiled everything!" Darcy cried

BIG JUMP INTO GERMANY

BY RICHARD C. HOTTELET

RADIOED FROM PARIS

He was in a Flying Fortress, watching our airborne army envelop the German side of the Rhine. Then a motor burst into flame. Our correspondent fingered his chute ring and said, "This is it"

WE GOT hit the first time as we swung over the drop zone. Out of the left waist window we were watching parachutes bubble out of a C-47. And then we heard the hammering straight down below us. You could tell by the sound that it was 20- or 37-mm., and at 700 feet, our B-17 was a fat, lazy bird. We should have known when the first shell knocked against our ship that we ought to get out of the area and stay out. But we didn't, and that's how it happened.

We should not have been there in the first place. But the great airborne offensive across the northern Rhine on March 24th was probably one of the last big stories of the European war, and from a news as well as from a technical reporting angle, the Army wanted complete coverage. So the U.S. Troop Carrier Forces put aside a beautiful silver Flying Fortress, loaded it with their combat cameramen and observers, let me get on board with my sound-recording equipment and sent us out to cover the operation.

The plan was to take a small, but very important bite out of the German east bank of the Rhine. To the south, other armies were poised and ready to jump the river but, up in the north near the Dutch border, the British Second was held up by heavy opposition coming from around Wesel.

D-Day was set for March 24th, and two divisions, the British Sixth Airborne and the U.S. Seventeenth Airborne, were to be flown low across the Rhine inland five miles to the high ground northwest of Wesel and dropped there. Simultaneously, the engineers were to blanket 30 miles of the area with smoke, and General Miles C. Dempsey's British Second was to effect a Rhine crossing six hours before the air drops, push inland and join the paratroopers.

In effect, this was a better planned Arnhem job. You may remember that unsuccessful paratrooper landing in Holland last year. The job was carried out well, except that the paratroopers were so far ahead of the ground troops that the Germans in between held the ground troops back while cutting the airborne invaders to ribbons.

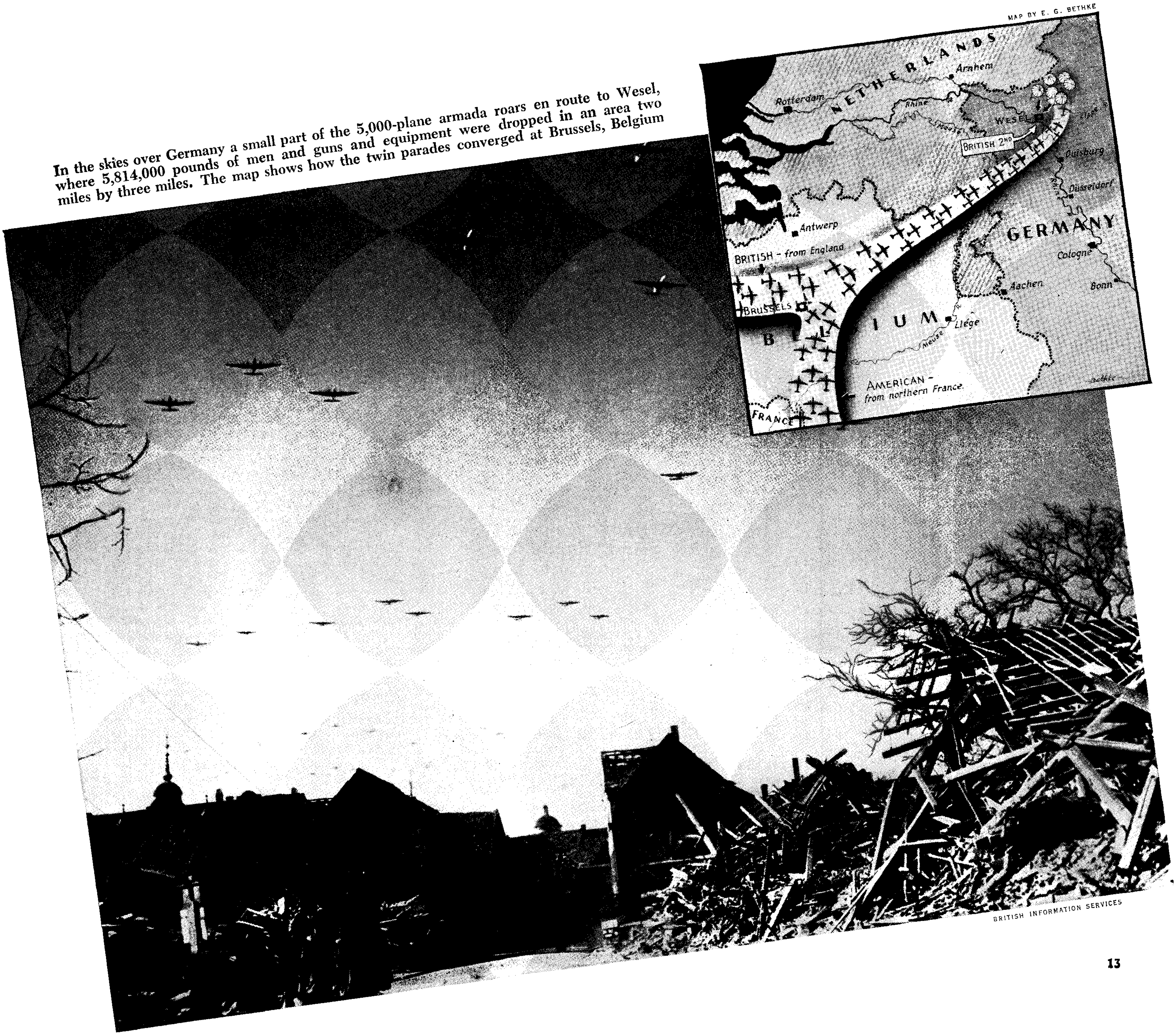
This time, the chunk of land was to be much smaller and much more vital. Days before the operation, the four areas selected for landing of paratroopers and gliders were given a careful going over by tactical aircraft, which stitched up and down the roads around the areas and smashed the antiaircraft gun positions and spotted German reinforcement columns miles east of Wesel and left them wrecked and blazing.

Meanwhile, the U.S. Seventeenth Airborne, which had not had combat jump experience, practiced drops in northern France. It had only reached Europe in December. The British Sixth Airborne, a combat-wise group, was in England practicing drops.

On the 22d, all paratroopers were brought to airports and placed in special stockades for security reasons. The next morning, pilots, navigators and radiomen were briefed before big maps marked "Top Secret." After dark, the jumpmasters were taken from the stockades and briefed. They were to jump low—700 feet. Forward speed was to be 105 miles per hour over the drop zones. The planes were to be emptied of 15 paratroopers in no more than eleven seconds.

At 8:30 A.M. on the 24th, a great parade of English planes and another great column of

(Continued on page 78)



MAP BY E. G. BETHKE

In the skies over Germany a small part of the 5,000-plane armada roars en route to Wesel, where 5,814,000 pounds of men and guns and equipment were dropped in an area two miles by three miles. The map shows how the twin parades converged at Brussels, Belgium

BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES

The Kids on the Block

BY EDWIN LANHAM

WITH so little coal, and the frequent opening of the door, it was never very warm in the corner candy store, and Lester wore a jacket behind the counter—a faded tan jacket as drab as his pale face. He moved under the lights like a quiet brown mouse as he mixed a soda for Rose Surabian.

It was past ten at night and the bulldog editions of the tabloids had been sold out. At the end of the counter O'Reilly sat in his accustomed place, as he had for the three years since the city retired him on pension, reading racing results from the Southern tracks.

The two hours before he closed the store at night were restful hours for Lester. Few of the kids came around and there was little trade except for magazines and newspapers and a soda now and then. Lester was a silent man, and his face rarely showed that he liked people and was amused by them, but his eyes were never unfriendly. He could listen to the kids chatter and never speak a word, yet almost everybody thought of Lester as their friend.

He put the soda in front of Rose, and the girl gave him a quick smile. Her hair was black and lustrous and her skin had a fine dark tone under the electric lights. She had learned how to use her eyes, and her healthy vitality gave her the air of being on the point of dancing off somewhere. Tonight she had been up to Columbus Circle again and her white, high-laced roller skates were on the stool beside her.

"Lester, I told you to watch Silent Night on his next time out," O'Reilly said. "He paid sixteen-eighty."

"Horses, horses," Rose said and pursed her red lips around her straw. "Don't you guys do anything but play the horses?"

Lester said, "I had two bucks on Silent Night."

O'Reilly put his paper down and stared at Lester. Lester grinned. "Don't you follow your own tips, O'Reilly?"

O'Reilly shook his head. "You ought to spoke to me, Lester. You just stand there back of the counter and listen to what we got to say and you don't say nothing. You go out and put two bucks on Silent Night and don't say a word about it. I forgot that horse."

"You're just not talkative, Lester," Rose said. "I guess that's why you never married, so you wouldn't ever have to talk."

"If I got something to say, I say it," Lester told her. "Fifteen cents for the soda, Rose."

"Okay," the girl said and opened her handbag.

Before she had found the coins, a smooth, low voice said, "I'll buy the lady her soda."

Joe Ferraro slid onto the stool next to Rose, picking up her roller skates. "A Coke for me, Lester," he said.

"Hi, Joe," said Rose.

He was as dark as Rose and had the same bright manner and casual flow of talk, but he was a few years older and his eyes were the watchful eyes of the early twenties. He grinned at Lester. "Hello, Mr. Lucky."

Lester squirted soda into the glass.

"Here's your sixteen-eighty," Joe said and dropped the money on the counter. "Nick asked me to bring it over."

"Okay," Lester said. He put the glass in front of Joe and picked up the money.

"Joe, don't tell me," Rose said. "Are you a bookie now?"

"Just doing a favor for a friend," Joe said.

O'Reilly spoke glumly: "That was my horse. I gave him the tip on that horse. The next time out, I said. You watch Silent Night the next time out. Didn't I, Lester?"

"I watched him," Lester said.

"Rose, let's go over to Sam's and put a few nickels in the juke box," Joe said. "How about it?"

"I got to go home," Rose told him.

"You got time for a couple quick beers."

"I said I'd be home by eleven," Rose answered. "I better be, too."

Lester wiped down the counter, watching the two from the corner of his eye. Joe Ferraro had a way of talking to a girl, bending his head so that the light shone slickly on his black hair, turning his chin a little and looking up and sideways with his wise, dark eyes. It seemed only the other day to Lester that Rose had come in the candy store with her doll to buy tobacco for her father, who worked in his tailor shop down the street. He had watched so many kids grow up on this corner, grow up and go away to war. In the window outside was an honor roll one of the high-school girls had made for him, with nice scrollwork and the names lettered in gold, and there were snapshots pasted up of a dozen boys in uniform.

HE HAD known all the kids in the neighborhood. It was like a small town here in this corner of Greenwich Village—a small town built about a quiet one-way street where the boys played baseball and touch football in the seasons.

Joe Ferraro had grown up several blocks away, one of a small band that had come daily to play on this street. He had been about twelve when Lester first knew him, and Rose had been a small girl then, carrying her doll, running errands for her father.

"Not tonight, Joe," Rose was saying. "I got to go home tonight. Why don't you ever ask a girl in advance? We got a phone."

"Why not?" Lester asked. "You were always a quick man with a nickel, Joe."

Joe raised angry eyes. "We're having a private conversation, Lester, if you don't mind."

"Sure," Lester said.

It was none of his business, Lester knew, and he should have kept out of it. But he had been thinking of Rose as a little girl, as bright as copper and as sly as Eve. No other child had ever begged a lollipop of him as smoothly as Rose.

"Lester's right, though," Rose said. "It's just a nickel, and Pop would like it that way."

Lester moved along the counter when the door opened. A creaky old man in a telegraph messenger's uniform came in, nodded, and said, "Which one is Lester Silver?"

By rights, the War Department telegram should not have come to him, but, after he read it, he knew where he stood and what it was he had to do

"Right here," Lester said.

"Telegram for you. Sign here."

"For me?" Lester asked. "No kidding." He took the pencil, and as he scrawled his name, the old man spoke in a quiet, warning tone, "It's from the Navy."

"Yeah?" Lester said and moved toward the light as he opened the envelope. He stood very still under the light, reading it, and O'Reilly asked, "What is it, Lester?"

"Little Eddie Masters," Lester said. "You remember Eddie."

"What about Eddie?" Rose asked quickly.

"Missing in action in the Pacific," Lester said. "The Secretary of the Navy regrets to inform you . . ." His voice trailed off. He shook his head. "What do you know!"

"The kid who used to work in the grocery store," O'Reilly said with a solemn nod.

"I remember Eddie," Joe said. "We used to play touch football, right out there in the street. Say, that's too bad. Eddie was a good kid."

Lester was looking thoughtfully at the telegram in his hands. He shook his head slightly. "O'Reilly, why you suppose they sent it to me? I'm no kin to Eddie."

"That's so," O'Reilly said. "It's next of kin they notify. I guess it was a good way to let people know, though. Everybody comes in here, Lester."

Rose's face had a tight look and the expression of her eyes made Lester remember how often she and Eddie Masters had been together. Only a little while ago it was Eddie who had taken her to the skating rink.

"Gee," Rose said. "Poor Eddie."

"It's tough," Lester said. "But maybe he'll turn up. Missing in action, it says. He'll probably turn up."

"Eddie never was lucky," Rose said. "You know that, Lester." There were tears in her eyes. "The kids always took his money at cards and he never even won on a punchboard ticket."

Lester put the telegram in the pocket of his jacket. He stood a moment looking at Rose, then turned and walked out of the store. It was a chill night and in the clear air the street lights were bright. He turned the corner and stopped in front of the window where the honor roll was and his eyes skimmed over the row of snapshots. There was Eddie, in his Navy uniform, with folded arms and a serious, slightly goggle-eyed expression. It was typical of Eddie that not even a photograph came out right.

He had been an honest, obliging boy, one of the best that ever came in the store, Lester thought, as he looked at the photograph. Now he was the first casualty, and Lester wondered if he should paste a gold star up beside his name. He shook his head. Not until definite word came, at least. As long as he was listed as missing there was still a chance that Eddie would turn up, even if he was unlucky.

Lester had not heard the car pull up behind him. He turned quickly when his name was called. It was a radio patrol car from the Charles Street station.

"Hey, Lester."

"Yeah?" He went toward the car. He recognized the patrolman at the wheel from the many times he had broken up ball games on the street and card games on the stoop.

"Seen Joe Ferraro around?" the patrolman asked.

Lester nodded. "He's inside."

"Ask him to come out a minute, will you?"

"Yes, sure."

Lester went back into the store. Rose was sitting tensely, with her roller skates in her lap and her eyes downcast, and Joe was talking into her ear.

"You're wanted outside, Joe," Lester said.

"Yeah? Who wants me?"

"Couple of cops from the Charles Street station," Lester said, watching him.

Joe stiffened, and Rose turned her head quickly toward him. "What do they want?" Joe asked.

"They didn't say."

"Now what the hell," Joe said, his tone high and anxious. He nervously took out a cigarette and lit it, then shrugged his shoulders and went out into the night.

"Is the heat on again?" O'Reilly asked. "They were after Nick couple of months ago and he moved out. Remember?"

"No kidding," Rose said. "Is Joe working for Nick? Is he a bookie?"

"Joe never says much," Lester said. By leaning back he could see the two patrolmen on the curb, talking to Joe Ferraro.

"I was just thinking about Eddie Masters," O'Reilly said. "I never knew that boy to get in any trouble. He was a good boy, Lester."

"That Joe Ferraro is lucky," Lester said. "He's shot through with luck. Hell, he ain't even in the Army."

"Joe's 4-F," Rose said. "What do you want to pick on Joe for? He tried to get in the Marines."

"Leastwise that's what he said," O'Reilly mumbled. "Lester, what goes on outside?"

Lester looked again. "Joe's bending their ear. He's talking fast."

"He can do it," O'Reilly said.

"Anyhow," Lester went on, "I got paid off. I got my sixteen-eighty." He patted his pocket.

"On my tip," O'Reilly said. "Lester, you ought to spoke to me about that. You—"

"Here they come," Lester said.

The door swung open, and Joe came in a step ahead of the two patrolmen. His eyes met Rose's and he looked at her steadily. The cigarette had burned to a stub, the coal glowed near his fingers.

"That the girl?" one of the patrolmen asked.

"Rose," Joe said quickly. "Tell 'em where we been tonight." He pointed. "See, she's still got her skates."

"Okay," the patrolman said. "Where was you tonight, kid?"

Rose wet her lips. "Skating."

"Where at?"

"Up at Columbus Circle."

"This guy with you?"

Rose hesitated, glanced at Joe. "Yes, he was with me."

"Well, okay," the patrolman said.

"What goes on?" O'Reilly asked.

"Never mind," the patrolman said. "Forget it. I guess it was a mistake."

THE policeman went out and Joe stood still, looking at Rose. The cigarette burned his fingers and he dropped it on the floor, stepped on it.

"I never knew you took up roller skating, Joe," Lester said.

"I always thought you knew enough to keep your trap shut," Joe said.

"Nick in any trouble?"

"What's that to you?" Joe demanded harshly, then hesitated. He shook his head. "No, Nick ain't in any trouble."

"What was it, Joe?" Rose asked quietly.

"Somebody broke in a car over on Waverly Place and they got a description they thought was me," Joe told her bitterly.

Rose sucked in her breath. "Robbing a car?"

Lester asked, "How good a skater is he, Rose?"

"Now, listen," Joe said. "Okay, I wasn't skating with Rosie. Could I tell 'em I was over at Nick's place, answering telephones? Thank you, kid."

"Joe," Rose said in a low, frightened tone, "you didn't rob that car, did you?"

"Now look here, Rosie." Joe grinned at her. "I won't say I didn't bust into a couple cars when I was a kid. But I wouldn't be caught at that now any more than you'd be caught playing dolls."

Rose picked up her roller skates. "I'm going home."

"I'll go with you, baby."

"No," Rose said. She moved on toward the door and Joe followed her. As he opened the door Lester called, "You ain't paid, Joe."

"Okay." He turned back, and Rose went quickly out. Lester heard her heels ringing on the sidewalk in the night.

Joe put a quarter on the counter and Lester gave him change. The boy said softly, "I don't see nothing wrong with making book."

"Well, neither do I," Lester said. "But there's a law against it."

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

"You don't mind playing the horses, I notice," Joe said.

"No," Lester said. "I don't mind."

"Well, good night."

"Good night, Joe."

Lester thought about Eddie Masters as he walked home that night, thinking it was true that Eddie was unlucky. But if he had married, Lester thought, and had a son, he would have liked a boy such as Eddie. The freckle-faced kind whose hair would never comb right, the homely kind who kept their bicycles shined up and knew all the statistical facts of a boy's life—the batting averages and touchdown records—knew them with a kind of honest admiration and not with the wise, shrewd knowledge of boys like Joe Ferraro.

There were a few letters in a drawer, that had come from boys on the honor roll, and there was one from Eddie. Lester took it out and glanced at it again. His eyes picked out a few phrases: *Lester, this is really something,* and *I miss the guys around the store,* and *Give my best to Rose Surabian.* Lester recalled that whenever Rose was in the store Eddie had usually found a reason to leave the grocery counter across the street and come over. Lester thought that if Eddie had a girl, she was Rose. He put the letter back in the drawer with the others.

AFTER school the next day when the high-school crowd passed by, Kate Evans came in alone to buy envelopes, and Lester asked her what to do about Eddie. Kate had drawn the honor-roll scrollwork and he thought she might have an idea how to honor Eddie.

"A gold star won't do," he said. "You can't tell, Kate, Eddie might turn up again."

"I hope so," Kate said. "We're all sad about Eddie, Lester."

"Yes, I know. It's tough."

"I could fix a sort of scroll," she said thoughtfully. "We can put his picture on it and paste the telegram underneath. What do you think, Lester?"

"I don't know," Lester said. "That's kind of showy for Eddie. He was always kind of shy."

"I'll try and think of something," Kate said and paid for the envelopes.

Lester went behind the counter and began washing dishes left from noon, a cigarette in the corner of his mouth, enjoying the quiet in the store that would last for a little time now. He had finished the dishes and was wiping the counter when O'Reilly came in, the afternoon paper in his hand.

"Here it is, Lester," he called.

"Here what is?"

"The casualty list," O'Reilly said. "Here's his name. *Masters, Edward, Seaman 1st Class. Missing. Friend, Lester Silver. . . .*"

"My name in there?" Lester broke in.

"Here it is." O'Reilly pointed it out.

Lester looked at the column of names. He said softly, "Friend, Lester Silver. O'Reilly, didn't he have any folks?"

"It says here at the top, nearest of kin. That's who they notify. They notified you, Lester."

Lester stood staring at the lines of type and the phrase *Friend, Lester Silver.* He shook his head and murmured, "I ain't the only friend he had, O'Reilly. He must have had closer friends than me. Why, you know, I just kind of knew him because he came in the store. I guess I knew Eddie four or five years, but . . ."

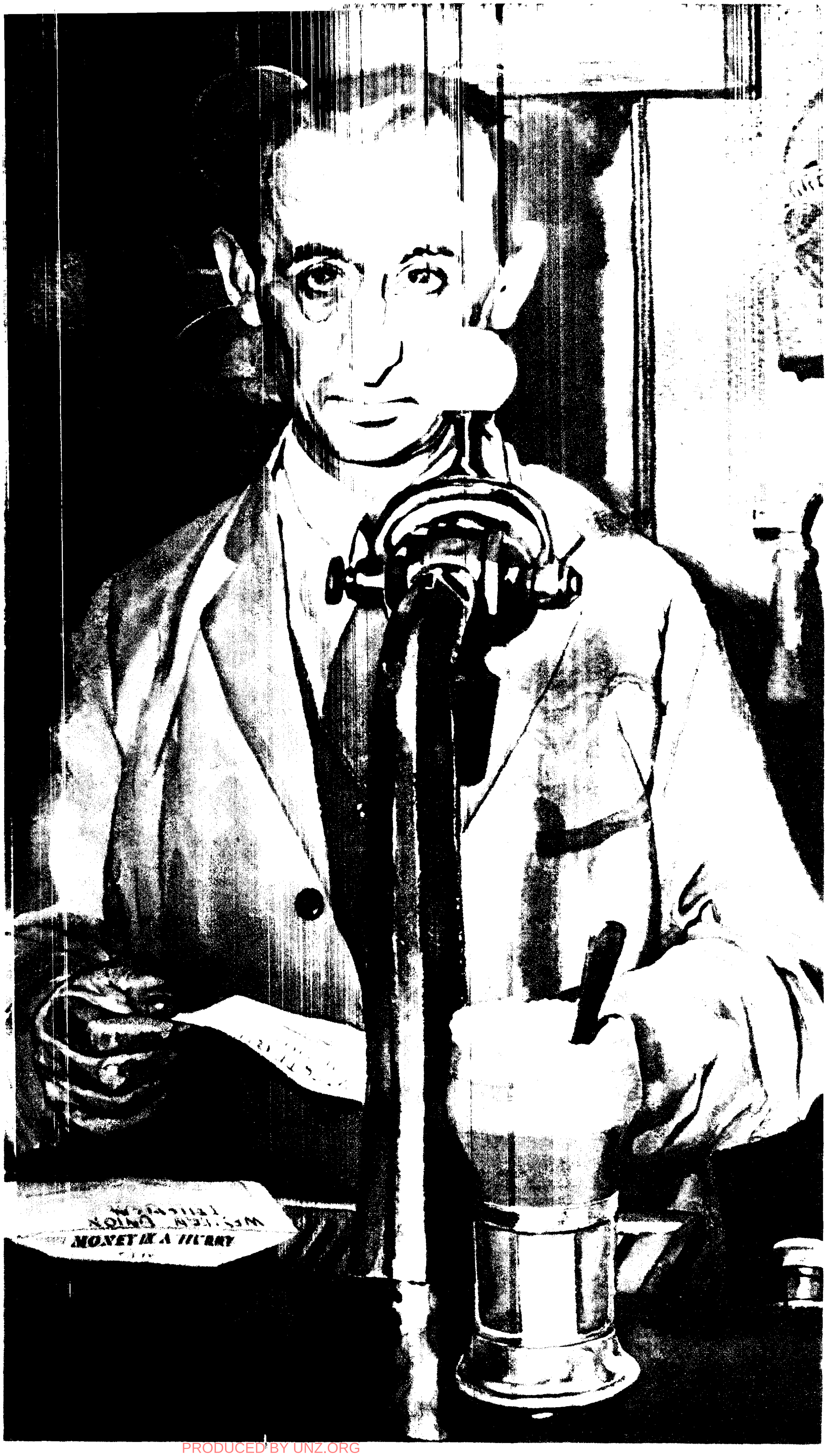
"He liked you a lot, Lester."

Lester frowned. "I sure thought he had folks—somewhere." He turned abruptly away and walked to the other end of the counter.

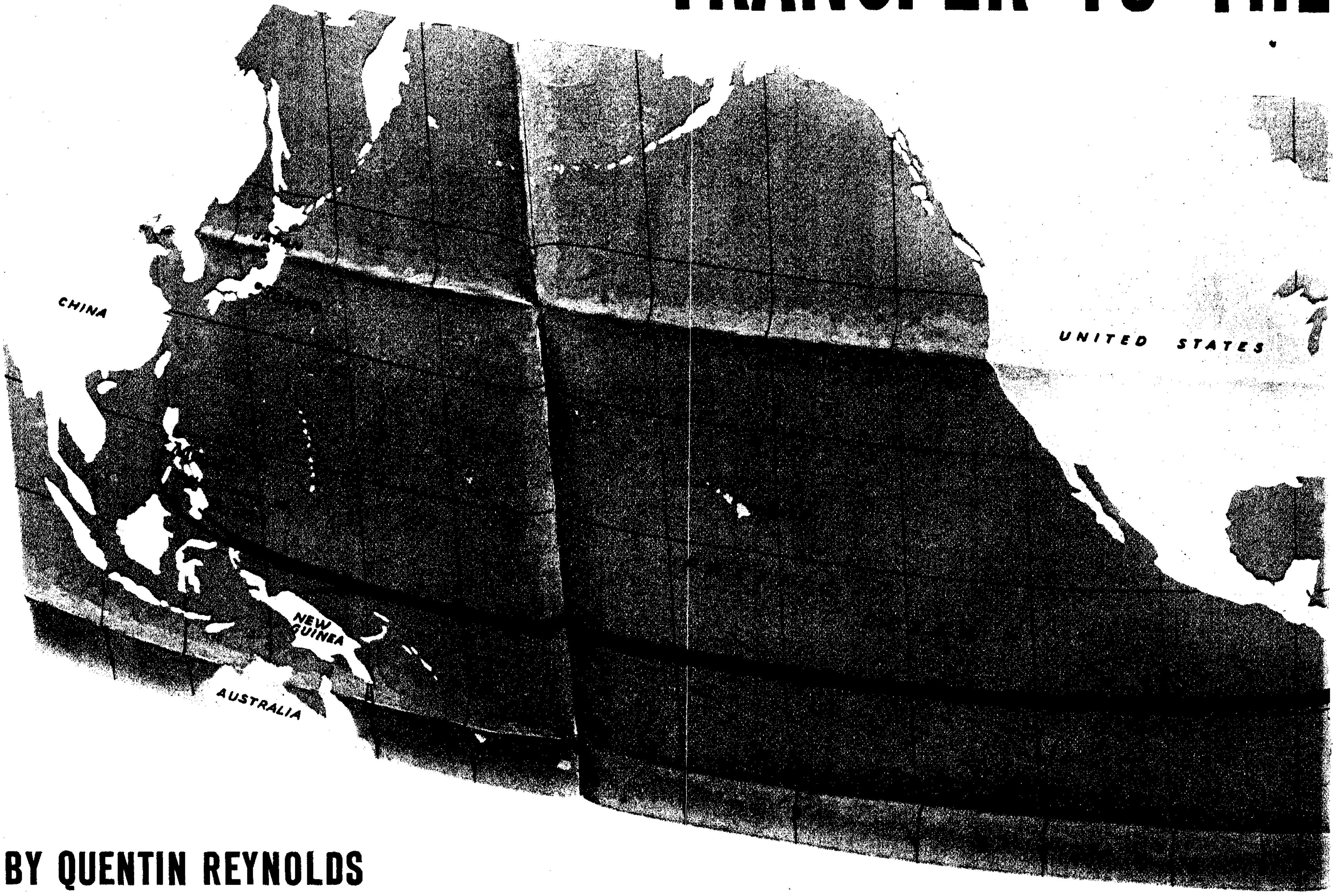
Standing there near the door, with his back to O'Reilly, he looked out at the street. A half dozen boys were stretching their lungs in a game of touch football and their shouts came through the closed door. Lester remembered when Eddie had played in the games. He had a heavy blue turtle-neck sweater he usually wore. The elbows had been out of it and strands of wool had flapped loose. You could always tell Eddie a long way off by that sweater, Lester remembered, even before you noticed the awkward, long-legged gait and the long arms swinging.

It had hit Lester hard. *Friend, Lester Silver*

(Continued on page 51)



TRANSFER TO THE



BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

LET'S assume that this is the day after V-E Day. Actually, when you read this the European war may or may not be over. But let's assume there is singing in the streets and joy in our hearts. It's all over, we shout, and our boys will soon be home. The war is over in Europe; now mopping up the Japs will be easy. And say, what about a car? How about a new radio? We need a new electric refrigerator and a vacuum cleaner and a bicycle for the kid and nylon stockings for the girls. We'll get 'em soon. Yeah, man, the war is over.

And then? And then a day or two later, our hang-overs will catch up with us; the emotional hang-overs we'll suffer when we learn that our false optimism was founded only on a dream. We'll finally realize that this is not a single game we're playing; this is a double-header. One half of the double-header is over and won when we beat Germany. The other half remains to be played and won, and the same team must do the playing. This is going to come as a shock to millions. But unfortunately it is a hard and indisputable fact.

To a large degree, there'll be no homecoming for the men; no electric refrigerators or bicycles or vacuum cleaners for civilians, for a long time to come. There will be nothing but the same loneliness and heartaches for most of the families of the men in uniform. Although there will be a substantial reduction in over-all munitions requirements, there will be several categories in which our demands will increase. There can be no letdown; and rationing will be with us for some time. We've won a war and there will be another yet to win. We've got to park our dreams somewhere for the next couple of years and face the bitter, unpleasant facts.

The men who work all day and most of the night on the third and fourth floors of the Pentagon in Washington cannot afford dreams. They deal only with facts, and for exactly one year now they have been planning for the redeployment of our European forces. Their plans are developed in the most minute detail. I've talked to General Brehon Somervell, commanding general of the Army Service Forces, who is in charge of the gigantic problem of supply and of moving troops from the European theater to the Pacific theater. I've talked to his chief planner, Major General LeRoy Lutes, and, for details, to three brilliant young officers under him, Colonels George O. N. Lodoen, Woodrow Harder and John A. Beeman.

I've talked to Major General Lucius Clay, an authority on manpower and how much of it will be needed at any given time in any given spot. I've talked to Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson and to his assistants. They held back no facts.

The Mathematics of War

We can estimate that about 5,000,000 men will be needed to defeat Japan. This is a matter of simple arithmetic. On Undersecretary Patterson's desk is a G-2 report. The report is signed by Major General Clayton Bissell, commanding officer of Military Intelligence. It gives the strength and caliber of the Japanese army, navy and air force. It tells where in Japan and China these forces are. It tells what the terrain is like and what landing conditions are like in Japanese-held areas which will one day be combat zones. The report is signed by General Bissell, but it is the report of a whole Army unit. The figures have been checked and rechecked. The arm of G-2 is extraordinarily long. It stretches into every part of China and Japan. But of that nothing can be said.

General Marshall and his staff study these reports. Coldly, they calculate the number of troops, ships, guns, tanks, aircraft, etc., it will take to defeat the armed strength of Japan. General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz and their staffs contribute information. The successful landings we have already made in both theaters of war and the smallness of our casualties (in relation to objectives gained) should give us all confidence in the judgment of these military leaders.

Now when General Marshall and his staff arrive at what will be needed in the Pacific, they turn the problem over to General Somervell. In fact, they dropped this in his lap back in April, 1944, and, ever since then, he and his staff have been working on the plans which will eventually result in the presence of the required Army troops and their supplies in the Pacific theater. On V-E Day the wheels will start going around.

For some time, theater commanders have been preparing Adjusted Service Rating cards. There is such a card for every man in uniform. This card bears evidence of total service, overseas service, combat service and number of dependents.

On the basis of these ratings, some men will be released. It is quite possible that men in the Pacific theater will actually reach home before men in the European theater because, by then, the bulk of our shipping will be going toward Pacific bases and there will be more room in returning ships for personnel than there will be in material-laden ships coming from Europe. Top priority, however, has been allotted to the wounded. The whole thing will be handled as humanely as possible, and the fact that plans are developed for their return means that the delay between V-E Day and their arrival will be as small as possible.

Now we come to the bulk of the Army which will not be released. Suppose we take a division that finds itself in Germany on that day of days and try to follow it through to the time when it finds itself in combat against the Japs. An ordinary infantry division consists (on paper) of 15,000 men. This division will be depleted by the loss of men who have been picked for release. It will be brought up to full strength by the addition of other units and will retain its entity as a division.

Vacations for the Fighters

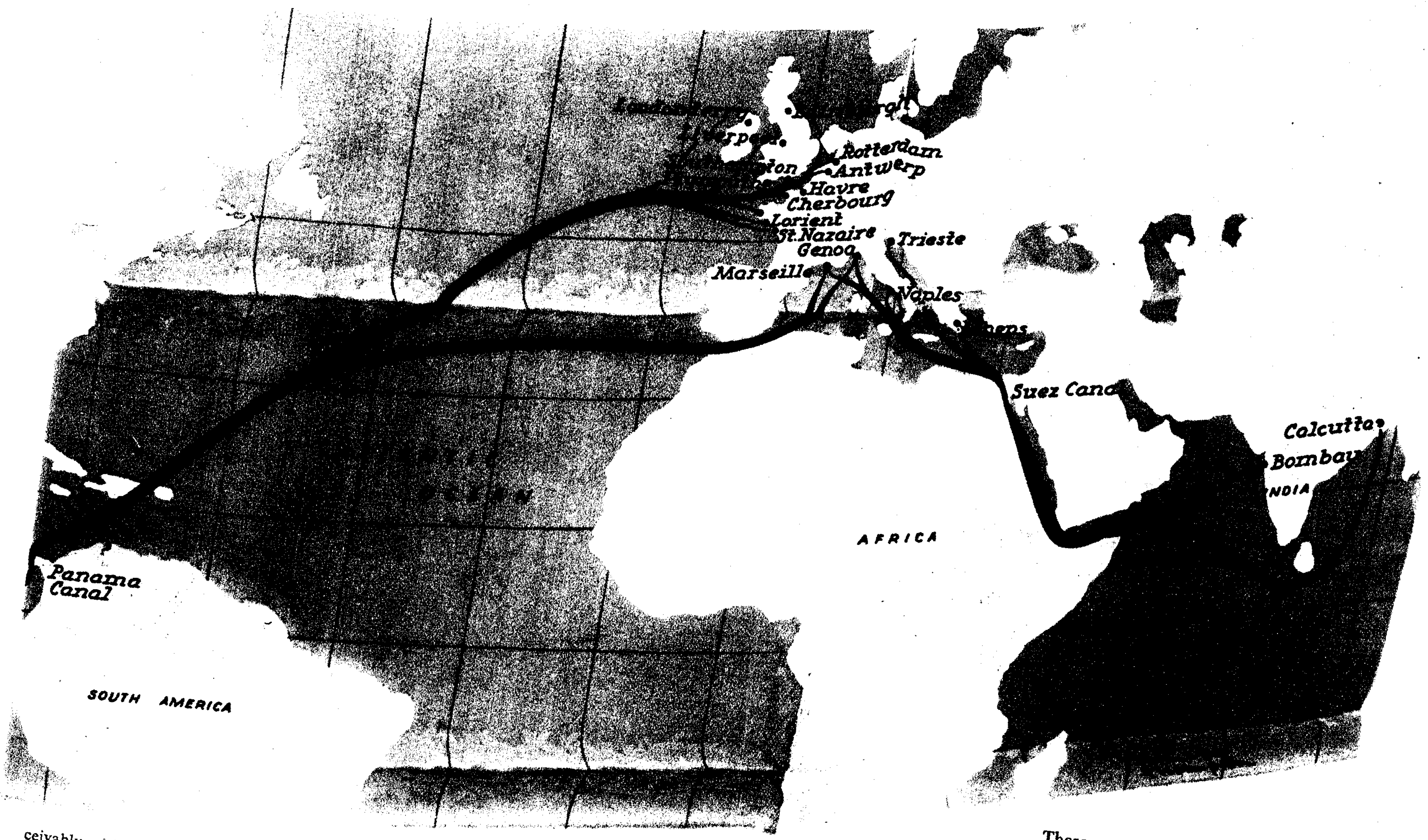
If this is a veteran division which has seen a lot of fighting, the men will be combat-weary. They'll be jaded and tired of mud and Army rations and open-air Chic Sales. General Eisenhower has already picked several spots to send such divisions to rest. He is, for instance, taking over the Riviera, and our division will find itself basking for a spell in that lovely part of the world. The men will live as they haven't lived since they entered the Army.

Already baseball diamonds, basketball and handball courts have been built. The golf courses and tennis courts have been put into condition and beach houses erected. Shiploads of athletic equipment have left these shores, with every possible bit of sports paraphernalia that relaxing G.I.s might con-

MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

EAST

When the war in Europe is done, it will take us months to transfer men and equipment to the East. The whys and hows are here revealed for the first time



These are the ports and routes from Europe to the Far East. No one except a few men in the War and Navy Departments knows which ports and routes will be used. Distance via Panama is 14,000 miles

ceivably wish for. If you find it impossible to buy golf balls, baseballs, tennis balls, etc., this spring don't feel too bad. They're all earmarked for men who need them more than you do.

The USO will send units to each of these recreation centers, and there will be entertainment and new motion pictures every night. The men will have libraries and educational facilities in the way of lectures. There will be plenty of bars, and the beer will flow freely. G.I.s just out of combat don't relax on iced tea or lemonade. There will be no bugle to wake them in the morning. For a time they will be guests.

Meanwhile all sorts of military wheels will be turning, all released by the cry of "*Kamarad*" from the Germans. Our division is headed for the Pacific. After its rest, it will go back to work. It will go to a mobilization center. The division will be surprised to find that its equipment is there all boxed neatly for its long trip to the Pacific.

A report that we will leave all of our equipment in Europe has gained wide circulation. It is false. So far as is economically feasible, every bit of war material that can be used again will be removed from the European theater. In many cases, vehicles, guns, radio sets or field kitchens will be so worn out by usage that even major overhauls will not make them serviceable again. These will be left there, for cargo space is precious.

When our division catches up with its equipment, it will find that every bit of it has been reprocessed, repaired, and that it is as good as new. General Somervell hopes to send about 70 per cent of our European material to the Pacific. He would like to send a hundred per cent of it, but the life of a gun, a tank, a machine, a flame thrower or a vehicle is not a long life, and a great deal of our material will be on its last legs when the whistle blows in Germany. Therefore, a tremendous production program must be continued for the repair and overhaul of equipment in Europe, the procurement of special equipment for the Pacific, and the continuous flow of replacement equipment and supplies.

Embarkation for the East

Now our division is regrouped to bring it up to its reinforced or combat strength. It heads for a port of embarkation. It is heading for the invasion of Japan and Jap-held China. Every division will move, so far as is possible, as a separate unit. Let's suppose that our division takes off from Antwerp—or Marseille, or any one of a dozen European ports. It takes some time to crate and load all that equipment. Everything is boxed. Why? Well, you can't pile three jeeps on top of one another. Crate them and you can stack a hundred of them. Then, too, this material is going to face a long sea voyage and be subject to the corroding influence of sea air and salt water. It must be protected. But finally the ships are loaded with our division and its equipment, and we're off.

Several months have elapsed since V-E Day. Now it will take about thirty large ships to carry our division and its material. That seem a lot? Well, this is a combat division, and we have to bring along (hold your breath) seven and a half tons of material per man. In our convoy we will have 18 cargo ships and 12 troopships. If this seems staggering, just consider some of the equipment a division must have with it. To mention just a few: Ten liaison aircraft, thirty ambulances, 5,300 carbines, two hundred and forty .50-caliber machine guns, fifty-seven 57-mm. guns (antitank), fifty-four 105-mm. howitzers, twelve 155-mm. howitzers (Long Toms), 6,300 Garand rifles, 2,100 vehicles (everything from jeeps to 4-ton wreckers), 13 armored cars, 144 mortars (60- and 80-mm.) and 80 field kitchens. These are just a few of the items. I haven't mentioned ammunition, medical supplies, radios, etc., etc.

When you think of reprocessing this material until it is "as good as when it left the factory," when you think of crating it and moving it to a European port and then loading it, you can only wonder how it can be done in the required short space of time.

We're off for the Pacific. We have quite a trip ahead of us. We don't know exactly where we're going but we have maps, haven't we? And there is no rule against guessing. We look at the map of the Pacific. We know we are going to a staging area to assemble with other divisions who will be with us in the big push. Well, Guam looks pretty small. So does Saipan. Iwo Jima is only a spot on the map. The Marshalls, the Marianas, the Gilberts, the Carolines; they're all too far away from Japan, and then we notice the Philippine Islands. Well, now. They look pretty big. Maybe that's our destination. You can bet that our division will figure it that way, and maybe they'll be right. (I'm guessing, too.)

Some divisions will be luckier than ours. A great many divisions will be routed through the United States. They will return here quickly because they will carry with them only enough material to, in the words of the Army, "insure the unit's integrity." The supply boys call such equipment "housekeeping material" or "minimum essential." They won't need that seven and a half tons per man. They will carry only those items needed for the journey. These happy lads will all be given some leave at home. Then they will go to training areas and will be given further training to familiarize them with the type of combat they will face and the new types of equipment they will use in the Pacific. Know what that means? For months, perhaps, during the migration to the Far East, we civilians will probably need something approximating an "A" priority to get aboard a train.

But our division will have to by-pass this country. We'll go from Antwerp to Panama. We go through the Canal and head for (perhaps) Manila. It's going to be a long trip. It's 14,000 miles from Antwerp to Manila.

Doubts on the Home Front

We're not a fast convoy. That trip is going to take around seven weeks. So, by the time we land and our equipment is unloaded, some five months will have elapsed since V-E Day. Those months are going to be rather trying for us at home. We are apt to get impatient at the lack of war news. Nothing is happening, we'll say. Why don't we move against Japan? Why not land on the China shores? Why this long lag?

Our division can answer those questions. We were one of the very first out of Europe and we've only just arrived at Manila. We unpack our equipment and find that every bit of it has to be gone over carefully. It has been heavily coated with rust preventives,

(*Continued on page 70*)

Flame-in-the-Forest

BY WILLIAM BRIDGES

This fabulous bird, rare and beautiful, can at last be seen in captivity at New York's Bronx Zoo. And the story of the capture of these specimens is nearly as fabulous as the bird itself

IN HIS quiet way, Charles Cordier is an artist. He never would say much—just a few words in a slow, half-French drawl, and then a long, dreamy focus of his blue eyes on some distant horizon outside the window of the bird house in New York's great Bronx Zoo. But he had the art of setting me dreaming, too, and to this day I don't know whether I am reporting the things Charles Cordier actually saw and felt and did while he was hunting the Flame-in-the-Forest, or whether most of them are reflections of the images he stirred in my mind.

And you might have been dream-dazzled, too, if you had drifted away on the ebb of his words, and your eyes had come to rest on the Flame-in-the-Forest—if you had only to move your hand to touch a living bird of a beauty you had never imagined except in some drowsy fantasy. For the Flame-in-the-Forest is the scarlet cock of the rock, and the translucent scarlet of its plumage is a color out of this world. How can I describe a bird that seemed to glow as alabaster might glow at incandescent heat, or as scarlet wax held against the sun?

But before I begin the story that Charles Cordier told me . . .

Cordier is the native Swiss who has brought two fabulous collections of tropical American birds to the Bronx Zoo in the last few years: the scarlet cock of the rock, the heavenly sylph, the white-footed rackettail, the club-winged manakin and a dozen other brilliant beauties that no other zoo in the world has ever exhibited alive. After each of his expeditions I spent enchanted hours with him in the little, narrow room in the bird house where he fed and watered and nursed his birds until they were ready to go on exhibition.

The tale he told was long in the telling. A sentence at a time, a somnolent pause; a question and another brooding hiatus before the syllables came rolling out with an inflection that was part American, part English, part French, part Spanish. I can't reproduce the quality of his speech—I won't even try.

"It was not like anything you have ever known," he began. "Look out of the window there, at the lake and the clean, sharp lines of the beeches and the elms and the maples. They are bare now in midwinter, but you remember them as they are in midsummer? A little softer, a little hazier in their outlines, perhaps?

"But down in the corner of Colombia where I have been, it is different. There the rains never cease, or, if they do, the clouds and the mists drift through the forest, and the broad leaves drip, drip, drip. All day and all night.

"Your beeches and elms and maples are hard and sharp and clear, but there the trees are mere supports for the moss. It grows in and on the whole world; it strangles life; it piles layer after layer on branches and trunks, on rocks and rotting stumps. It covers the world as snow covers your forests up here. Perpetually you move among dark, gigantic lumps of living vegetation. Everything is blurred and rounded and softened by the moss.

"That is where you find the scarlet cock of the rock and the hummingbirds now in the cages back yonder. There was no difficulty about the hummingbirds. Your questions make me think you are impressed by those mites; you suppose it was very difficult to catch them. But not at all. They were everywhere. Where there are flowers, there are hummingbirds. One waits until they hover—then a touch with a lime stick on the tip of a thirty-foot bamboo pole, and that is all there is to it. You pick them up, wash off the lime that has cemented their wings for the moment, and they are as good as in your zoo already.

"But that cock of the rock—that is another matter. Where it lives is so gloomy, so cold, so wet. And so far from the village—two hours' climb each morning, just to visit the nets. For one does not catch the scarlet cock of the rock by lime sticks. The nets have to be spread. You have seen them—I have nets of all sizes that one is likely to need. Some of them the brown women of the mountain villages made for me, sitting cross-legged for hours and hours, tying the knots and dyeing the strong thread.

Exclusive—and Hard to Get

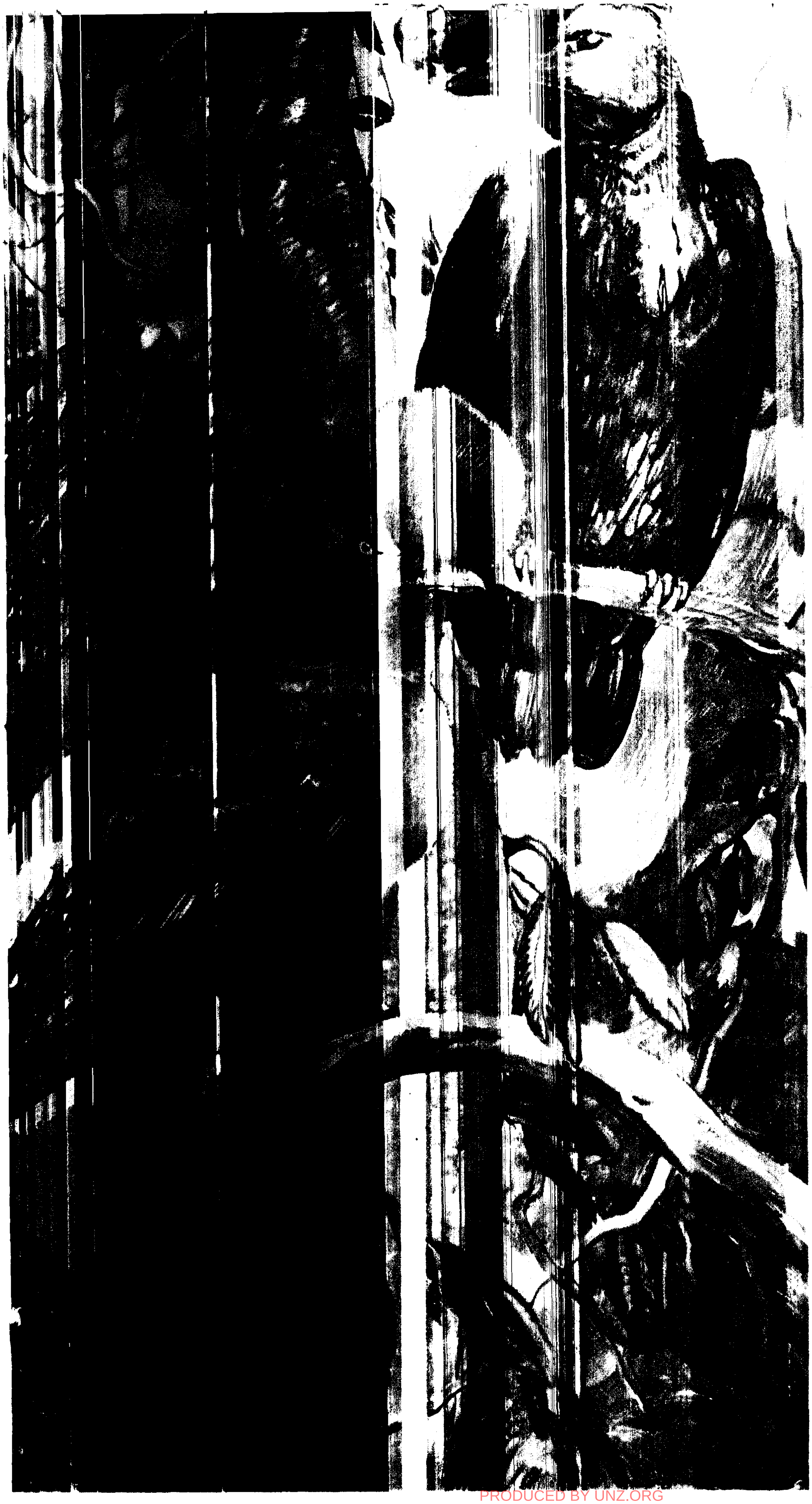
"First I had to find the forest, where the cock of the rock feeds and then I had to wait patiently for days, almost without number, until I knew the habits of the individual birds. I must know the tree that is his favorite to sleep in, the tree that he prefers to eat in, the tree where he takes his rest. For they have their little preferences, just as you and I have our favorite seats in the restaurant, and our favorite restaurant, too.

"There comes a time when I know all that; I am part of that bird and I know what he will do on any occasion. Only I must make the occasion when he will do what *I* want him to do. So when dusk comes on, I spread my nets. This is the path he will take in his flight from this tree to that tree, I can say to myself. Good; I will spread my nets here, between these two trees, and in the morning when he flies, he will fly into my net.

"You will notice that I do not play fair with the bird; my nets are so designed that he has no chance, if he but blunders into one of them from either side. It is like a net you have in this country for catching fish—a pocket net, I think you call it. Only that way can I hold him safely, for when he flies into the net he pushes the small strands through another net of larger strands, and he is 'in the bag.' That is good; I must remember that. 'He is in the bag.'

"You may well suppose that it was no easy matter to set the nets in the paths of the birds, for sometimes these beautiful beggars did not consult my convenience but only their own. One selfish bird would fly only at a great height. It was possible, but only at sad risk of my neck. Another selfish bird would fly only at a level a little above my head. No more than eight feet, if you will believe it. The quantity of moss and underbrush that I had to clear away before my

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS



net was set at that level, you would not believe, either. But I can show you the bird.

"In Colombia the men know but one way to climb a mountain: One goes straight up. Even though it would have been possible at times to go around and by zigs and zags, I was never permitted to follow such a sensible path. One climbs a mountain by climbing it, and thus we went straight up for two hours. It was useless to try to keep dry, for, as I say, the rain never ceased entirely; the mist alone was a relief from the soft pelting of the raindrops in the moss.

"So many times when we reached the nets, there was nothing. Oh, beetles and bats, to be sure, but so seldom were there birds that one wanted. My vigils were not without their little incidents. There was a day when I had followed the flights of a bird until my eyes were tired. Back and forth, from the feeding tree to the perching tree, from the perch to the food. And at a time when the beauty was elsewhere to court a lady friend, perhaps, I had stretched my net. So. Perfect.

"I waited and my cock of the rock came back to fill his belly with fruits. He was full; he would fly in a moment; it was inevitable that I should have him as a wonderful prize for my patience.

The Prize is in the Stew

"You have never heard the fearsome 'bang' that a Colombian Indian's gun is capable of making, I suppose. It is as if a train loaded with gunpowder should crash into the side of a mountain. As my bird was about to fly, I heard such a noise, and my bird fell dead. Then out of the dark hills of moss came a foolish Indian and his fat wife. They had shot my poor bird to make a stew at a fiesta in the neighboring village.

"It is almost past belief, but that same Indian caught a bird for me two days later. It was a bird bewitched. My nets were set at every height and angle known to man, and that vile bird persisted in escaping. He would fly over, under, around—never through. Heaven will forgive me, I hope, but I was at the point where I wished the Indian would come back and shoot the beautiful bird because he had caused me so much anguish.

"And the Indian did come back. Foolish as he was, he came stumbling and singing through the forest with his fat wife lurching behind him. So great was the astonishment of my bird that he turned to flee and he fled directly into my net. You may see him there —the bold fellow that looks at me with such a saucy eye."

Charles Cordier made two expeditions to South and Central America for the New York Zoological Society, and his second one, to Costa Rica, was even more successful than the first, for he brought back three specimens of the famous umbrella bird—the first ones ever seen alive in any zoo. There was a name to conjure with—umbrella bird!

The public (and even some impressionable naturalists of an earlier day) fancied that an umbrella bird would not be so named unless it had a literal umbrella to spread over its head. And so they—the naturalists, at least—spread and pulled and plucked at the wiry crest atop the heads of the skins in their museums until they had fretted it into the shape of a circular umbrella. Then they called in their staff artists and had pictures made to illustrate their books. You may see them yet in old volumes of natural history. They look like crows with black champagne corks balanced on their heads.

What the bird actually does with its crest is less exciting but equally picturesque. At intervals during the day the flat, broad tuft of feathers is spread outward and downward until it covers the bird's whole "face," and only the jet-black tip of the bill protrudes. I fancy that at times I have seen the beady little eyes of the umbrella bird peering through

(Continued on page 59)

Three of the rare tropical birds which Cordier brought to America. Upper right, the umbrella bird; upper left, the Costa Rican quetzal; center, the fabulous cock of the rock, the translucent scarlet of its plumage "a color out of this world"

I'm Sensitive

BY EMILY HAHN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS

“Wait a minute, dear,” Corinne said defensively. “I've changed my mind. You can tell them all I'm marrying Stanhope”

AS AN outrage, Corinne Prince's telephone call in the middle of a busy morning at the factory was equivalent to the attempted assassination of De Gaulle at Notre Dame. Mary Dunning said so emphatically. “You know my rules perfectly well,” she said. “Don't pretend you've forgotten, Corinne.”

“But,” protested Mrs. Prince, “this is really important and I must see you at once. It concerns you, too, Mary.”

Miss Dunning, who had a favorite brother at the front, felt a prickling sensation in her spine. “Well,” she said, “in that case, I'll send a pass out to the main door. You come right up.”

Waiting for the worst, Mary spoiled everything she tried to do. At last she gave up and sat quietly at her desk, biting her nails. When Mrs. Prince arrived at last, however, she did not look like the bearer of bad tidings. She was wearing a new hat, she carried a huge muff of silver fox, and she dimpled and smiled at the attendant who brought her to the office door.

“Mary, darling,” she said, “how efficient you look. You quite frighten me. Why have you given up the blue rinse, darling?”

“I wash my own hair now,” said Mary. “It saves time, you know. What did you want to tell me, Corinne?”

“Cigarette?” Corinne held out a petit-point case. “Oh, come on, Mary, relax, darling. Your old factory can spare a few minutes. Well, it's this.” Her face became solemn and portentous. “I gave your advice careful consideration, Mary. But in the end, I decided to leave John. For good this time.” She leaned forward, stirring up a tiny musk-scented breeze.

“Divorce,” she said.

It took Miss Dunning an appreciable amount of time to grasp the significance of this announcement. Then her delicate, severe features were slowly suffused in an unaccustomed flush of rage.

“You—is *this* your important news?” she asked.

Mrs. Prince was aggrieved. “Good heavens, Mary Dunning, isn't that enough? After all these years of trouble?”

“You said it concerned me.”

“But it does!” Corinne squeaked in amazement. “Why, if it hadn't been for all your arguments against divorce—”

“My arguments?”

“Surely you remember, darling,” said Corinne. “Even all this tremendous secret munitions business couldn't wipe such a thing out of your mind. You talked to me like a Dutch uncle—in the bathroom that time, at my party.”

“But—”

“I told him last night,” said Corinne Prince. “It happened all of a sudden, and not at all as I'd planned it, but I came home early from a dinner and there he was, right there, sitting in the living room reading his paper, and something seemed to give way inside me—*snap,* like that—and I blurted it all out at once.”

“I still consider this an unjustifiable—”

“Of course it came as a shock to John,” Corinne continued. “That's because he's completely insensitive. Which, as I told him last night, is the whole trouble. I'm sensitive, and he isn't. But then it isn't John's fault. He needn't feel inept. I could harbor resentment in my heart if I were inclined that way. What that man has done to my inner self you wouldn't believe, but he can't help it, after all. Probably he isn't even aware of it.”

Mary Dunning sat rigidly in her chair and waited. Corinne paused and began to fish in her muff for a lipstick.

“Is there anything you want me to do?” Mary asked. “Something you can say in a hurry? Because I must work with whatever time I have left this morning.”

“Why, of course, darling, that's why I came. I want to tell you in advance, so that when people call you up and ask you—”

“Do you think they will?” asked Mary curiously. “After all, Corinne, *most* people are busy, one way or another nowadays.”

For the first time since coming in, Corinne really looked at her old friend. “Don't be silly!” she cried. “Of course everybody'll be calling up, and, when they do, I would take it as a personal favor if you'd scotch all this talk about me and Stanhope.”

Mary Dunning pulled a pad toward her and began writing. “Stanhope?” she murmured absently. “You want me to say you're marrying him, is that it?”

Corinne cried out in horror. “Of course I'm not marrying Stanhope! I want you to say I'm *not* marrying Stanhope. I want to be free, just free. Oh,” she said, stretching out her arms, “it's marvelous. I've had the most exalted, fresh feeling, ever since—”

“Mind the inkpot,” said Miss Dunning. “You'll have to go now, Corinne, and don't you dare do this again, ever. I mean that.”

Mrs. Prince bit her lip. “I quite realize your sympathies are with John,” she said, “but if only you knew what—”

“I have no sympathies whatever,” said Mary Dunning. “I'm just busy. Goodby, Corinne.”

“I FORGOT to tell you this morning,” said Mrs. Prince's voice, “that I'm staying with Alicia. In case anybody asks you, that is.”

“All right, dear.” Mary at home was always more amiable on the phone, and besides she felt a slight compunction about the morning's farewell. “How do you happen to be there, anyway?” she asked. “I thought you always—”

“What I really want,” Corinne interrupted plaintively, “is a little place to myself, now that I'm going through with this divorce, but it's impossible, simply impossible to get in anywhere. The hotels, my dear, are jammed! Before I thought of Alicia last night, I was simply frantic.”

“You could have stayed at home,” said Mary. “After fifteen years of marriage, I think you might have stayed one more night under your husband's roof, even without a chaperone.”

Mrs. Prince's reaction was swift and defensive: “There you go again,” she said coldly. “Always on John's side. If you would only open your mind to the facts, Mary.”

Miss Dunning felt her amiability wearing thin. “Stop that, Corinne, right now. I'm not on anyone's side. If you want to leave John, just leave John and shut up about it. You've done it often enough. We're all used to it now. And, if you don't mind, I'm going to take a bath.”

“Wait a minute. Did you do what I told you?” Corinne waited and said more anxiously, “About Stanhope, I mean, when people asked you?”

“Oh,” said Mary. “That! As a matter of fact, nobody has asked me yet.”

There was a long pause. When she considered it safe, Mary cleared her throat and said, “About my bath, I—”

“Wait a minute, dear,” Corinne said defensively. “I've changed my mind. You can tell them I'm marrying Stanhope.”

“Yes?”

“Yes. I decided—he said—oh, Mary, I know that if you could understand how happy I am, you wouldn't maintain this attitude.”

“What attitude?” asked Miss Dunning aggressively.

“Oh, never mind. If you won't admit it, I'm not going to argue. Anyway, I'm marrying Stanhope just as soon as I get back from Reno, and that's a pretty important decision to make, after all. We had it out today at lunch, he and I, quite thoroughly. But I feel a new inner strength and I just know I'm right. You see, Mary, what you won't admit is that I wasn't ever really *happy* with John.”

“Okay,” said Mary Dunning briskly. “I'll tell 'em. Now I've simply got to turn off the bath water.”

“LOOK here, Mary,” began Mrs. Prince on the phone one evening a few weeks later. “Do you know what that swine has been doing?”

“Which swine?” asked Mary Dunning.

“John! My ex-husband!” Mrs. Prince's voice slipped out of control and made the phone squawk.

“That depends,” said Mary cautiously. “He's around a good deal. I have seen him here and there.”

“Oh, that. No; that's only natural,” said Corinne impatiently. “Goodness knows I've prayed silently all these years that John *would* get interested in somebody, but no one seems to *take* somehow, if you know what I mean.”

“Then what's the matter?”

The phone squeaked. “It's his attitude. He's being horrid. How could he do it, Mary, after all our years together? After all we've been to each other, how could he?”

“But I don't know what he's done,” said Mary patiently.

“You do, too!” snarled Mrs. Prince. “You know perfectly well, Mary Dunning, because it's probably the talk of the town, that's what's so terrible. He's telling everyone that he's *glad* I've left him. Imagine, Mary! After him begging me to come back, every time I did walk out. After I was idiot enough to listen to him, too, that's what hurts. *He's* glad *I* left *him!* Him! Why, I—”

The echoes dropped away; the phone wires stopped vibrating. Then Mary said, “Corinne, believe it or not, but I hadn't heard a word about it. Most people are wrapped up in the war, don't you see? Not a soul has bothered to give a second thought to your divorce.”

Mrs. Prince did not reply immediately, and, when she did speak, her tone was muffled: “Is that the truth, Mary?”

“Absolutely, my dear.”

“You've never lied to me,” Mrs. Prince said thoughtfully. She added with sudden vivacity, “Tell you what. I'm going to Washington tomorrow and get a job.” She sighed the sigh of the vanquished. “Some sort of war work, I suppose,” she said.

Mary Dunning replaced the receiver and turned to John Prince, who was smoking comfortably in the corner of her divan. “So that's that,” she said.

“That's that,” said John. “Shall we go out to dinner, darling?”

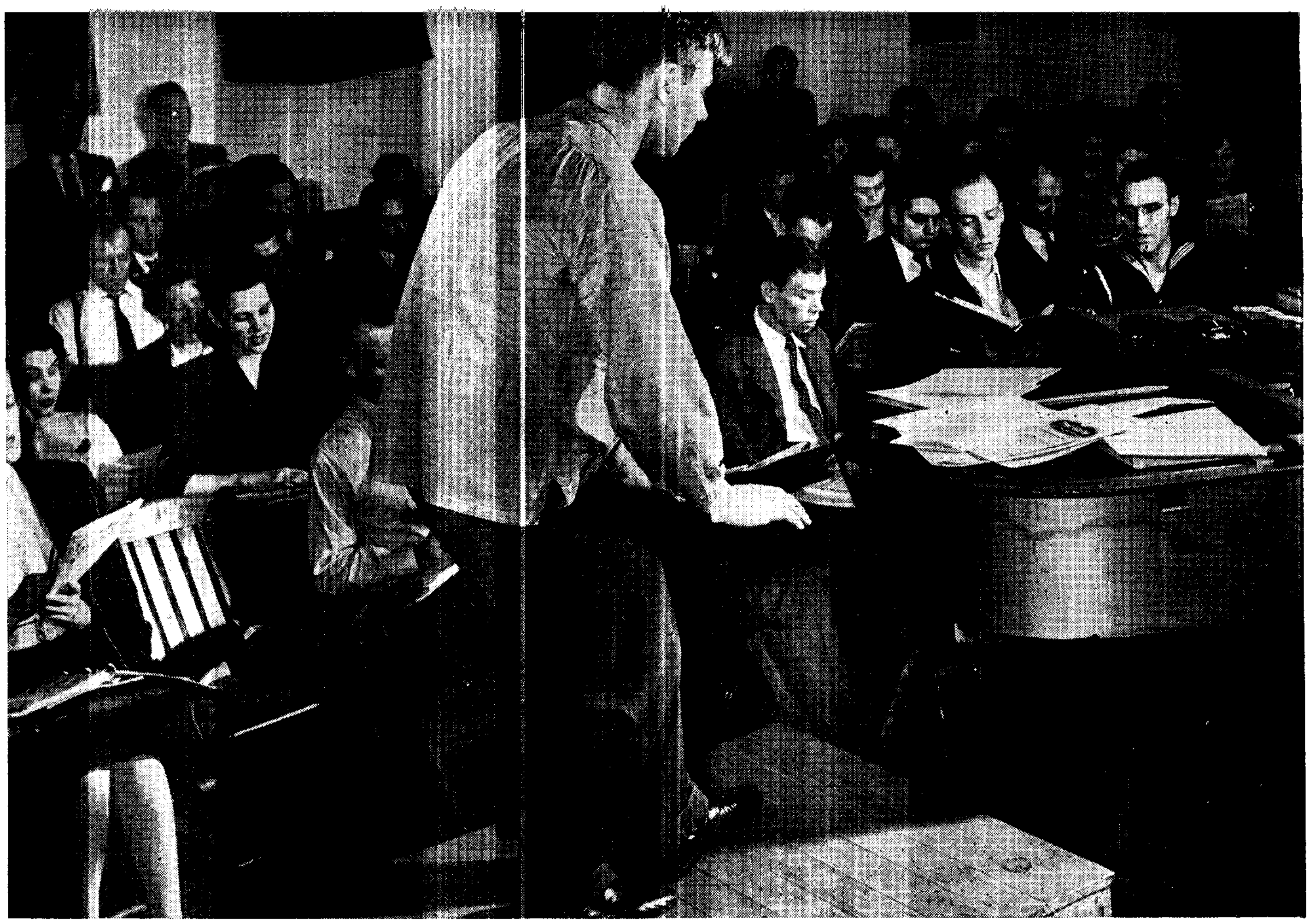
a short short story complete on this page

KING OF *Sing*

BY RUTH CARSON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX

Voted the greatest choral conductor in the country, Bob Shaw is a professional who gets a kick out of teaching amateurs to sing



Rehearsal of The Collegiate Chorale, Robert Shaw conducting. The Chorale is a miscellaneous bunch of secretaries, policemen, servicemen, anyone who wants to sing and can pass an audition. They're famous in their home town, New York City

THAT young man up there gyrating like a combination cheerleader and revivalist, eyes shut, feet slapping the floor, is Robert Shaw, choral conductor. Those people around him, bursting their lungs with song, are members of the Collegiate Chorale, a conglomeration of stenographers, policemen, teachers, clerks and who-are-you. Mr. Shaw would be happy if you would join in, too.

The Chorale is an amateur, spare-time chorus of people who sing for joy and for Robert. The fact that they have made a considerable musical success as well is fine, but not necessary. They just like to sing.

The picture on this page was taken in New York City. You could have snapped one similar to it in St. Louis. At Atlantic, Iowa. In Detroit. In St. Paul. In Bound Brook, New Jersey, any Thursday. For this energetic young man with the college-boy look and the hypnotic manner has a genius for music-making that has set communities all over the country to calling for him to come and start them singing, too. There's nothing he'd rather do.

Not that he hasn't plenty else to keep him busy. He's director of Fred Waring's glee clubs. He has trained choruses for Billy Rose—Aquacade, Carmen Jones, Seven Lively Arts. He trains choruses to sing under Stokowski, and did the same for a Koussevitsky concert in New York this season. He is choral conductor for Victor records. He whips up choruses for CBS, Olsen and Johnson, and for anybody else who comes along. But what he really wants to do is to set you and your neighbors to singing—serious music like Bach and the best modern music—and liking it.

"You don't have to be a great singer," he urges you, "to do great singing. Take a bunch of people who are sensitive to one another and to the music, and you've got something bigger than any one could do alone. Even Toscanini doesn't feel deeper than everyone else all put together."

For proof he points to his Collegiate Chorale. There's not a Metropolitan voice in the lot. Yet they've sung at the Met, at Carnegie Hall, at Town Hall, at the Stadium with the Philharmonic, under Stokowski at the City Center, and plenty of times over the air. And the critics have shouted "Hallelujah" right along with them.

They aren't collegiate. They just got the name by starting out as the choir of the Marble Collegiate Church in New York. Asked to direct that choir three years ago, Shaw jumped at the chance. Here was the miscellaneous bunch of average singers and the serious music he needed, to show you.

To supplement the church choir Shaw put a two-line announcement in The Times.

(Continued on page 82)

Shaw draws music out of his singers by sheer physical and emotional force, plus remarkable musicianship. The response even of newcomers is terrific. For comfort Shaw wears a loose shirt, baggy pants and carpet slippers; dons a sweat shirt afterward

SEVEN MILLION YOUNG DETECTIVES

BY VERA CONNOLLY

INTERNATIONAL

All over America, high-school children are now taking the Treasury Department course "Know Your Money." Here, Teacher Leon Friend holds two spurious one-dollar bills and points out engraving errors to students, who check them against legal tender in their hands. Campaign has caused counterfeiting to drop 97 per cent

The Secret Service found that the American public was being cheated of a million dollars a year. So they started a "Know Your Money" campaign among school children. It has paid off handsomely

ONE man had an idea—a unique, startling idea. That idea, combined with efficient law enforcement, has reduced counterfeiting in the United States 97 per cent in eight years.

The man is Frank J. Wilson, chief of the U.S. Secret Service, who has brought almost to a standstill a crime that was annually robbing citizens of almost a million dollars and sending thousands of men and boys to prison.

His method? It was simple enough. *He got the public to help him do the job!* And the public is still helping, and must continue to help if counterfeiting is to be kept down. If we relax, it will boom again; once more we will be defrauded; counterfeiters will be herded into prisons for long terms costly to us taxpayers, and thousands of juveniles will be hired as "passers" and thus drawn into a life of crime.

There is another angle. We are at war. The Germans or Japs, or both, may attempt to deal us an economic blow—produce chaos here by flooding us with counterfeits of our own currency. This attack could be as serious as any on the battlefield.

Thanks to the "Know Your Money" campaign, such a blow is not likely to succeed at the present moment. Why? Because millions of Americans today can tell counterfeit money at a glance. And each month more and more citizens are learning to detect and report phony money. This teaching should be accelerated and made country-wide. It should spread through every state, be heard by every man and woman, boy and girl. High-school students especially should receive it.

How can high-school kids help in a crime-prevention campaign? The counterfeiters could answer you—some from behind bars. Instead, we'll let Chief Wilson do the telling.

"In late 1936," he said, "I found the country flooded with counterfeits. Every year we were imprisoning more men, seeing more kids lured into the racket. It was pitiful, wasteful—and dangerous for the country.

Wising People to Phony Money

So we decided to eliminate the opportunity to commit this crime—by informing the potential victims. That is, we would show the public how these criminals operated, and how to recognize counterfeit money and report it. In this we had the full backing of Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr.

"We directed our first educational efforts toward the retail merchants, our agents making door-to-door calls. This proved slow, uphill work, so we began to borrow the school auditoriums and hold public meetings for retail merchants. Here our agents would lecture and exhibit counterfeit bills and coins. The merchants were told how to handle a 'passer' who dropped in with a phony bill. They were warned not to accuse the man, but to take the bill, ask him to wait a moment for his change, step into the rear room and phone for a police officer.

"We also spoke before the big civic clubs and trade associations, and enlisted their aid—which they gave enthusiastically. At this point, there was a surprising reaction from the criminal world. Counterfeiters began dropping in on our lectures and seeing our movies. A few, deciding the racket was getting too hot, pulled out of it then and there."

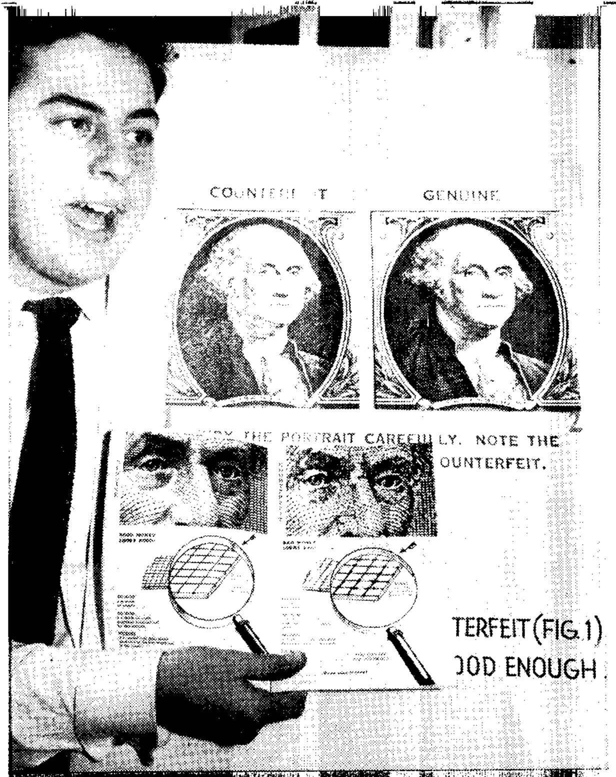
Counterfeiting began to decrease. But the pace was entirely too slow. We as a nation were exposing ourselves to an economic blow from without. Besides, the "Know Your Money" instruction was being given to business grayheads who would soon retire. Tomorrow's clerks, cashiers and executives were still in high school. The permanent solution was to reach them. These alert youngsters would put the knowledge into immediate

CURRENCY IS REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY FURTHER REPRODUCTION, IN WHOLE OR IN PART, IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

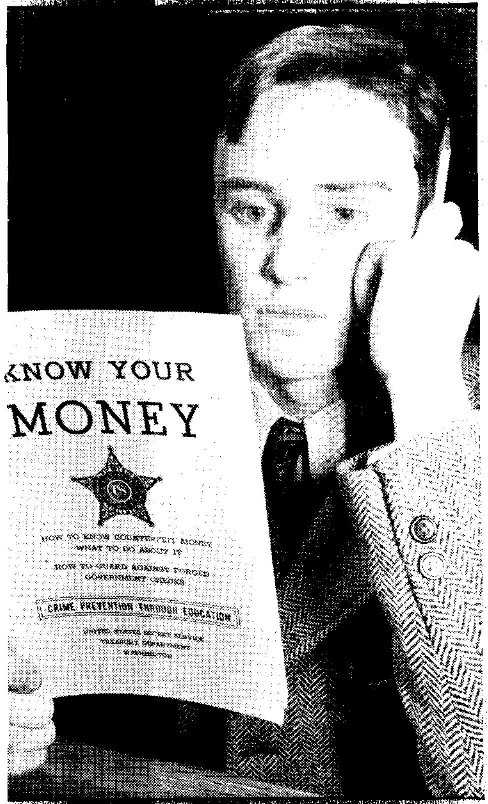
IT IS A VIOLATION
DUCTIONS OF ANY

INTERNATIONAL

Spo[illegible] phony one-dollar bill was easy for Glo[illegible]n. The seal points were irregular


COUNTERFEIT
GENUINE
THE PORTRAIT CAREFULLY. NOTE THE
OUNTERFEIT.
TERFEIT (FIG. 1)
OOD ENOUGH

[illegible] ng glass [illegible] sure engraving [illegible] s[illegible] ou the differe[illegible]


KNOW YOUR
MONEY
HOW TO KNOW COUNTERFEIT MONEY
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT
HOW TO GUARD AGAINST FORGED
GOVERNMENT CHECKS
CRIME PREVENTION THROUGH EDUCATION
UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE
TREASURY DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

INTERNATIONAL

Th[illegible] in the T[illegible] counterfeiting

ENGRAVING-CURRENCY
Dürer
DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER (FIGURE 1) AND
MACHINE (GEOMETRIC LATHE—FIGURES 2+3)
COMBINE TO DESIGN OUR MONEY

INTERNAT[illegible]

Studen[illegible] a plat[illegible]

PETER MARTIN

[illegible] Frank J. Wilson devised the "Know Your [illegible] It cut counterfeiting last year to $28,000

practice where they worked after school. They'd talk of it at home, teach their parents.

"Our first step in the high-school drive," explained Chief Wilson, "was to produce a lively, interesting motion picture, Know Your Money. Our goal is to have that picture shown in all the country's 28,000 high schools and some grade schools. To date it has been shown in 19,000 high schools before seven million students. All in five years."

But all this was "trimmings," the chief declared, compared to the real job his men undertook: the difficult job of persuading high schools to incorporate this instruction permanently in some regular prescribed course—history or civics or social science or economics or art.

Some principals co-operated immediately. Every month more high schools provide this teaching as part of some regular course. In New York City, eleven high schools set it up in 1944 as a special study in engraving and printing in connection with their art appreciation course; it is now to be extended to all 54 of the city's high schools. In these classes, Uncle Sam's flawless genuine bills and coins are compared closely with the deceptive and the sloppy counterfeits. The young art students thus learn not only to appreciate fine design and engraving, but also how to tell counterfeit money at a glance.

Kids Made the Plan a Success

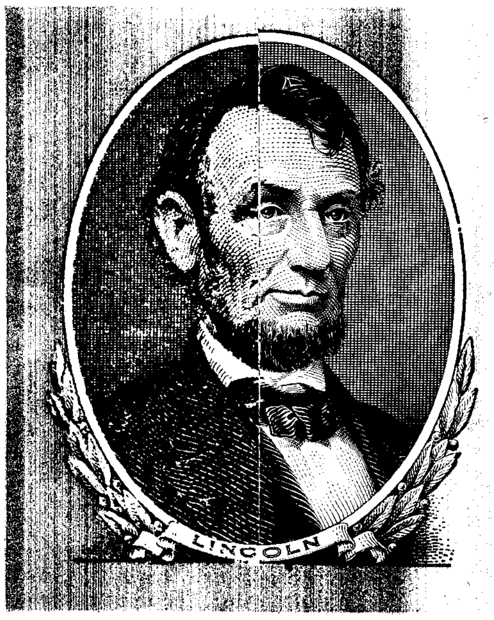
What have the results been? Counterfeiting has nose-dived since 1940, dropping to an unheard-of low last year of $28,000 in bad money passed. So we have to admit that a few million high-school kids, together with the friends and parents they enthusiastically "wised," have done more to reduce this crime than all the retail merchants, civic clubs and trade associations put together. Furthermore, the experiment has opened our eyes to a wholly new method of crime control: prevention through education.

But, you may still be wondering, how does the thing work? How can high-school kids possibly arrest counterfeiters? The answer is—by giving tip-offs.

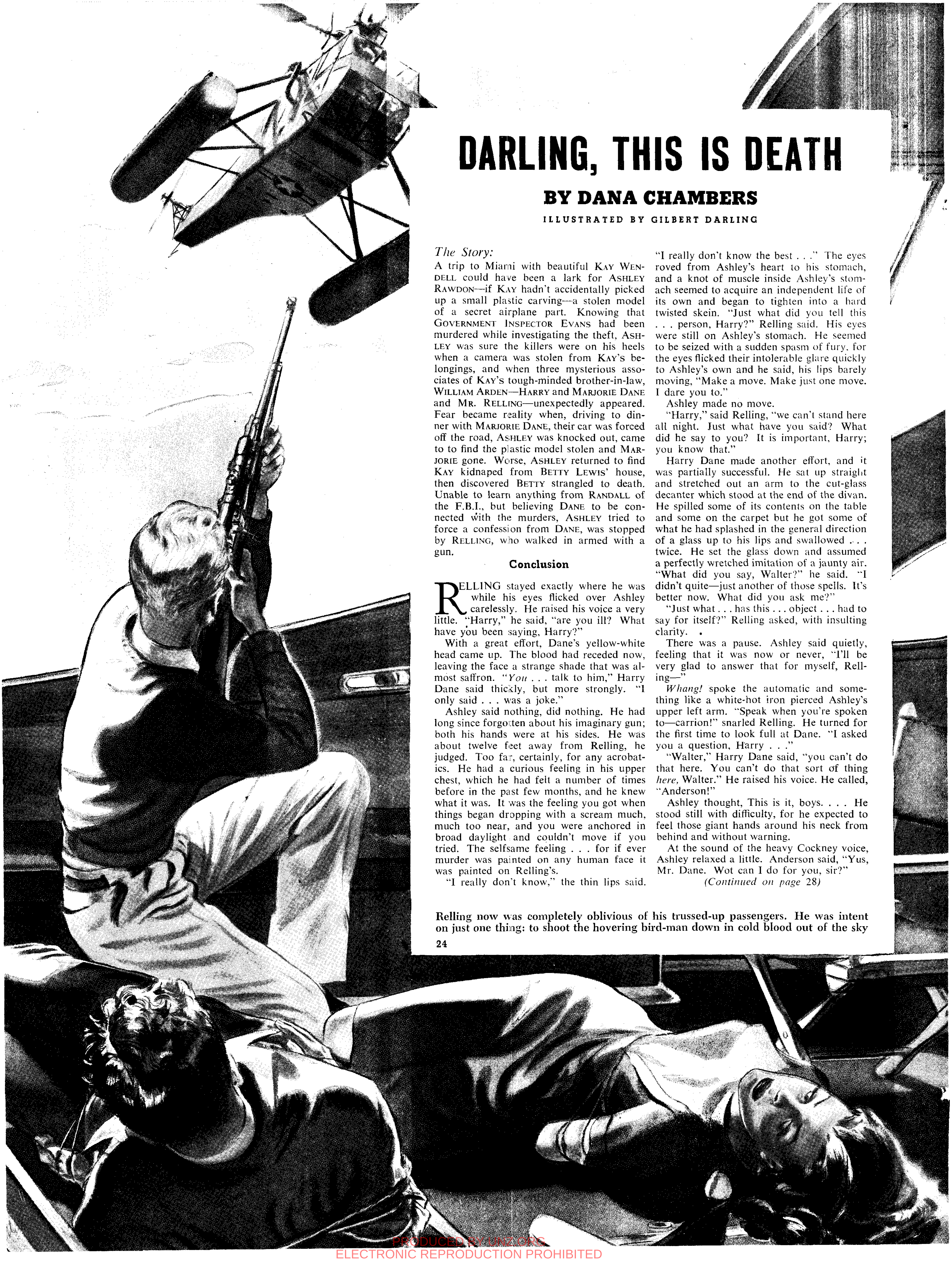
There was Billy, thirteen, a bootblack on Saturdays, who was strolling along a Baltimore street with his box and brushes, calling out, "Shine! Shoeshine!" A man in a car waved to him, stopped the car, jumped out. Billy ran over; and the man put his foot on the box. He chatted pleasantly as Billy applied rag and polish, then handed the boy a fifty-cent piece, receiving forty-five cents in change.

As the man walked toward his car, Billy suddenly felt the coin again. It was suspiciously greasy—due to bad materials used and lampblack added to "age" it. He examined it. The coin was a counterfeit! Billy knew; he had been taught to know at school. By now, the man's car was moving off, but Billy could see the license number, which he jotted down. He ran to a near-by policeman, showing him quickly why he was sure

(Continued on page 66)



The left side is counterfeit. Would you have noticed it?



DARLING, THIS IS DEATH

BY DANA CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story:

A trip to Miami with beautiful Kay Wendell could have been a lark for Ashley Rawdon—if Kay hadn't accidentally picked up a small plastic carving—a stolen model of a secret airplane part. Knowing that Government Inspector Evans had been murdered while investigating the theft, Ashley was sure the killers were on his heels when a camera was stolen from Kay's belongings, and when three mysterious associates of Kay's tough-minded brother-in-law, William Arden—Harry and Marjorie Dane and Mr. Relling—unexpectedly appeared. Fear became reality when, driving to dinner with Marjorie Dane, their car was forced off the road, Ashley was knocked out, came to to find the plastic model stolen and Marjorie gone. Worse, Ashley returned to find Kay kidnaped from Betty Lewis' house, then discovered Betty strangled to death. Unable to learn anything from Randall of the F.B.I., but believing Dane to be connected with the murders, Ashley tried to force a confession from Dane, was stopped by Relling, who walked in armed with a gun.

Conclusion

Relling stayed exactly where he was while his eyes flicked over Ashley carelessly. He raised his voice a very little. "Harry," he said, "are you ill? What have you been saying, Harry?"

With a great effort, Dane's yellow-white head came up. The blood had receded now, leaving the face a strange shade that was almost saffron. "*You* . . . talk to him," Harry Dane said thickly, but more strongly. "I only said . . . was a joke."

Ashley said nothing, did nothing. He had long since forgotten about his imaginary gun; both his hands were at his sides. He was about twelve feet away from Relling, he judged. Too far, certainly, for any acrobatics. He had a curious feeling in his upper chest, which he had felt a number of times before in the past few months, and he knew what it was. It was the feeling you got when things began dropping with a scream much, much too near, and you were anchored in broad daylight and couldn't move if you tried. The selfsame feeling . . . for if ever murder was painted on any human face it was painted on Relling's.

"I really don't know," the thin lips said. "I really don't know the best . . ." The eyes roved from Ashley's heart to his stomach, and a knot of muscle inside Ashley's stomach seemed to acquire an independent life of its own and began to tighten into a hard twisted skein. "Just what did you tell this . . . person, Harry?" Relling said. His eyes were still on Ashley's stomach. He seemed to be seized with a sudden spasm of fury, for the eyes flicked their intolerable glare quickly to Ashley's own and he said, his lips barely moving, "Make a move. Make just one move. I dare you to."

Ashley made no move.

"Harry," said Relling, "we can't stand here all night. Just what have you said? What did he say to you? It is important, Harry; you know that."

Harry Dane made another effort, and it was partially successful. He sat up straight and stretched out an arm to the cut-glass decanter which stood at the end of the divan. He spilled some of its contents on the table and some on the carpet but he got some of what he had splashed in the general direction of a glass up to his lips and swallowed . . . twice. He set the glass down and assumed a perfectly wretched imitation of a jaunty air. "What did you say, Walter?" he said. "I didn't quite—just another of those spells. It's better now. What did you ask me?"

"Just what . . . has this . . . object . . . had to say for itself?" Relling asked, with insulting clarity.

There was a pause. Ashley said quietly, feeling that it was now or never, "I'll be very glad to answer that for myself, Relling—"

Whang! spoke the automatic and something like a white-hot iron pierced Ashley's upper left arm. "Speak when you're spoken to—carrion!" snarled Relling. He turned for the first time to look full at Dane. "I asked you a question, Harry . . ."

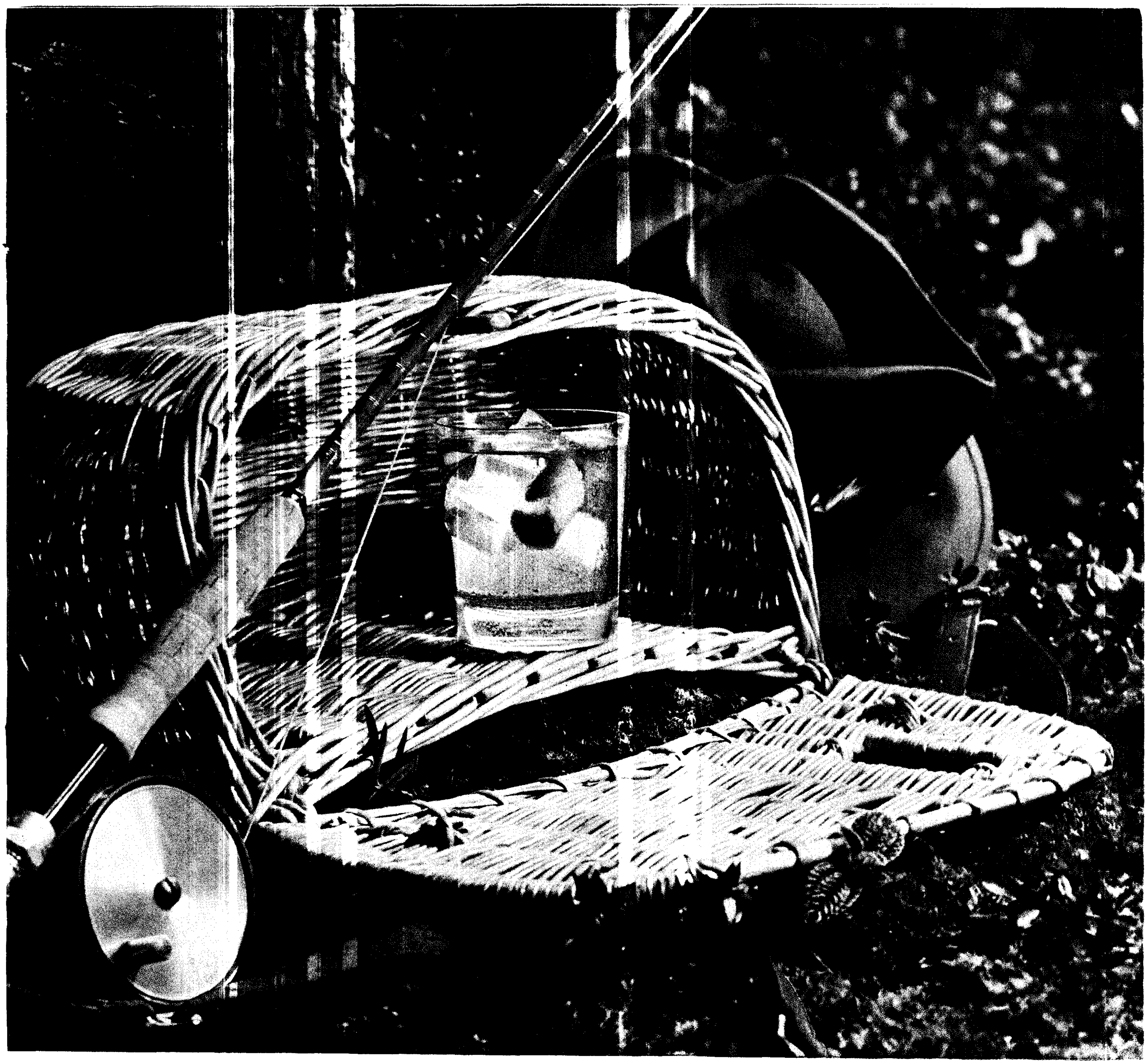
"Walter," Harry Dane said, "you can't do that here. You can't do that sort of thing *here,* Walter." He raised his voice. He called, "Anderson!"

Ashley thought, This is it, boys. . . . He stood still with difficulty, for he expected to feel those giant hands around his neck from behind and without warning.

At the sound of the heavy Cockney voice, Ashley relaxed a little. Anderson said, "Yus, Mr. Dane. Wot can I do for you, sir?"

(Continued on page 28)

Relling now was completely oblivious of his trussed-up passengers. He was intent on just one thing: to shoot the hovering bird-man down in cold blood out of the sky



How to catch a fisherman

ONE of the surest ways to win a fisherman's heart is to offer him a Four Roses Cold Toddy.

You see, no whiskey in the world is quite like Four Roses.

Four Roses has always had its own special flavor. It's smooth and mellow in its own distinctive way. Expect it to be different from any other brand you've tasted . . . for it's an exclusive combination of specially distilled whiskies.

And Four Roses is *still* the same great whiskey today as it was before the war. Try it, in a Four Roses Cold Toddy.

So easy to make

1. Into a Toddy glass, put ½ teaspoonful sugar, ½ jigger water, 2 ice cubes and a generous jigger of Four Roses. **2.** Stir gently—twist a thin slice of lemon peel over the Toddy—then drop it in.

FOUR ROSES

The same great whiskey
today as before the war

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City

FOUR ROSES
An American Whiskey

DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
You said it!
L.S./M.F.T.
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.

Copyright [illegible], The American Tobacco Company

NEW ORLEANS' PRIVATE WAR

BY HARNETT T. KANE

It's all steam and fury in the famous eating places, as century-old traditions are shattered. But the customers pile in faster than ever to sample their delicacies

NEW ORLEANS, city of epicurean joy, nervously sipped her sauces and wondered about this war. For the first time in long leisurely careers, the town's glamor-dusted French restaurants have in the past years found themselves pressed to maintain their way of life with food.

At this moment, men in flapping chefs' caps are slapping foreheads in Gallic agony, blowing on finger tips, hot words on pursed lips. America has suddenly come to like them all too much. Everybody in New Orleans seems to want to indulge in that transcendent privilege hitherto limited to a few—the savoring of Creole nourishments as only a few alchemists in golden garnishment can serve them.

Never has the ordinarily slow-gestured city had anything like its current prosperity. Population jumped from over 500,000 to more than 600,000. Once the town had 25,000 tourists a year, for a few months only. Today it gets several times that number—for 12 months. Result: a conflict between life as it was and life as it is now. Nowhere has the clash been more spectacular than in these near-fabulous eating places.

For these restaurants it was a collision of mass production and the tradition of cookery that *Grandpère* taught, after learning it in Paris from artists who learned from their *Grandpères*.

One cook groaned: "My boy Hippolyte, he is fighting in Italie. But he don't have harder time than me, no! I lose my sleep. I lost my weight. My family life—what is she now? Nothing. My wife—she tell me—" A fresh regiment of customers assumed attack formation, and he left.

The New Orleans cuisine is not French, not Spanish, not Negro, not Indian, but something of each, plus a touch of Deep Delta of the Mississippi. Each element gives something—delicacy of taste, fragrant spicing, certain green items, skill in mixing. Then, that matter of materials; an almost incomparable location explains them. From slow bayous and marshes, from the curving river and the blue Mexican Gulf come many fish and crawling things that are strangers to other places. And their traditions—of good eating, of men who enjoy food, and also enjoy cooking it and talking about it. New Orleans is no city of vegetable plates, or cream-cheese-and-canned-pear salads. One chef was shocked to hear a diver talking blithely of his superb "gravy."

ALLAN GOULD

At Antoine's, Thelma Olivier samples Oysters Rockefeller. The recipe is included below, so you can try it yourself

"Gravy!" His eyes popped. "It is never a gravy here. It is always—the sauce."

Today America is discovering these sauces and other delights—when it can get in. Once the attendant was there to assist Monsieur and Madame in and out. Now he is a traffic cop with a French accent.

Customer space is rationed, since these places seek precise perfection rather than the superstupendous. Customers who wish to wait find themselves out on the banquette (pronounced bank-it)—sidewalk to most of us. One establishment, to cope with the rush, regretfully locks its main door during the luncheon hour.

Temperament in the Kitchen

In the kitchen, all is steam, fury and sibilant syllables. The chef, who may have come from the old country, roars: *"Mon Dieu*, what will that man out there be telling us next!"

His chief helper, a Louisiana Cajun, who probably came from Bayou Lafourche, mumbles, *"Sacré!* Those two mens—they will drive me straight into the St. Louis No. 2 cemetery! You watch!"

Over the range a cook fumes: "In the old day, they say no dressing is right if she is done this fas'."

The man above him, torn between haste and art, bites his moustache. "Well, keep it on the stove. They will have to wait."

In the dining room, there is a hustle alien to the old scene. Not quite a cafeteria speed, but something that begins to approach it. Many guests know just what they want—the thing they've heard about or read about ever since they knew there was a New Orleans. It is probably *pompano en papillote*, fillets of delicate-fleshed Gulf fish, baked in a rich covering of spiced egg yolks, cream, green onions, mushrooms—all of this inside a waxed paper bag that puffs with the heat, steaming seductively as the waiter cuts it open. Antoine's restaurant created it to honor a Brazilian balloonist. As the dish requires a chef's hand with the paper cover, we shall omit the recipe.

The customer may ask for *huîtres en coquille à la* Rockefeller, the lustrous Oysters Rockefeller—a half dozen bivalves on their half shells, baked over rock salt to keep the heat, enveloped in a sauce like nothing else in the New or Old World. One version of this famous *plat* for six persons is: A bunch of parsley, a bunch of lettuce, a handful of fine bread crumbs, all chopped and mixed with a pound of butter. (For this and following recipes the chefs agree that you can try using a butter substitute—for the duration.) Add three tablespoons of Worcestershire sauce, a spoonful of anchovy sauce, a few drops of Tabasco sauce, salt, pepper—and two ounces of absinthe, not the least ingredient. After mixing, drape each oyster, in its half shell, with the sauce, and bake on the rock salt in a piepan. Finally, sprinkle the oysters with grated Parmesan cheese and bread crumbs. Serve when browned.

Or the customer may prefer Oysters Broussard, prepared as follows: A quart of oysters without the liquid; a pint of water or oyster water; a bunch of shallots; a large onion; a quarter pound of butter; thyme and bay leaf; salt and cayenne pepper; five or six tablespoons of bread crumbs, and Italian cheese. Wash and clean the oysters. Heat the water or oyster juice to a boil, then add the oysters and allow to simmer for about 10 minutes. Strain the oysters, put them through a meat grinder (large vegetable blade); chop shallots and onion, brown in a tablespoon of butter, add thyme, bay leaf and parsley, add the oysters and the water or oyster liquor; season, add the rest of the butter. Cook slowly for 15 minutes, add the bread crumbs. Then set to cool. Place the mixture in individual casseroles or a shallow baking dish, sprinkle with the cheese and pass under broiling flames to brown.

Then again the order may be Shrimp Arnaud or Shrimp Rémoulade. Arnaud's restaurant offers this dressing, to serve four: two tablespoons of vinegar; six tablespoons olive oil; one tablespoon paprika; four tablespoons Creole mustard; half teaspoon white pepper; half teaspoon salt; half heart of celery, chopped; half white onion, chopped fine; a small amount of chopped parsley. Serve over cold boiled shrimp on lettuce.

(Continued on page 55)

The Cordova
Style 485
Brown Calf and
White Buck
Durite Sole,
Rubber Heel

Nunn-Bush

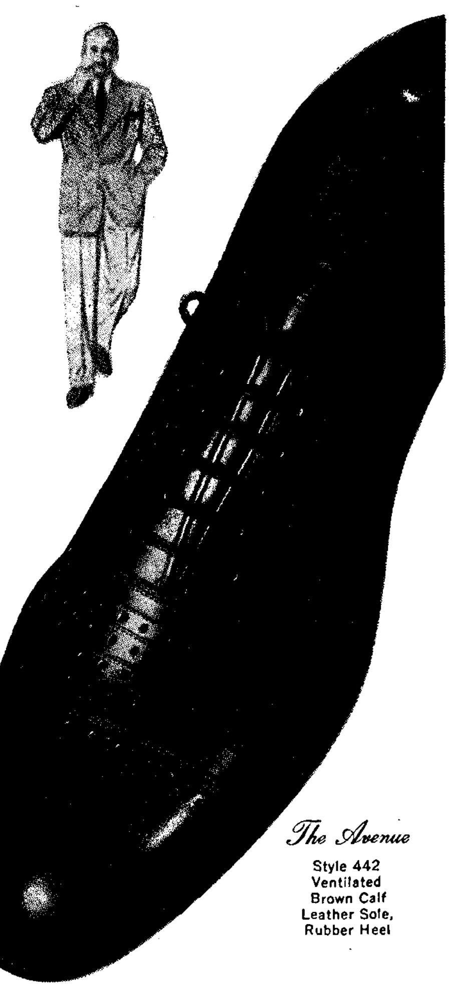
Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

FOR ADDED STYLE MILEAGE

The way to hit a high mark is to aim at it. That is why Nunn-Bush aims at no less than making the world's finest shoes for men. The result is a product which you can really be happy to wear. Enjoy Ankle-Fashioning, the Nunn-Bush development which gives added comfort and style mileage.

BUY MORE BONDS

Most Styles
$10 to $13.50



See your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant
NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.

Darling, This is Death

Continued from page 24

"Anderson," Harry Dane said, "we were talking about guns and one accidentally went off. If the noise has disturbed anyone, please explain, won't you? That's all. . . ."

"Certingly, sir."

The door behind Ashley discreetly closed.

"This fellow here, Walter," said Harry Dane; "I don't even know his name but I think he came in at the Ardens' the other day—possibly you weren't there at the time. He was with Mrs. Arden's sister. I know nothing whatever about him. I would assume, from what happened before you came in, that he is just a cheap blackmailer. He forced his way in and began making all sorts of insulting statements. Something about an employee of Arden's who died, and some more about—Marjorie. Apparently he forced himself on her tonight; I imagine she'd been drinking and you know how she is when she's been drinking. She'll talk to anyone. *And* he said—this whatever-his-name-is—that she's made a lot of wild statements. . . ."

"What sort of statements?" Relling asked.

"He didn't specify."

"Was that all?"

"Yes."

"What's this I heard about a camera," Relling questioned. "What camera?"

Harry Dane looked harried. "Camera?" he said. "I heard nothing about a camera."

"Ah." Relling appeared profoundly relieved. "But I did hear you say something about a joke. . . ."

"Oh, that. . . . I was saying that Marjorie will say anything for a joke, that's all. Then I had one of those blasted spells again. . . ."

THEY are carrying this off very well, Ashley thought, feeling the hot blood trickle down his arm. They were doing all right. The camera hadn't even been discussed, and it looked as though he wouldn't get a chance to discover what it meant to them. Still, Relling might want to hear at least a little more of his story.

Apparently Relling did. He lowered the gun muzzle to a 45-degree angle and said to Ashley, "Now see here, whatever your name is, you see what's happened; you've damn' near killed Mr. Dane with your insulting claptrap. He's not as young as he was and he's under tremendous pressure . . . tremendous responsibilities . . . and you come barging in here with a lot of stuff-and-nonsense about his wife. He oughtn't to stand for it, and I'm blessed if I'm going to let him stand for it, but just to give you a break—which you certainly don't deserve—you can have a couple of minutes to explain to me in person before I telephone the police."

The tone now was that of a righteously exasperated man who really hated to be stern but who saw his duty and would do it. The *volte-face* was so transparent that Ashley marveled briefly that even Relling could expect him to be taken in.

Aloud Ashley said, slowly, "I should be very glad to, Mr. Relling . . . if you'll put that gun away. That—er—accidental bullet came uncomfortably close to me." And at that moment he had an inspiration.

He had got, really, more than he'd dared to hope for out of this interview. Evidently his wild and beautiful idea of a half-hour ago hadn't been wild at all. Evidently Dane and Relling and presumably Arden, too, were in dirty work up to their necks. "Fascists . . . traders with the enemy . . ."—these and other things Kay had said—plus the sight of Dane and Relling actually in Miami, had made him think: Maybe . . . just barely maybe . . .

Well, he'd confirmed that "maybe." And more. Evidently Dane, at least, was prepared to laugh off any connection with the stolen plastic; evidently he didn't think his wife knew anything of real importance to give away; but just as evidently, there was something of the most terrific and vital importance connected with a camera . . . presumably the camera which had been stolen from Kay.

Very well. From this point on, let them do the leading. He was in no position—or condition—to argue with Relling plus an automatic; he was bursting with information now—if he could only get out of this building alive. And his only chance of doing *that* lay, certainly, in a convincing eating of his own words.

All this went through his mind in one of those incredibly fast flashes of mental shorthand which make actual words seem clumsy and slow. So he added, before Relling could do more than lower the gun muzzle completely toward the floor, which he did, "If I have made a mistake, at least it was a sincere mistake. And I should like to be the first to apologize—if I'm wrong."

His tone was mild and conciliatory. He hoped it was the right tone. Relling said: "*I* should be the first to admit that anyone can be mistaken. I am curious, though, to hear what you believed."

And if I tell you either the truth or a cock-and-bull story, Ashley reflected, it's apt to be a bullet in the guts either way. However . . .

He said, "Mr. William Arden confided to me that a very valuable bit of design material had been stolen from his plant. He told me that the man Evans, whom I happened to assist the morning he—er—died, had been employed by Mr. Arden to locate it. He told me that Evans had subsequently informed him—Arden—that he was on the trail of something pretty big, and that the next he knew was that Evans was dead."

"Very interesting, I suppose," Relling said, in a tone which implied it was the reverse. "So?"

"So," said Ashley, "it happens that in a very curious way, I myself discovered that plastic—only very recently."

Relling's lids narrowed. "And what was the curious way, if I may ask?"

"Why," said Ashley, determined to keep Kay out of it at any cost, "apparently Evans dropped it in my coat pocket, the small outside change pocket, you know, where I never even knew of its existence until—er—yesterday morning."

"And then? Have you this valuable object now?" Barely perceptible irony.

"I have not. It was stolen from me tonight, after I had had dinner with Mrs. Dane."

"Good Lord!" came from the divan. "Are you implying—"

"Not in the least," said Ashley. "She and I were both attacked by armed thugs while driving in her car. I was knocked unconscious, robbed and left under a billboard miles away. I reported the affair to the police, and learned that Mrs. Dane had been found, unconscious and possibly with a skull fracture, still in her car. She is now, I believe, in the City Hospital."

THIS was apparently another body blow to Harry Dane. His face purpled dangerously again. But the ferocious glare which shot from his bulging eyes was directed, not at Ashley but at Relling. "Walter—" he began, "Walter . . ." He choked.

Relling said, "Don't interrupt, Harry. I—"

"How badly is she hurt, did you say?" Harry Dane disobeyed.

"Certainly concussion, possibly a fracture. I imagine you could find out by calling the hospital."

"A moment, Harry," said Relling calmly, focusing his attention on Ashley. "One moment. I find you involved, inconclusive and unconvincing, Mr.—?"

"Rawdon."

"Mr. Rawdon. How does any of that link up with your remarks to Mr. Dane?"

Ashley was definitely in a spot unless he gave away much more than he wanted to give away—at which point he would be in a worse spot than before. Harry Dane saved him by lurching to his feet. " 'M going to telephone," he mumbled and started for the door whence Relling had emerged. Relling let him pass.

Ashley said then, in what he hoped was a frank hearty man-to-man tone, "Listen. I can talk more freely when he's not here. I was half nuts tonight, after this crack on the head. *And* then I found that Mrs. Arden's sister, Mrs. Allison, who traveled down by the same train with me, had—mysteriously disappeared. What more natural, after a good many drinks, being knocked unconscious, and recovering to find that Mrs. Allison had vanished and her hostess been strangled than

On active service in the European theater.

HOME . . . a maple-bordered street . . . a girl's laughter . . . Mom in her kitchen, baking a blueberry pie—snapshots can bring it all back . . .

When you send snapshots—you're sending them a little bit of home itself. That's why they love so to get them.

Send cheerful, happy pictures of the family—of his friends—his favorite places. Whenever you can, make your letters "snapshot visits from home."

•

You may have to wait for your roll of Verichrome (the Armed Forces still need so much film). But Verichrome is worth waiting for—because you know, for sure, that with Verichrome Film you'll *get* those precious snapshots . . . in sunshine, of course; or even on cloudy or hazy days. That's why Verichrome is far and away America's favorite film . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

REMEMBER THE FIRST TOKYO BOMBING? How, 3 years ago, our flyers took off from the carrier "Hornet"—740 miles off the Japanese coast . . . into a gale, with limited fuel . . . knowing they would probably never reach China—and safety? . . . And how eight of the men—captured by the Japanese and helpless—were barbarously treated . . . reported executed? A stern example to us at home. BUY—AND HOLD—MORE WAR BONDS.

Visit your man in the service

Kodak
KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM
Kodak
VERICHROME
V620

with SNAPSHOTS

Kodak

Oh heck!
No more Delsey 'til after the war!

DELSEY
WONDERSOFT
Toilet
A KLEENEX PRODUCT

*DELSEY Toilet Paper
Soft like Kleenex*

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

to formulate what I will admit was a half-baked idea that some of Arden's foreign associates—two of whom, you and Count Whatshisname, I'd personally met—and perhaps even Dane himself, were *somehow* mixed up in the thing?"

This was so dangerously near his real conclusions that for a moment he felt he'd made a bad blunder. But it appeared that Relling felt disposed to be gracious. "An insane idea, you must admit." The thin lips curved in a vulpine smile.

"I accept the amendment. But I was still robbed—and Mrs. Allison is still missing. . . ."

Relling waved an impatient hand. It happened to hold the gun, which made the gesture grotesque but authoritative. "I know, I know," he murmured. "But the idea that *we . . .*" He shook his head slightly from side to side as if in pitying amazement. "And you only concluded this—when?"

"After the crack on the head," Ashley said promptly. "Couple of hours ago."

"Since when, you have talked to . . . ?" Silken-soft.

Ashley hesitated. "Well," he said, "I—er—did a little telephoning. Naturally." He found that his eyes were locked with Relling's and it was Relling's which lowered at length, gently and as if meditatively, toward the gun.

But the successfully implied threat brought Ashley small comfort; he was skating on ice so thin that its crackling practically filled the room. Relling said, still in that purring intimacy of tone, "There's one other thing. . . . You can speak freely to me. I'm not deaf, you know; you and Harry were certainly—ah—kidding when you said that the word 'camera' hadn't been mentioned. What was said, really?"

Ashley said promptly, "A valuable camera was stolen from Mrs. Allison's room this afternoon—yesterday afternoon, I suppose I should say. All I said to Dane was, 'Well, were you fellows mixed up with that camera theft?'—or words to that effect, and he laughed and said cameras were a joke. . . . Something of the sort . . . when all at once that heart of his or whatever it is went back on him. I gather he's had such attacks before?"

"Yes. Oh, yes," said Relling thoughtfully.

NOW, Ashley thought, he's wondering how much further he can get without putting on some real pressure. I wonder if I could kick him in the belly before he gets that gun down. He knows I'm telling part of the truth and he knows damn' well I'm not telling all the truth and *I* don't know why I don't feel more worried.

He never knew, afterward, how much of this brief moment's reflection was genuine insouciance and how much a subconscious effort to keep his chin up; the truth was, he realized, that he was in a bad spot, but that was about all that he realized. Peril was just a word and Kay was—must be—alive, and he held a couple of aces in the persons of Messrs. Cassidy and Randall. . . .

Harry Dane emerged from the inner room. "She's not there," he said, a little wildly. "She'd been there and wouldn't stay. She's gone."

Relling said comfortingly, "She can't be too badly hurt, then, Harry."

Again Dane fixed his comrade in arms with that curious wild glare. "Walter," he began again, "if I thought you—"

"Harry!"

The word cracked like a whip. Mr. Dane subsided automatically for a moment, then opened his mouth again. And in that moment of silence there came, through the door by which Ashley had entered the room, the dull sound of two bodies in smart collision and a high clear furious feminine voice. "Damn you, you lousy Englishman," it said, "what are you doing—snooping again? Get out of my way. . . ."

The door was slammed wide and Marjorie Dane stood there leaning a little against the jamb and surveying, in one sweep of her wide brown eyes, every element in the room.

Around her bright hair was wound an interesting and not unbecoming turban effect of hospital gauze, but she looked, otherwise, much the same as when Ashley had seen her last. The evening cape was slung over her arm and the sequins on her dress glittered like a circus rider's. "Well, well, well," she said. "Walter—and Harry—why, hello, sonny boy? What'd they do to *you?* It was sweet of you to come here looking for me, anyway. Only for the love of God don't bleed all over the carpet."

Ashley looked down for the first time. Quite a little pool had formed on the rug. "Shouldn't have come up here till I got fixed up," he said and caught an involuntary flicker of relief in Relling's eyelids. The infinitesimal motion told him volumes. Whatever the game was, Marjorie Dane wasn't in on it; Relling didn't want her to know anything was wrong; here was a third ace fallen straight from heaven and into his hand. . . . "But I really was worried about you," he said. "We finally ran down the fact you'd been to the hospital, and Mr. Dane just called the hospital. . . ."

She nodded, indifferently. She strolled to the divan and sat down near, but not in, the dent Mr. Dane had recently made. "Do something about your hand, will you?" she said to Ashley. "Harry, phone for the house doctor and tell him to come a-runnin'. We pay enough to *buy* the hotel, don't we get any service? Someone pour me a drink?"

For an instant, though Relling's gun had vanished and the surface atmosphere at least, was merely strained, no one moved. "Hell with all of you," said the lady, "I'll do it myself. All of you except *you,* sonny boy. Boy, did I have a time talking my way out of that hospital—"

There was a curious undercurrent in her voice which Ashley couldn't define. "I'll phone right away, darling," Harry Dane said, and stopped. "But Marjorie—darling, what happened to you? Your friend here has just been telling me, but—"

She turned on him a wide-eyed innocent stare. "Oh, I forgot, Harry," she said in a voice like the cooing of pigeons. "You don't know, do you? Of course. Nor Walter. . . . By the way, you're looking very handsome this evening, Walter. Ve-rey handsome."

"I was just getting ready for bed, Marjorie," Relling said frigidly. "I'll get some clothes on. . . . So glad to learn you weren't hurt."

She was beginning to enjoy herself, and Ashley had the feeling that all this had been rehearsed in her mind, all but his own presence, of course. This was the prelude; presently she would put on the play. . . . He glanced around. Neither Relling nor Dane was visible—both withdrawn to the inner room. Consultation, doubtless. . . .

I can make the door now, he thought—and in the same instant an inner voice said: The hell with the door. We'll play *this* one out.

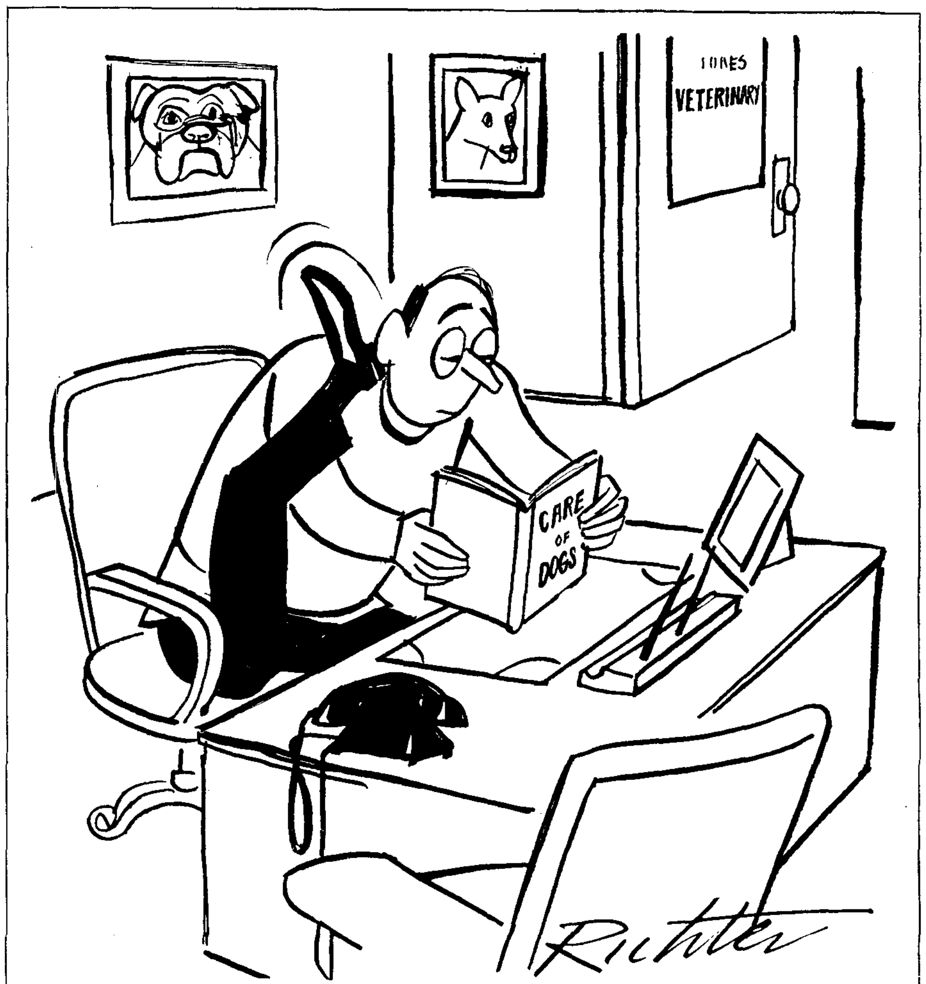
So he stood where he was and smiled at Marjorie. His arm was beginning to hurt but not, as yet, badly. He felt, and was aware that he felt, more and more lightheaded and irresponsible. He said loudly, "Am I glad to see *you,* baby! They threw me under a billboard in South Miami and left me for dead, I guess. Did they hurt you much? Did they snatch the hair clip—or anything?"

THEN he bent swiftly and said in her ear, "Hell to pay. You don't know the half of it. Get me out of here is the main thing. Relling just shot me. . . ."

"Now I do call that too bad." The drawl was threaded with a snarl. Ashley whirled. Relling lounged negligently in the doorway of the inner room. He had done a miraculously quick change: he wore a crew-neck sweater, white slacks and an old canvas shooting jacket, also an indulgent smile. His feet were stamped into heavy Mexican huaraches and both hands were deep in the shooting-jacket pockets. "The moment I leave the room, and Harry leaves the room, you two begin billing and cooing."

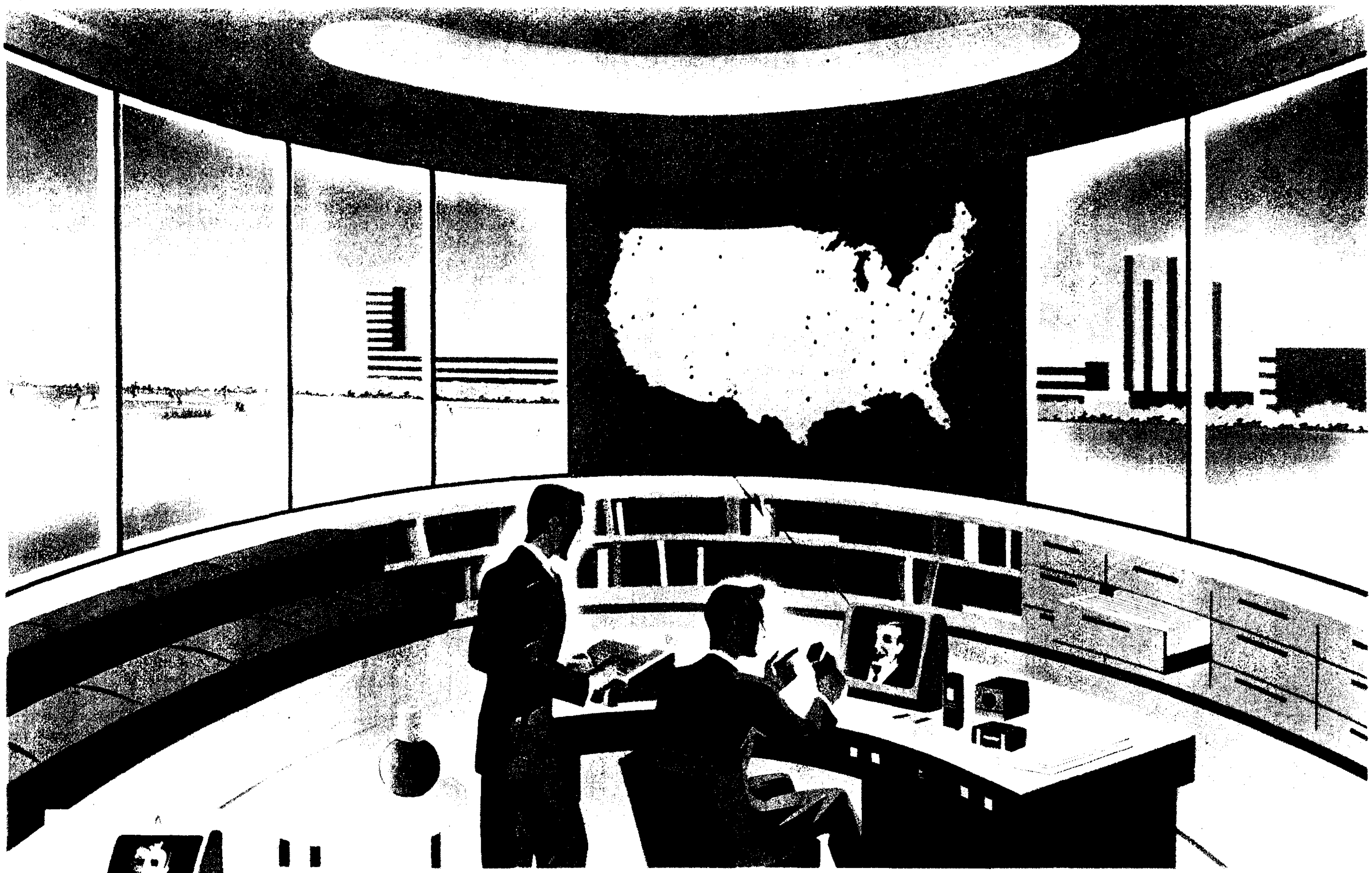
The calculated insolence of the remark left Ashley feeling, literally, dizzy. Dizzy, chiefly, with the desire to hand Relling one where it would do him the most good. But immediately Harry Dane appeared behind him. Relling lounged forward, smiling, and Harry Dane was smiling too, though he seemed a trifle breathless. He said, "The house doctor's busy, darling, but they're sending out to the drugstore for some antiseptic and gauze. Let me get you another drink. You must have had a frightful time—sit down, sit down, Mr. Mmmmmm—"

The lady stood up suddenly and backed away. She lounged, too, standing easily with her back against the mantelpiece. There was nothing under the mantelpiece except an imitation fireplace which, it occurred to Ashley, was in perfectly frightful taste. The evening cape was still slung over Mrs. Dane's right arm and she looked with narrowed eyes from Relling on her left to Harry Dane a little behind and at one side of Relling, and



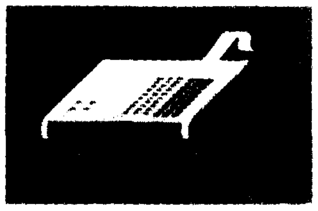
COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like CANADIAN Whisky at its Glorious Best



Television-telephone devices will eliminate distance.

Germ-free air will result from new hygienic lighting.



All figuring will be done by miraculous electronic devices.

THE OFFICE OF TOMORROW

Electronic controls will let the executive of tomorrow revolve the center section of his office to take full advantage of sunlight streaming through the glass walls. Face-to-face conferences through television will be held coast-to-coast, and intricate calculations of quotas or sales by territories will be turned out at the touch of an assistant's finger. Records will appear as if by magic from files automatically operated in the electronic age ahead.

YESTERDAY'S PLANNING FOR TODAY'S PLEASURE

For your pleasure today, the youngest whiskies in Seagram's V.O. Canadian were laid away six years ago—the year the World's Fair opened in New York, the year of the first commercial passenger flight from the United States to Europe, the year the invasion of Poland plunged us all into World War II.

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND.... OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

SMOOTH GOING IS YOURS in these cheerful Westminsters for Spring! Gay patterns for play—handsome styles for day! All . . . so very, very ***RIGHT 'ROUND THE ANKLES!***

IT'S ALL HITS—NO ERRORS when you are in comfortable Westminsters underfoot! "Regulars" or "shorts"—they are the socks that make you feel ***RIGHT 'ROUND THE ANKLES!***

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

thence on to Ashley standing by the end of the divan. It was a very short arch through which her head had to travel, and she appeared quite interested in what she saw.

She smiled. She said in a conversational tone, "Well, boys, the party's about over."

No one moved.

Still letting her eyes travel with that easy quiet precision from one face to another she said, "And heaven knows it's been no fun for me."

She went on, "There are some things I can forgive, and some things I can't forgive. Poor old Stinky here"—she motioned toward Dane—"you don't mind if I tell them my pet name for you, Stinky, do you?—well . . . pffft!" She made a scornful sound, with her teeth pressing down her lower lip. "You can be moved around pretty much as they please, can't you, Stinky? You're just selfish and soft—like that big belly of yours. It was a shame," she confided to Ashley, letting her eyes rest on him for one brief moment in their swing, "to marry him and take his money." The swing resumed. "That's what I thought, Stinky, till I found you weren't really interested in me, you just wanted me for a front. You weren't really interested in anything but . . ." She laughed suddenly, but the slow swaying of her head didn't lose its metronomic beat. Like a queen cobra's, Ashley thought. ". . . Let's just be charitable and say, power. Or the feeling of power."

Harry Dane said faintly, "Marjorie . . . please . . ."

"But as for you, Walter . . . you little tin god . . ."

Relling said sharply, "Marjorie!"

"Why, you pip-squeak," shrilled Marjorie. "You think you can handle Harry? You think you're a better man than I am? You know what I used to do in the movies? I used to be a sharpshooter. You want to see me put one through *your* arm?"

Splat!

FROM under the evening cape something made a flat sound, and Relling winced. Ashley turned his hypnotized eyes from Marjorie Dane's face to Relling's. It was, literally, demoniac: suffused with a power terrible because it was real—and unholy. It rose above this easy mockery and the sting of the little bullet with a strength like that of Lucifer's. It was strong and proud and confident.

And abominable.

"Harry likes things his way but he doesn't like to play rough," said Mrs. Dane. "You, you bully, *love* to play rough. Well, I can play rough, too. Any time you set your dogs on me and my friend here, you better watch your step. . . . Try to snatch my diamonds, will you? *Ha.*"

Splat!

This time Relling jumped. Definitely. Ashley noted not only the small black hole through the left arm of the white crew-neck sweater, but a new hole in the right arm of the same.

"*I* know what you all are up to," said the lady, her head still swaying.

Splat!

One of the light bulbs went *ting* and still no one moved. "You all think you're little tin gods on wheels. But I bet you the F.B.I. won't think so, after I tell—"

There were four doors in the big room. Harry Dane's face Ashley didn't see and didn't want to see but a knock at one of the doors was followed by Dane's voice. "Who's there?" it said.

The door behind Mrs. Dane opened and Anderson's vast seamed countenance beamed on the room and said, "The doctor *hand* the drugstore men is all here, sir. Quite a party—"

With which wholly gratuitous comment, he vanished. Ashley heard the sound of other doors opening and swiveled his head. At each of the four open doors stood a man.

They were silent and they were waiting, but they were not like the waiting. You could see that at a glance. They were like panthers tensed for the kill. Relling said in his drawl which was now entirely a snarl, "Drop it, Marj'rie, that little toy of yours. You're quite right. The party *is* over." And he raised his voice and snapped out a single word which rang like a bullet on steel:

"*Herein!*"

There was a soft thunder of bounding feet and the sound of one more shot: another flat sharp crack from the little gun under Marjorie Dane's cape. Ashley noted that one of the bounding men dropped. . . .

And that was all.

From then on, the party was very definitely over for him.

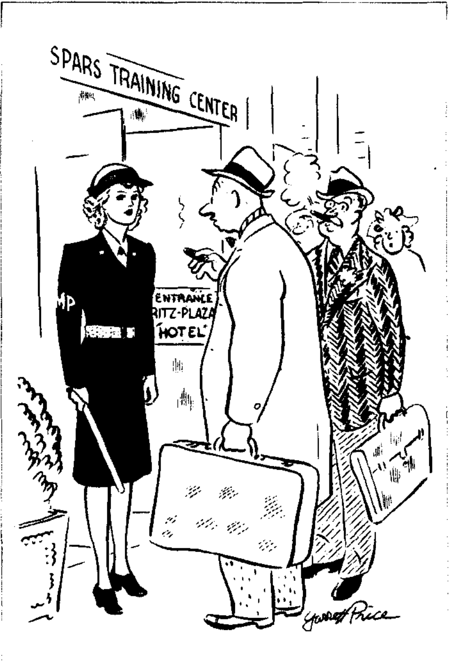
Darkness again. . . .

ULTIMATELY there was an awareness of light somewhere in the darkness, and of movement, soft rhythmic movement, and of much pain. . . .

Then his eyes were open and he realized vaguely that walls were around him; yet, curiously there was no wall above. He was looking straight up into a pale pink sky across which small white clouds were scudding. But there was no pleasure in the sight of that sky. It was filled, the whole world of his being was filled, with sorrow. . . . Sorrow? No, he thought irritably, as more of his brain began to function and the pain grew sharper, sorrow is not the word. . . .

Doom.

The whole top of his head seemed to be on fire, and there was a small red imp with a lance who kept jabbing at his arm; also his nose itched. He tried, instinctively, to reach the itch and found he couldn't. He tried harder. Nothing happened except another pain in his wrists.



"But I made reservations six months ago"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

Somewhere in the sky above him a voice said, *"Er wacht, mein Commandant. . . . Die Fraülein wacht auch. . . ."*

"Throw a bucket of water over him," said a gargling voice which sounded faintly familiar. Very strange talk, Ashley thought, to be coming out of the sky. . . .

Whoosh! A liquid iceberg deluged him, drowned him. He gasped, choked, spat, breathed again. But it revived him. He opened his eyes wide and even raised his head.

It was much the worst moment of his life.

HE WAS in the deep cockpit of some sort of boat which was moving, and it was morning—those two impressions were simultaneous. There were grinning faces looking down at him, that he knew; and there was a long untidy soft sort of blanket roll beside him; and he knew somehow, even before he noted it, that the roll would be crowned with a tangle of bright, chestnut hair. . . .

He let his head go back despite the fire and the needles because his neck wouldn't support it any longer. The cloudy nightmare of his memory sharpened, clarified. The four figures, silent, tensed, in the doorways, the word of sharp command, the pad of those leaping feet. . . .

A husky voice beside him said weakly, "So this is Miami. You can have it, Butch. . . ."

He turned his head. It killed him but he turned it. He said, "Kay . . . Kay . . ."

"I'm here, darling," said the voice. "I'm right here. And there's an old friend of yours topside there."

"Who?"

"Relling."

Perhaps their voices had been audible above, perhaps not. A voice drawled down, "Good morning. Lovely day, isn't it?"

Ashley made, without intending to, inarticulate sound.

"Just in case either of you get any ideas," said the drawl. "Otto . . . that gaff. Yes . . . directly between them. Splendid. . . ."

Ashley looked up. Seated with dungareed legs dangling, on the deck overhanging the cockpit, seated between himself and Kay and almost immediately over their chests, was a burly naked torso topped by a stolid expressionless face. The face was not cruel, it was merely not quite human. In its hands this figure held the gaff, a razor-tipped shaft, like a whaleman with a lance. Behind and above it, the head, the sweater, and the upper part of the legs of Mr. Relling were visible as he leaned against the rail. He smiled down at them.

"Now look here," Relling said mockingly, "no one can possibly regret this apparently inhuman treatment any more than I do, but after all, Marj'rie really gave me no choice. Did she, Rawdon? . . . This sterling character poised above you is only there for general effect—*and* in case either of you should try to make a racket if you hear any other boats come by. You'll be quite all right if you just lie quiet. . . . Rawdon, you want a drink of water? Miss—ah—Wendell?"

Ashley croaked: "Certainly . . . would."

"Here," said Relling. "Tony, get down there and open that jug of lime juice and fill a cup—carefully, mind you—for Mr. Rawdon and Miss Wendell. . . ."

Ashley, looking up, noted that the bullet holes were still in the sweater, but Relling's arms bulged perceptibly beneath them. He wondered if anyone had taken the trouble to bandage his own wounded arm. Two more immense legs became visible descending the short ladder. Presently a cup was held to Ashley's lips. He said, panting like a dog with eagerness, "Kay . . ."

"I've had some. It's very good." Her voice was stronger and quite calm.

PRESENTLY Relling said: "Now let's get this straight. I don't like you, Miss Wendell, and there's no point in my saying otherwise. I think you've behaved disgracefully. A silly little picture, which no one in their right mind could fail to recognize was a joke to begin with. . . . I've no doubt you're a very charming person in your own place, but your place is certainly not leaning out of second-story windows snapping busy men in a moment of rather childish—er—relaxation, and then making all this to-do about it."

Ashley thought through a thickening mist of pain: *What* is all this about? And why, *why* didn't she ever tell me?

And in the same moment his earlier doubts came back. Perhaps, he thought, she's really the sort of person you read about: the beautiful decoy, the come-on for dumbbells like me. Perhaps she's trussed up here beside me because that's part of the scheme to get me to talk. Perhaps the only reason she ever confessed she had the plastic was to find out just how much Evans told me—

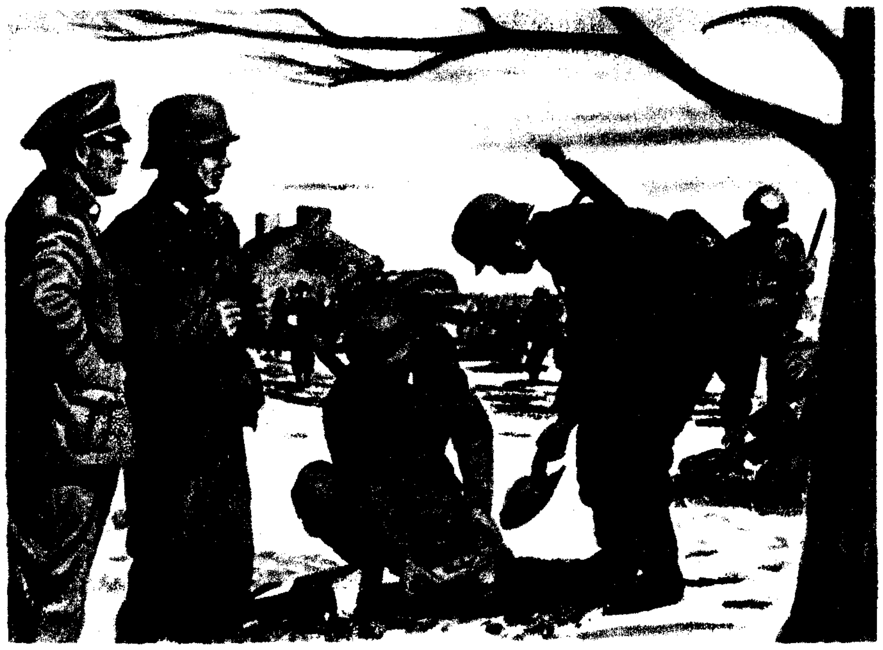
And yet he couldn't make himself believe that of Kay. He knew as sure as he was alive that he loved her and he couldn't shake the filament of faith in her that had sustained him all through this mess. He didn't expect to get out of the boat alive and damned if he was going to spend his last hours doubting her.

He felt that deep visceral quiver that comes with sudden flashes of prescience. *This* (he thought) *is it . . . this . . . is death! Kay darling, darling, this . . . is death!*

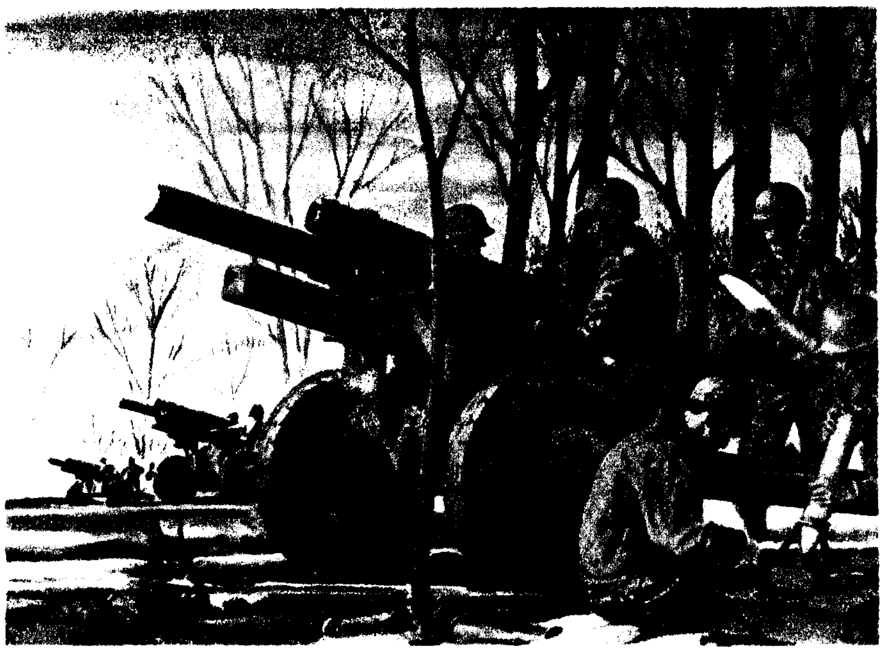
". . . see no point in arguing it further, Mr. Relling," the clipped husky voice beside him was saying. "It wasn't I who made the fuss, at least not to begin with. It was Mr. Arden."

There was quite a long silence. Then Relling said, "I don't feel in an argumentative mood this morning, so let's make this as quick and painless as possible. I'm going to give you people one of two choices. If you tell

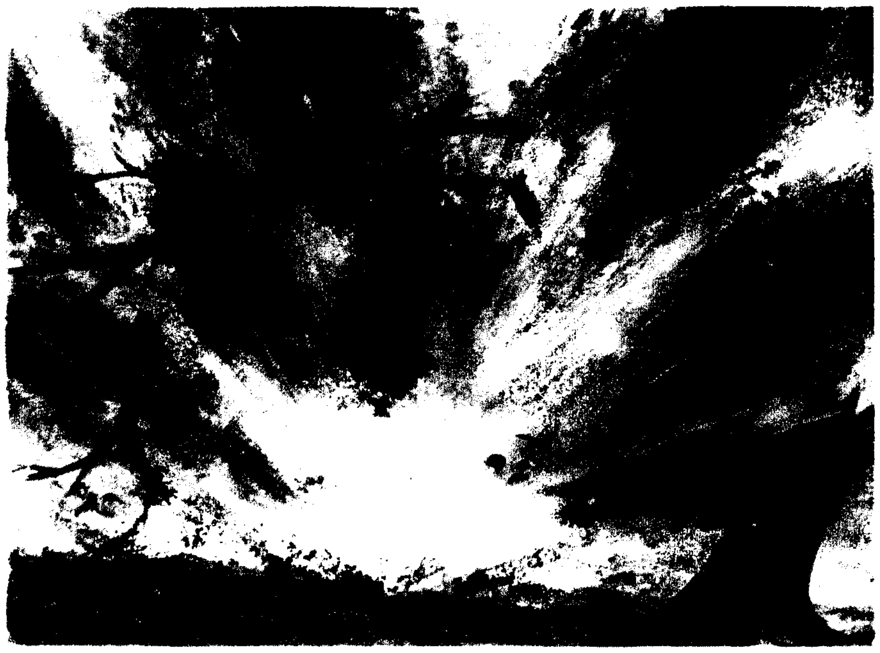
"MINE SWEEPING" —WITH HEAVY ARTILLERY!



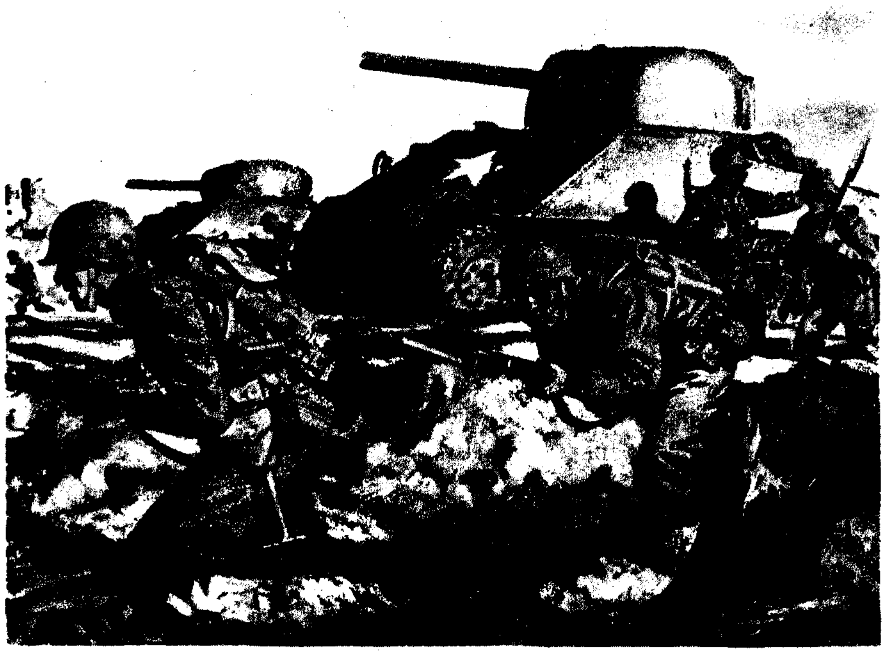
1. **"TELLER MINES"**—devilish devices, packed with enough high explosive to tear a G. I.'s legs off—are planted by the retreating foe. When the field is thickly sown, enemy soldiers fall back and wait . . .



2. **BUT OUR TROOPS DO NOT RUSH IN!** First, heavy 105 mm. howitzers are trained on the infested ground, a separate area to each gun. At a given signal, the big guns open up.



3. **POWERFUL SHELL ARE LOBBED HIGH ACROSS NO-MAN'S-LAND.** They fall . . . ignite . . . and the very earth itself explodes! Teller mines go off like popcorn, wasting their fury on the air.



4. **FINALLY THE PULVERIZING BARRAGE IS OVER.** The field—still covered with smoke—is plowed up from end to end, robbed of its death-dealing explosives. Quickly tanks, guns, and men roll forward to the attack!

A WHOLE BLANKET OF HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELL EXPLODES ENEMY MINES AHEAD OF OUR TROOPS!

"MINE-SWEEPING" with heavy artillery is another example of the American tactical policy of expending large quantities of materiel to protect our soldiers' lives and limbs. For military reasons, artillery is not usually called on to serve in this way, but whenever circumstances justify their use, the big guns are ready.

Such policies bring an added responsibility, and an added incentive, to American industry. If we are to use *materials,* and save *men* . . . then we must produce those materials in unheard of quantities. At Oldsmobile, for example, the pressure is on to reach an all-time high in turning out rockets, cannon, and shell of many types—including "Mine-Sweeping" 105's. It's our job to Keep 'Em Firing . . . and that means *Keep 'Em Living,* too!

Buying Guns— Buying Shell— BUYING BONDS!

Next time you pass a War Bond booth, think to yourself . . . . "the Bond I buy now may save an American life." Stop at that booth . . . . buy that Bond . . . . and *hold it!*

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

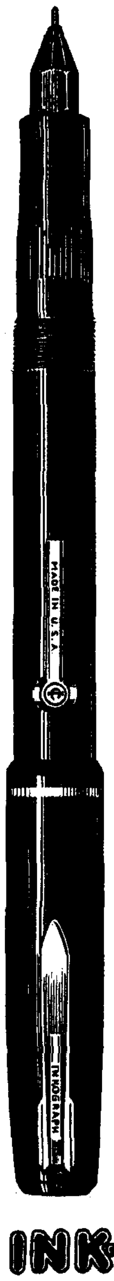
FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS

Invitation to keep out!

Then as now aggression threatened the new world . . . but a bulwark was erected by bold James Monroe. On a December day in 1823, he set his hand to an immortal document declaring that any attempt by European powers to extend their system to America was dangerous to our peace and safety . . .

The author of the Monroe doctrine wrote with quills . . . now patriots have better pens, Inkographs . . . smooth-flowing, leakproof, with 14kt solid gold ball like point . . . fits all hands and writing styles . . . writes with the ease of a soft lead pencil.

The needs of service men and women come first—so if your dealer is out of stock, please keep trying.



The name Inkograph on the barrel marks the genuine. Sorry, no mail orders—only dealers can supply you.

Sign up for more war bonds. You can't put any pen to better use!

INK-O-GRAPH $2

Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., New York City 13

me exactly what I want to know, we'll turn right around and head back. If you don't . . ."

"What?" said Ashley suddenly and quite strongly. "If we don't, what happens then?"

"If you don't," Relling said in a voice delicately silken, "the program will be . . . a little different. Tastes differ, of course, but I imagine that Miss Wendell would be considered by many a very attractive young woman. I have quite a crew aboard, quite a large crew . . ."

"Oh, Lord, come off it!" Ashley exclaimed. "What is it, exactly, that you want to know?"

Relling said brightly: "I want to know where that film is. So many people misunderstand simple, obvious jokes. . . . And I want to know the real story, Rawdon, about your experiences with the little—er—item missing from Arden's plant."

Ashley said as the pain deepened: "Just . . . what . . . was this film?"

"As if you didn't know," said Relling, looking scornfully down.

Kay Wendell said: "He doesn't know. He doesn't know anything about it. He never heard of it, even. Do you have to drag *him* into this?"

Ashley said thickly: "Just what *is* this film?"

Relling apparently felt that at long last they were getting somewhere. He descended the ladder and drew up a small folding campstool into the cockpit and placed it between Ashley and Kay Wendell and sat down. He said, bending toward them, "Speak low. No need for everyone to hear. . . ."

A voice from somewhere—it seemed to come straight out of the sky—hailed them. It said, as Ashley's ears told him that the throb of other motors had joined their own, "Hey, you guys. Can you spare any gas?"

Relling stood up. "The gaff," he said softly, "the gaff, Otto, if I—"

"Jawohl, mein Commandant," said Otto hoarsely. The shining steel blade moved slightly in a half circle. "Sorry," called Relling loudly, regretful but firm. "Can't spare a drop."

"How about just a couple of gallons, bud?" the voice wheedled. It was much closer.

"Sorry. No can do," said Relling and added *sotto voce* over his shoulder to the hidden engineer, *"Mach' schneller, Heinrich. . . ."*

THE pulse of their engines altered, quickened. They must have changed course, too, for the boat began to take a choppy sea on her quarter. Ashley looking up from where he lay saw that there were little beads of sweat shining on Relling's face. Well, he thought, I guess that was our last chance—and I muffed it. But what could I do?

The lance was still a matter of inches from Kay..

"Two very persistent characters," said Relling, sitting down again. "Well, let's resume. Where's the film, Miss Wendell?"

"Wait a moment," Ashley said, summoning reserves of strength from somewhere. If there was one boat, he considered, there may be another boat . . . stall is the word. Play for time. . . . "I'll talk, I'll be glad to talk—but I think it's up to you to do a little talking first. Why this excursion to begin with? And don't you think you're being just a little casual about things like snatching Miss Wendell and killing her hostess? Also what did you do with Mrs. Dane? Also this blasted wire you've got my wrists tied with is slowly cutting my hands off. I hope you haven't got Miss Wendell tied up like that . . . has he, Kay?"

This sudden willingness to be reasonable was evidently the right move, Ashley thought, for Relling got an expectant gleam in his eye.

"Very natural questions," said Relling. He bent forward on his little campstool and examined Ashley's wrists, which were pinioned tightly to his sides. "As soon as we turn around to go back," Relling said a little too sympathetically, "I'll be glad to let you loose. This whole thing is very distasteful to me. I can assure you. And I'm certain Miss Wendell isn't too uncomfortable. . . ."

"Not at all," said Kay's husky voice. "She's enjoying every minute of it."

"You ask about this trip," said Relling. "There was—ah—so much commotion at the hotel last night that it seemed to me it would be a good idea if we could talk quietly somewhere, all three of us. This boat belongs to—ah—friends of mine who happen to have a landing stage right up the canal beyond the hotel; she's not a bad little tub, really: she's got splendid engines. . . . We're only a few miles out, we can get back in plenty of time for your lunch if you'll just tell me what I want to know."

That, Ashley thought, is really good. That is a very hot one indeed. Lunch . . . !

"As to Miss Wendell's—ah—temporary detention, I can assure you it was necessary. You surely don't think that the people who picked her up had anything to do with the unfortunate—ah—attack on her hostess, do you?"

You surely don't think I am such a blasted fool as to believe anything else? Ashley reflected. But he kept his face expressionless. "What about Mrs. Dane?" he said in a flat voice.

Relling sighed. "That," he admitted, as one man to another, "is apt to prove difficult. *I* don't know what's got into the woman. At the present moment she's—ah—resting with these friends I speak of. . . . I'll only add this, Rawdon: there is a lot more in all this than meets the eye. I don't want this generally known, but it happens to be a fact; and Miss Wendell's brother-in-law Mr. William Arden will confirm it: I am doing some extremely important and highly confidential work for—" he paused impressively—"the United States government," he said.

The ensuing silence was broken only by the slap of waves and the throb of powerful motors. Well, Ashley thought, I ought to be able to die happy now. Now I've heard everything.

"So now," Relling said, "you know. . . ."

He jerked his head upward sharply and around, facing forward. The light falling on the side of his head showed Ashley that he was staring straight up toward the sun. He muttered something to himself. Ashley couldn't see what Relling was glaring at, up in the luminous haze, but he could hear. Motors . . . high in the sky. Their beat grew steadily louder. Ah, Ashley thought, it couldn't . . . it *couldn't* be a plane. . . .

But Relling's face was changing. It filled with rich, malevolent fury. *Some*thing's up, Ashley thought and felt his heart leap.

Something was up, all right: a very strange object. It soared over the rim of the boat's cockpit and into Ashley's field of vision: a long, boat-shaped fuselage that hovered in the sky with no wings. No wings, but the whirling vanes above it were a glinting blue against the golden haze, and it was coming down slowly out of the sun directly toward the boat. Its buzzing sounded now like a gigantic angry bee, and like a bee it hung motionless in midair, motionless except for the vertical line of its descent.

A helicopter. . . .

Oh, God, Ashley thought: Oh, God . . . make it come closer . . . closer. . . .

IT CAME closer. Now it was no more than a couple of hundred feet above them; now it was even less than that; it was so close now that Ashley could see the tiny dark ball which was the pilot's head, visible through the window of the compartment in the blunt nose.

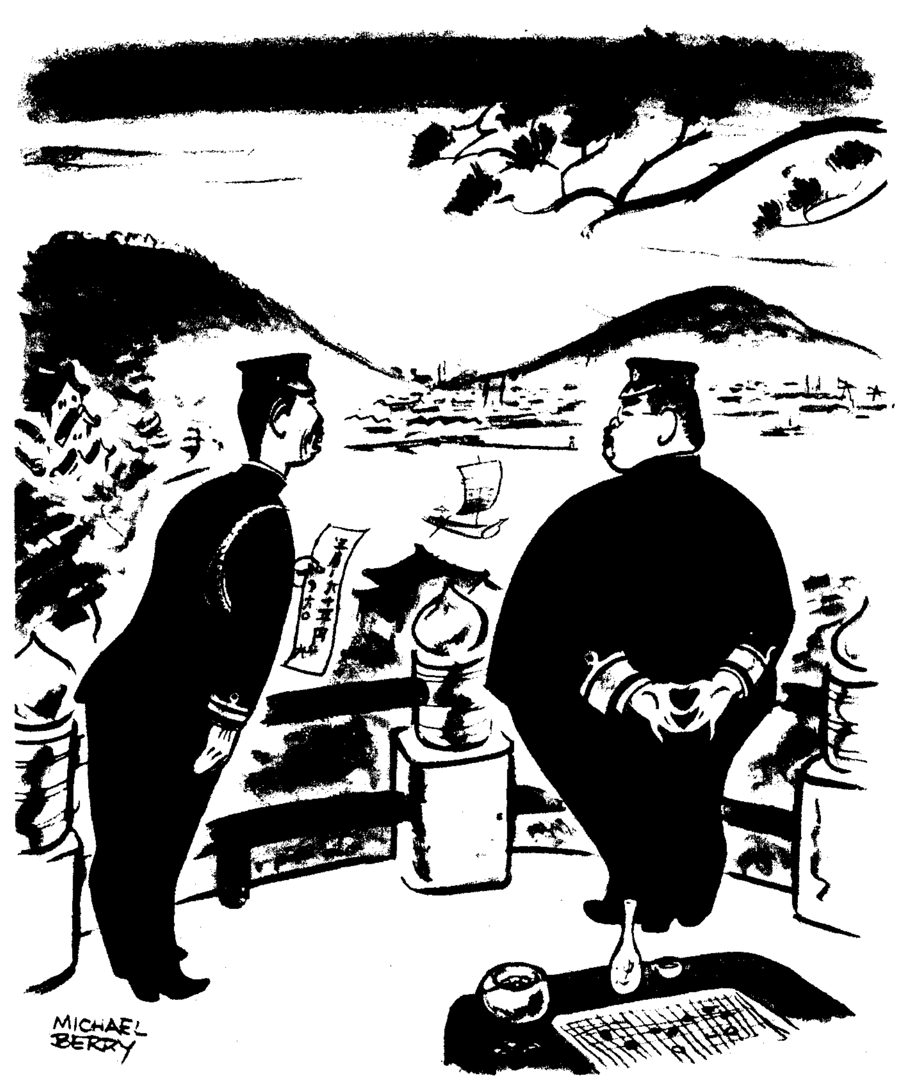
A little more . . . a little more . . . Ashley prayed—and take a good look at us, whoever you are. Unless you're blind you'll see us lying here trussed up like pigs for market . . . and let's see Relling laugh *that* off. . . .

The selfsame idea must have evidently occurred to Relling. He stooped and vanished momentarily into the cabin; when he emerged, he was carrying a high-powered rifle with a telescopic sight. He had forgotten his connection with the United States government now, it seemed: he was also completely oblivious of his passengers: he was intent on just one thing: to shoot the hovering bird-man down in cold blood out of the sky.

And even if I yelled my head off, Ashley thought, the fellow up there couldn't hear me: not over the noise of his motors and ours.

Relling knelt. He was kneeling at a point

TOKYO TALKING **by MICHAEL BERRY**



"Message from cruiser Chichibu says: 'Sighted sub—sunk by same'"

COLLIER'S

Newlyweds! PLAN THAT "LIVE-IN" ROOM NOW

TODAY KROEHLER'S NEW *Comfort Construction* IS BETTER THAN EVER

Your pride in your home . . . your good taste . . . your love of beauty . . . nowhere are they more truly reflected than in your living room. Make it *really* inviting and *livable*. No need to wait. You can have new, *spring-filled* Kroehler furniture now. It is, in fact, postwar quality furniture! It gives you greater sit-down comfort, get-up ease, stretch-out relaxation—plus all other advantages of new, 5-Star Comfort Construction features. So, plan that living room now with the help of your Authorized Kroehler Dealer and be assured of a sound investment.

What You Get with Kroehler 5-Star "Comfort Construction"

Body-conforming springs that do not lose their shape. Cushions with no humps or bumps. Underconstruction that will not sag. Hardwood frames that will not break down. Clean, new materials and expert workmanship inside and out!

5-STAR

Comfort Construction

- ★ Sensitive posture-forming back springs
- ★ Permanent steel web seat construction
- ★ Buoyant shape-retaining spring cushions
- ★ Precision craftsmanship and clean new materials
- ★ Sturdy hardwood frames

KROEHLER

World's Largest Furniture Manufacturer

KROEHLER
Furniture

KROEHLER

WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

Look for the Kroehler Label — *Your Guarantee of FAMOUS Kroehler 5-Star Comfort Construction.*

4 Reasons Why
Fleischmann's makes America's Most Delicious Martini!

Fleischmann's Quality!

1 It's so soft! So velvety! The secret is simply that FLEISCHMANN'S *discards* that part of the "run" containing most of the impurities! *Then . . . every drop is carefully filtered!*

Fleischmann's Smoothness!

2 Light! Dry! Delicate! Smooth! The reason? It's 75 years of "know how"—for *no other* gin was made in America before FLEISCHMANN'S!

Fleischmann's Taste!

3 It's priceless! Found only in FLEISCHMANN'S. It comes from a mash *specially prepared* from finest American grains . . . plus *continuous* distillation!

Fleischmann's Mixability!

4 The result is a gin so crystal clear—it never "masks" flavors . . . always lets you enjoy the "hidden taste" of Vermouth, fruit juices, other mixers!

FLEISCHMANN'S
Established 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
Distilled and Bottled by THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION Peekskill, New York
1870 1945
Celebrating Seventy-Five Years of "Know How" and Experience
America's First Gin

You find all 4 only in
FLEISCHMANN'S . . .
Distilled from American grain • 90 Proof
The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.

about midway from Ashley's ankles to Ashley's knees. He wanted to get the rifle barrel resting firmly against the coaming of the cockpit. He grunted to Otto to move over, and Otto did.

Through the alternate waves of wild hope and sick fear which were sweeping over him, Ashley suddenly made up his mind. Whatever happened, he thought, better clean and quick for himself, and especially for Kay, than long and slow. At least, he thought, at least. . . .

He didn't even know precisely what he was doing until he had done it, done it with the beautiful precision of the drop-kicker, which once not so long ago he had been; he drew back both legs as quickly as a rattler strikes and he kicked Relling with both feet close together precisely where it would hurt him most.

The splash of the rifle going overboard was drowned in a much louder splash as Relling followed it—and the Atlantic Ocean engulfed his scream of agony. Ashley had kicked him right over the low coaming, and Relling had added a kind of involuntary field goal to swell the score by knocking the gaff out of Otto's hand and overboard, too. . . .

Ashley opened his mouth and yelled as loudly as he could. No words: just a loud hoarse sound.

The pilot of the bumbling mechanism above them was evidently far from blind. By some magic, he tilted his machine till it hung at a sharp sidewise angle; his head appeared through one of the sliding panels and he followed his head with two outthrust arms, hands clasped in the age-old congratulatory gesture of the prize ring. He shook these clasped hands at Ashley and he was now so close that Ashley could see he was grinning.

Ashley raised his voice again in new-found assurance. "Otto," he barked, "have 'em stop those engines. You can't buck the United States Army—and that's part of the Army up there. . . ."

He found out later that this was quite inaccurate, it being part of the Navy, but it didn't matter. Otto snapped a brief command and the engines stopped. . . .

The Coast Guard cutter for which the helicopter had been spotting slid alongside a few minutes later; just in time to haul a groaning and feebly paddling Relling out of his own boat's wake.

THE sky was a pellucid and cloudless blue. The sand was a smooth dull gold. The children were shrieking in delighted chorus around a hole where someone had tossed a small octopus. From afar came the solemn sound of voices chanting. Ashley rolled over and sat up. Kay in a brief white sharkskin number said, "What is that they're singing today, my hero?"

"That? Why, that's an old choral of Palestrina's—or maybe Bach's. Listen . . ."

"Oh, it's wine, wine, wine that makes you feel so fine
In the corps, in the corps, in the corps, in the corps—
It's wine, wine, wine that makes you feel so fine
In the Quartermaster Corps. . . ."

The marching column must have turned a corner, for the voices faded. Kay said sleepily, "I could go on with that indefinitely. Beer, beer, beer that fills you full of cheer. . . . Sherry, sherry, sherry that makes you feel so merry. . . . Rum, rum, rum—"

"That makes you feel so glum? What time did Randall say he'd be along, the bum? Speaking of rhymes for 'rum'—"

A quiet voice on the parapet above said, "He's here now, the bum."

"Well, well," said Ashley, getting to his knees and then to his feet. "This is indeed an honor."

"Sorry to be late. Had a few loose ends to tie up."

"I can imagine."

"How's the head today?"

"Not bad. I look such a fool with these bandages, though. . . . Look, Randall, why don't we stagger up to the veranda? This beach is entirely too popular. . . ."

"Anything you say," Randall said, smiling at Kay. . . . They strolled off to put some clothes on and left Randall tracing arabesques in the sand.

On the palm-fringed veranda again twenty minutes later, Ashley said, "You know—this is really an occasion. You promised me, away back in Sharon, Randall, that we'd have a drink together one of these days; I think only champagne can grace the moment properly."

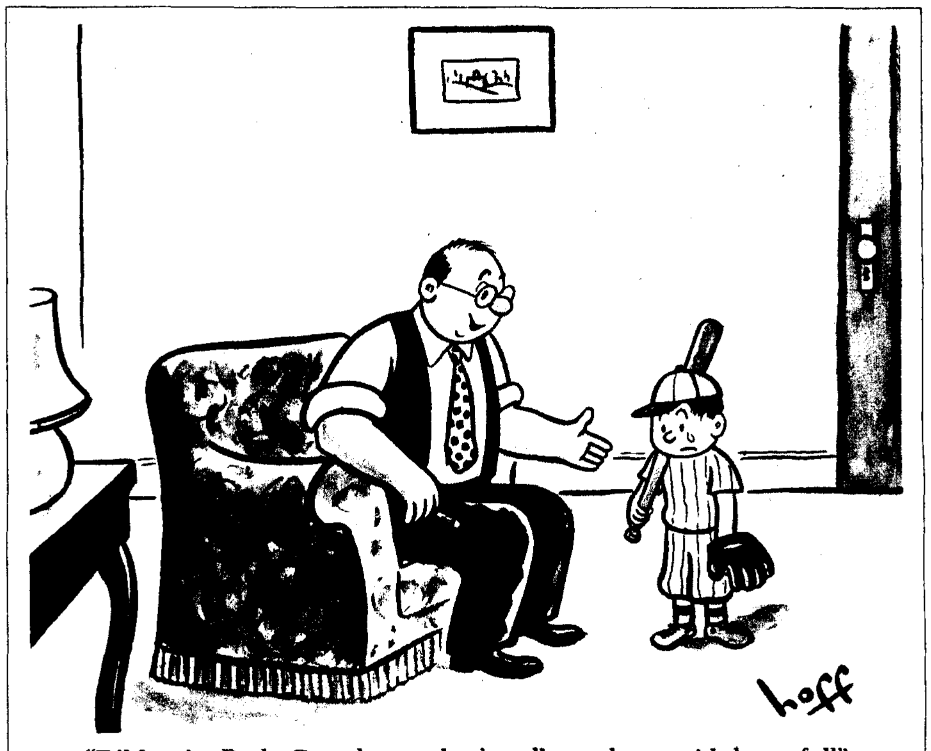
"A moderate and pleasant tipple," Randall said, smiling. "Very good of you. . . ."

Ashley ordered a magnum of the first good year he saw on the card and lit cigarettes for the three of them. He said, "You going to unbend now and shed a little light?"

"Why, *I* don't know anything," Randall began, innocently.

Ashley said bitterly to Kay, "You see? That's how it is with these guys; they won't tell you *any*thing. They probably wouldn't tell you the time of day if you asked them on your knees."

Randall relented. "Ah, it's very simple," he said thoughtfully. "And as a matter of fact, I imagine you've guessed most of it yourself. You mustn't be too hard on people like Arden. . . . You think the big business brains of this country—I don't mean that he's necessarily one, only that he thinks he's one—are interested only in Unconditional Surrender Day? What about the day after? And the year after? Who's going to be running things then, all the world over: the aviation, the oil allotments, the steel production, the shipping contracts? Hell, they all want concessions to the moon, as the saying goes. And you've got to bear in mind that the fact they're interested in international agreements *now*, even while there's a war on, doesn't necessarily mean they're unpatriotic; hell, they've got sons and daughters and grandchildren in the services too. . . . It's just that such people think a little differently from maybe the way . . . well, to be candid, maybe the way *I* think, for instance."



"DiMaggio, Ruth, Greenberg—they've all struck out with bases full"

COLLIER'S SYDNEY HOFF

Kay made a snorting sound, very unladylike. "You and I and all decent-minded people," she said.

Randall shook his head. "Pardon me, Miss Wendell; it isn't as simple as that. It's just that some people honestly believe, instinctively believe, you might say—only of course that's wrong because it's early training and family outlook and all that, not instinct—that the world rightly belongs to a chosen few. . . ."

"Nuts," said Miss Wendell rudely.

The waiter came back with an ice bucket and a large dark bottle. He lifted a flap of the napkin enfolding the bottle and exhibited the label reverently to Ashley. Ashley nodded. "Carry on, Randall. Don't stop now. . . ."

The waiter filled three glasses.

"Here's to both of you— Well, from what I gather, William Arden and the late Mr. H. Dane—"

"Ah, did he die, then?" Ashley asked. "How? When?"

"Last night. Another stroke. He had one the first day you got to the hospital."

"Dear, dear. How happy Marjorie will be— Go on."

"Arden and Dane get the brilliant idea that by acting now boldly and yet discreetly, they can—how shall I put it?—organize a tight network of international agreements—cartels, if you follow me—which will put them in on the ground floor of the postwar world, *whatever* the ultimate peace terms may finally be."

"Not a small thought," Ashley said, staring at the horizon.

"NO. TO put it bluntly—though here I'm just theorizing—I suppose they figured that if they could make their agreements good enough, and tight enough, and favorable enough to all concerned, they could either sell out at a big nuisance-value rate to the current world top-shots—or they might even emerge as world top-shots themselves. . . . To my mind there's a curious parallel in this hypothesis with the rise of Hitler himself—Thanks, I don't mind if I do. . . . Just as the Nazis muscled in on the old gang, the old power controllers, so—in my private opinion, I wouldn't want to be quoted—these two very wealthy men felt they could ultimately muscle in on the world-wide cartels which are now being formed, whether you like it or not, by—"

Randall stopped abruptly. "This champagne," he said apologetically.

Ashley said, "How do you know all this?"

It was Randall's turn to stare at the horizon.

"All right," Ashley said, "let's be specific about the immediate issues. How did these two babies figure they were going to go about it?"

"Ah," said Randall. "Ah. Washington is the keynote; right? They've leased a fine big house there under an assumed name. Then they hook up with that fine old ex-Vichyite, the Count de Valéry. And is he a honey!" Randall said. "We know a lot about *him*, believe me. He's an old—"

"I agree with you," said Miss Wendell. "But do you think you should say it here?"

"—an old *Comité des Forges* man," Randall went on. "He knows all the old-time European big-shots, especially the type you see along Central Park South these days, and at Palm Beach: plastered with mink and diamonds. . . . I think he believes that the mass of mankind are fit only to be slaves."

Kay said slowly, "It's rather amusing—and also rather terrifying—to think of these people pursuing their plan in blissful ignorance

(Continued on page 38)

ARTUR RODZINSKI

Columbia's first recording of the great Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York under its famed Conductor, Artur Rodzinski . . . Tchaikovsky's magnificent Symphony No. 6, the "Pathétique."

● This new, brilliantly recorded Columbia Masterworks is a notable album . . . a notable first joint recording of the titanic Artur Rodzinski and the great Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York . . . a notable end to two years of recording silence, by this renowned artist and this equally famous orchestra . . . notable, too, because it brings to lovers of fine music the tragic Tchaikovsky's greatest symphony, his brilliant *Symphony No. 6 in B Minor, Opus 74* . . . the inspired, introspective "Pathétique."

As interpreted by Rodzinski and the Philharmonic, this latest of Columbia Masterworks Recordings is a deeply moving human document of profound pathos . . . a masterpiece that "belongs" in the library of every lover of great music.

The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, conducted by Artur Rodzinski, dramatically accents the great and growing list of renowned artists who now record *exclusively* on Columbia Masterworks Records.

These records, engineered to the highest standards of acoustical science, are laminated . . . pressed in layers . . . with surfaces of highly sensitized material. It is this Sensitone-Surface, exclusive with Columbia, that makes possible far richer tone, greater freedom from needle noise. On Columbia Masterworks Records, *Great Music Is More Faithfully Yours.*

COLUMBIA
Masterworks
RECORDS

Trade Marks "Columbia," "Masterworks" and ® Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

Prices shown are exclusive of taxes

Columbia Recording Corporation ® A Subsidiary of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.

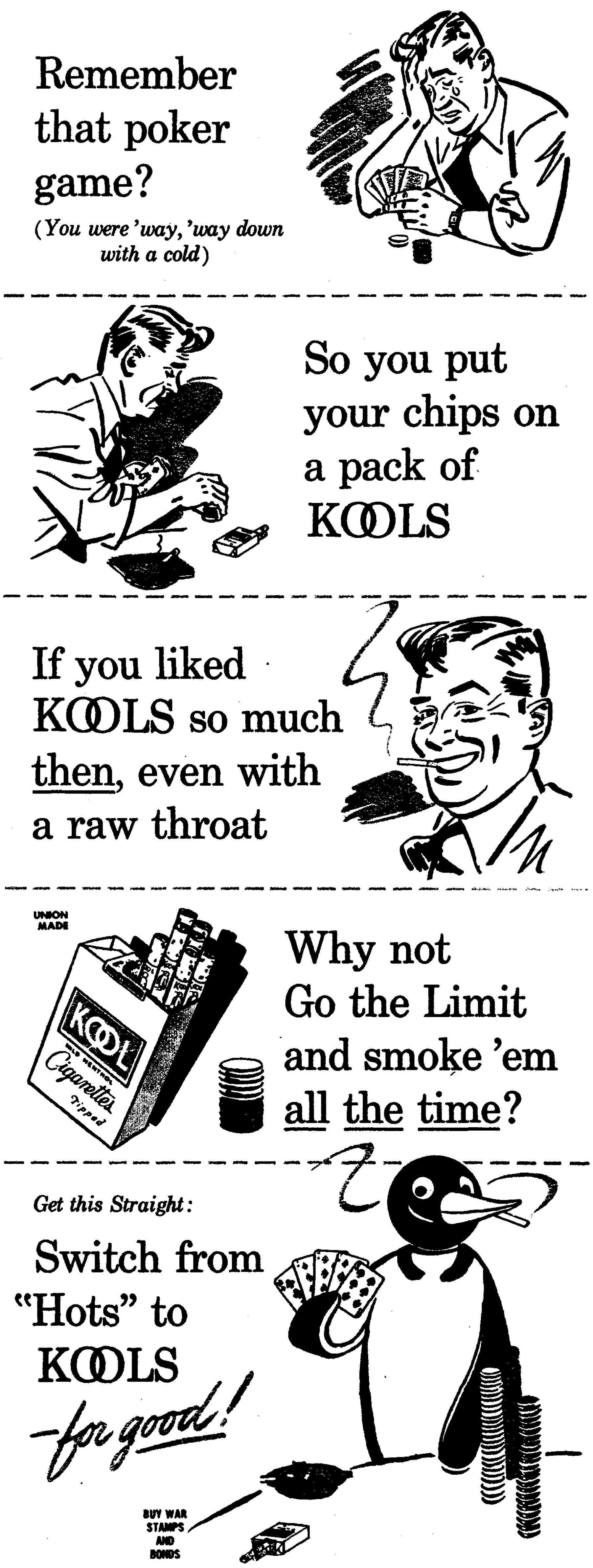
Bruno Walter cond. the Philharmonic-Symphony Orch. of N. Y., in Mozart's *Symphony No. 41 in C Major* (K. 551) ("Jupiter"). Set M-MM-565 . . $4.50 Beethoven's *Symphony No. 5 in C Minor, Op. 67*. Set M-MM-498 . . . $4.50

Risë Stevens (Mezzo-Soprano) in *Songs of Jerome Kern*, with orch. cond. by Sylvan Shulman. Set M-568. $4.50 Excerpts. O. Straus' *The Chocolate Soldier*, with Nelson Eddy; orch. cond. by Robt. Armbruster. Set M-482 . $2.75

Gregor Piatigorsky ('Cello): Shostakovitch's *Sonata for 'Cello and Piano, Op. 40*, with Valentin Pavlovsky (Piano). Set M-MM-551 . . . $3.50 Strauss' *Don Quixote*; Reiner and Pittsburgh Sym. Orch. Set M-MM-506. $5.50

Irra Petina (Mezzo-Soprano): *Song of Norway* (excerpts from the operetta based on the life and music of Edvard Grieg), with Robert Weede, baritone, and orchestra conducted by Sylvan Shulman. Set M-562 . . . $3.50

Paul Robeson: Shakespeare's *Othello*, with José Ferrer, Uta Hagen, and a distinguished cast. (3 vols., seventeen 12" records.) Set M-MM-554 . . $18.50 *Songs of Free Men* from Russia, Spain, America, Germany. Set M-534 . $3.50



Remember that poker game?

(You were 'way, 'way down with a cold)

So you put your chips on a pack of KOOLS

If you liked KOOLS so much then, even with a raw throat

UNION MADE

Why not Go the Limit and smoke 'em all the time?

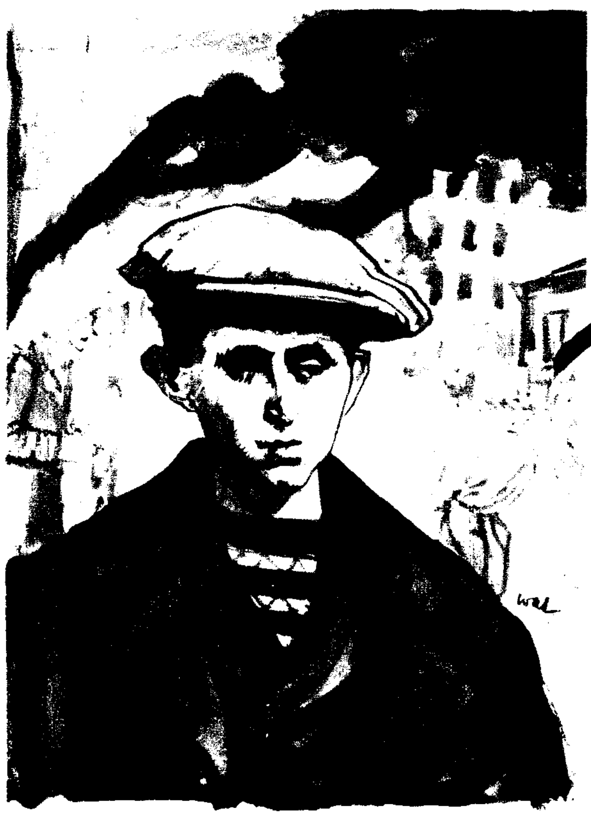
Get this Straight:

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

—for good!

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

THE Heroes



PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

YEFIM VILKIS

XXVIII

KIEV, "Mother of Russian cities," had a population of about one million at the time of the German invasion. When a victorious Red Army marched in on November 6, 1943, less than 100,000 wretched beings—filthy, scarred and starved—crawled out of the ruins to welcome their deliverers. Massacre, hunger, disease and deportation had done away with all the rest. Yefim Vilkis, nursed back to health, told the story of the city's death as seen with his own eyes.

A husky young fellow, still in his early thirties, Yefim went underground when the Germans came, hiding in cellars and attics, woods and fields. Any hope of resistance or sabotage soon vanished, however, for the conquerors swarmed like locusts, searching every inch of the town for fugitives.

From his various places of concealment Yefim saw the Germans kill and burn and loot under the able direction of Reichskomissar Erich Koch. The civic and religious leaders of Kiev were either shot or hanged, the bankers and merchants were tortured for their money, and all the young men and

Darling, This is Death

Continued from page 36

that you have your eagle eye fixed on them all the time, Mr. Randall—"

Randall said hastily, "It's not a question of *my* eagle eye, Miss Wendell—"

Ashley said, "What about Relling?"

"You know who he was? Relling was the head contact man of an immense psuedo-Swiss chemical firm. Gigantic outfit. German-controlled. Relling himself was Swiss-German—and smart as the devil. He was also—we happen to know—a Nazi group leader from '34 to '36. And since '36 he's been all over the world, working for the same old international gang. Building for the next war. Getting ready for the next upsurge of Fascism—"

"Where's he now? Don't forget I've been in the hospital nearly a week, and you've been to see me once. And Miss America here, though she drops in now and then—"

"She practically lives here, Mr. Randall," said the lady.

"—doesn't seem to know any more than I do."

"Relling is in a federal clink which shall be nameless," said the F.B.I. man grimly. "His trial will be coming up soon. What else do you want to know?"

"YOU'VE just started . . . I hope," Ashley said. "I want particularly to know more about just what did happen in Hartford."

Randall hesitated. Then he said, "Well, I suppose that's obvious too—to anyone who can put two and two together and make sixteen the way you did with Dane and Relling. . . . I don't know all the answers in the Connecticut department myself; I won't till I can get back and have another talk with Mr. W. Arden. But of course the chief villain of the piece, all the way through, was not Arden but Relling."

Ashley said, "I suppose you're being discreet at this point because you're thinking that Miss Wendell is Arden's sister-in-law. I may tell you that she is practically Mrs. Rawdon—"

"That," said the lady, "is an unqualified whopper."

Randall smiled at both of them and raised his glass toward each in turn. "Even if I'm premature," he said, "I'd like to be one of the first in Miami . . ."

He glanced at his watch. "If I'm going to make that plane, I've got to dash. . . ."

Farewells were ultimately achieved. Ashley and Kay stayed where they were. It was nearly time for him to go back to the hospital. They were going to wait till his head and his arm were quite well before starting on the shrapnel in the leg. The terrace was in shadow now. Kay broke the silence first. "You know," she said, "I can't believe that they're both . . . Harry Dane and Relling . . . both—gone."

"Relling isn't gone." Ashley's voice sounded nasty and pleased.

"He's out of circulation. That's the main thing."

"Right . . . as a matter of fact, Randall did tell me a thing or two when he called to see me on my bed of pain—"

"With a redheaded nurse who uses far too much lipstick"—Kay said in an astringent tone.

"My heart, never let us mention lipstick again. It caused me too much anguish. Not that I blame you . . . you want to know the simple mechanics of the Hartford-Milford-Sharon mixup, so far as I know them? Randall talked fairly freely to me, even though he didn't fill in all the chinks: I think he wouldn't talk in front of you for exactly the reason I mentioned. Sister-in-law—*ha!*"

"Well . . . I admit I am curious," she said. "Though it all seems very long ago and far away—after that boat-ride . . ."

"With masterly brevity," Ashley said, "I will impart. A bit of plastic is missing. Arden hits the roof. Randall thinks—only *thinks*, mind you—that one reason Arden hit the roof was because he was aiming to use this particular little triumph of American inventive women were packed like cattle in boxcars and shipped off to the labor camps of the Reich.

The Germans stripped the hospitals, churches, libraries and museums of everything of value and then they set fire to the buildings. Homes for the aged and the feeble-minded were burned with their inmates inside, eight hundred being the death toll in one psychiatric hospital.

When Kiev had been stripped of its best, there came a lull in German savagery, but the respite was brief. Soon came an order that all Jews and certain classifications of white-collar workers were to be evacuated into territory behind the Russian lines where their food and care would be Stalin's problem. A date was set, and a place, for all to report, bringing with them everything they owned of value. Under cover of darkness, Yefim Vilkis slipped from home to home, insisting that it was a trick, but he pleaded with people crazed by misery.

Eventually some 100,000 men and women reported, loaded down with personal belongings. Grinning German soldiers would pile these possessions into great heaps, and then the doomed groups were herded out of Kiev to the *Babi Yar*, or Women's Ravine, about three miles from the city. It was not, as the name implies, one ravine, but a series, several sixty feet deep, covering a sandy area of four or five acres. Here—over a period of days—one hundred thousand were made to undress, for the thrifty Germans saw no sense in wasting clothes, and when they stood naked, machine guns mowed them down. Such dead bodies as did not fall into the ravines were rolled or thrown, and "labor detachments" covered them with sand and dirt.

Yefim Vilkis is not quite clear as to his movements in the days that followed, for even the little that he had seen from a distance left him "touched in the head." He remembers taking pot shots at German sentries, and thinks he may have killed two or three, but is not sure. He grew less cautious, and was picked up by a German patrol. There was a labor shortage at the time, and Yefim, properly manacled, was put to work lugging crates and boxes in a storehouse.

In the summer of 1943, with Red armies rapidly regaining all the territory that had been lost, Reichskomissar Koch grew panicky and decided that it might be wise to do away with all evidence of the *Babi Yar* massacre. With this in view, Yefim and several hundred other prisoners were sent out to the ravines, along with excavators manned by German mechanics, and the ghoulish business of exhumation began. As fast as the bodies were uncovered, the chained Ukrainians carried them to huge incinerators hastily constructed of oil-soaked timbers.

From August 19th to September 28th, according to information furnished by Moscow, smoke from these horrible pyres darkened the skies over Kiev, heavy and foul. For all the prisoners knew, the rotting corpses that they carried might have been their own wives or children, but such as cracked under the strain, crying out in rage or grief, were shot down, and their bodies burned along with the others.

Yefim Vilkis, however, had in his veins the blood of the Maccabees. Tears blinded him, and leg chains bit through to the bone, but in his heart was the fierce determination to stay alive until he could invoke the old Mosaic law. In mid-September he managed to fashion a key that unlocked manacles, and with stones and clubs the prisoners fell on their sleeping guards. An alarm was sounded and many died as they ran for the woods, but two bullets in the back could not bring young Vilkis down.

Six weeks he skulked and starved, with now and then a deeply satisfying moment as his hands gripped the throat of some German foolish enough to walk alone in the darkness. Six weeks during which he saw the Master Race, acknowledging defeat, put the torch to historic structures and blow up ancient cathedrals and revered monuments. But at the end it was his joy to meet the Red Army, and hand over to its commanders a list of every German responsible for atrocities.

GEORGE CREEL

---

on an international air combine . . . postwar, of course. Seems there were rumors. Randall certainly hears things. . . . Anyway, Arden is wild to think it was swiped.

"Well. Turns out it hasn't been swiped at all. Our old pal Evans calls up Arden one fine day, and says he's found the thing; it was wedged in behind the bench where it had been piled. It's possible, of course, that Evans swiped it in the first place: unimportant, I'd say. Anyway Randall had a hunch—as he told us on the phone—that Evans had possession of it all the time . . .

"SO ARDEN says, 'Fine, bring her over to Sharon and I will reward you suitably, my good man.' And Evans comes over. I know this because Randall told me—in confidence, of course—that Arden had told *him* so—also in confidence . . .

"So Evans comes over . . . and Kay, you can imagine the moment, the scene: that rose-perfumed office, the Havanas, the concealed lights: luxury, wealth, boundless springs of wealth flooding, spouting, bathing the man in front of Evans in an endless golden shower—and what was *he* getting? A lousy ninety dollars a week."

"You're breaking my heart."

"At that moment, Evans must have slipped over the line. According to Arden's report to Randall, Evans says that, in the course of his inspection duties recently, he had discovered very serious practices in the Hartford plant. Deliberate falsification of reports—substandard work—all that sort of thing. And he says he'll keep his mouth shut . . . for a price. (Randall says Arden came very clean with him on this.) So Arden snaps at him that it isn't a question of just keeping his mouth shut, that the practices must stop; but that it's certainly worth money to him, Arden, as a straight business proposition to get this report—in addition to Evans' services in finding the missing doodad. Gimme the doodad, Arden says, and help me put a stop to these practices—quietly, of course (which was a refined way of saying keep your big trap shut)—and I'll write you a check for whatever you think is fair. Arden was actually worried as the deuce: bang would go his government contracts if . . . but at least he tried to play the hand straight.

"So Evans thinks, and thinks, and finally he says, 'I'll let you know.'"

"And then?"

"He lets Arden know, all right. He calls Arden up next day and says he wants fifty thousand dollars."

"Well, well, well," Kay said. "Nothing small about our little Milford playmate, was there?"

"Now up to this point, Randall believes what Arden told him. From this point on, Randall has other views. Arden says he told Evans he'd see him in hell first, he was going to report him as an attempted blackmailer. Randall thinks that what Arden actually did was stall—and call a conference of his pals: The Count, Relling, Dane. And Randall thinks that the upshot of the conference was—a decision that Evans had better be . . . liquidated. Not only because of the fifty grand—but because all the boys in the room are vitally interested in avoiding public scandal, what with their fine new house in Washington and their grandiose plans; abrogation of contracts for Arden would be a frightful kick in the teeth for all of them. And Evans has definitely proved that he is—from their point of view—a continuing menace. A constant threat—"

"Okay: off with his head," Kay supplied.

"So Randall thinks that Evans was told, 'All right, I'll pay; but it has to be done on the Q.T.' Which of course suits Evans fine. Hence, Randall thinks, the early-morning rendezvous in the Hartford station, where Evans expects to be paid off. But it isn't any fifty grand that greets him—"

"It's death," Kay said soberly.

"Exactly. Relling and three of his colleagues—Relling being, in Randall's opinion, the mysterious Number Four who did not ride off in the black car to his doom. Clear so far?"

"Perfectly."

"So Evans, let's say, lets out a hell of a yell

Very Cool for May!
AW, C'MON, HONEY! LET'S YOU AND ME GET COZY! WE'RE WASTIN' A LOT OF LIBERTY TIME!
SAILOR, YOU'RE JUST WASTING TIME!
BUT HOW COME? UNFREEZE, BABY! WHAT'S THE CHARGE?
IT'S NOTHING SUB-ZERO, HERO— AND NOTHING YOUR DENTIST COULDN'T FIX. SO-O-O FOR BREATH INSTRUCTION, HE'S THE GUY TO MEET, PETE!
HERE'S WHAT PETE'S DENTIST SAID!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE
FINE WEATHER WE'RE HAVIN', OFFICER!
RIGHT YOU ARE, LAD! NICE AND WARM FOR MAY!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night—NBC Network

Not Going Ahead—take a tip from U.S. Army Experts!

Official U.S. Navy Photo

PROTECT YOUR CAR FOR SUMMER—

with Highest-Quality Lubricants, Regular Scientific Servicing!

IF YOU WANT your older car to last—do as the Army does—see to it that every part gets the highest-quality lubricant and regular scientific servicing! *That's the secret back of the Army's amazing record of keeping its war machines rolling under almost impossible conditions!*

Get complete, systematic Summer Mobilubrication. Your Mobilgas dealer follows a scientific chart of your make of car—uses quality Mobiloil and special Mobilgreases from the same refineries which have produced millions of barrels of lubricants for the Armed Forces.

Engine, radiator, gears, chassis are *thoroughly* protected—spark plugs, oil filter, air cleaner and other parts are checked and serviced. You get a car that runs better, lasts longer—uses less gasoline! Older cars need better care—*get it* at Mobilgas dealers!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.
and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Company,
General Petroleum Corporation of California

Tune in
"INFORMATION PLEASE"
Sponsored by your Mobilgas Dealer
Monday Evenings, 9:30 E.W.T.—NBC

FOR QUALITY PROTECTION—
Mobiloil

Mobilgas
SOCONY VACUUM

Mobiloil
SOCONY VACUUM OIL COMPANY INC

—And Complete Mobilubrication

when they grapple with him, and they get panicky and stab him good and hard and beat it. But he doesn't die . . . not on the spot. He has strength enough left to stagger aboard a bus just leaving . . . and Relling's boys spot him and trail—with some difficulty on account of it wasn't so balmy that morning—the bus. . . . And you know the rest of that chapter. Incidentally, Randall thinks your analysis of why Evans tried to ditch the plastic is one hundred per cent correct: he wanted to get rid of it if he died, he wanted to be able to come back and find it if he lived. . . . Wouldn't he be surprised if he knew it had turned up in Relling's room in Florida?"

"Where's it now, Ashley?"

"Where it ought to be: Washington. And Washington is, I gather, going to snap your brother-in-law's contracts like *that*—"

"WELL," Kay said in a small but pleased voice, "it looks to me as if my original intent is working out very well after all."

"You mean clipping the wings of Messrs. Arden and Dane because you didn't like their politics?"

"Correct. And especially not after I got that film developed and enlarged—"

"Kay, am I ever going to see that blasted film?"

"Why certainly. I brought a blow-up print to show you today." She felt in her beach bag, extracted a post-card-size print, handed it to Ashley. "Randall's seen it, of course," she added.

Ashley bent over it in silence. Then he said slowly: "Well . . . I'll be . . . I don't wonder they were wild."

It was an interesting, yet at first glance not particularly striking, picture of four men on a snowy terrace in brilliant sunlight. The shadows were sharp and black, the details microscope-clear. Tall pines in the background. The features of everyone in the picture were like the heads of new-minted coins; etched as sharply as if with an engraver's tool. The three men standing facing into the sun were William Arden, the Count Raoul de Valéry, and Harry Dane. But it was the man who stood facing these three who was the commanding figure. He was Walter Relling. He stood with his heels together in rigidly correct German army tradition; his face was uplifted toward the sun and his right arm was stiffly uplifted—in the Nazi salute.

And each of the other three was flinging an obediently responsive and precisely similar gesture to the sky.

Kay said: "Truly I hardly noticed the pose when I snapped the shot. I was interested in the contrast and the extra-clear detail in that sunlight on the snow. But then when I got it developed . . . I thought if *this* is what they're playing at, which in a sense I've long suspected, I am going to spike their guns if it's the last thing I do."

"It came pretty close to being just that, baby . . . the last thing. But look, do you mean to say you had the nerve to threaten Arden directly with this?"

"I certainly did. And he only laughed—until I showed him a print. Then he got very serious, a long song and dance about how people would misinterpret any such thing, what serious repercussions, and so on. I said I didn't think it was open to any misinterpretation: it expressed precisely what each of them felt in his heart. I don't mean adoring the paper hanger, of course; I mean the inner spirit, the thing I was talking to you about on the Beach—why, it was right here, wasn't it?"

"Yes. It was right here."

"So when I came down from Boston to see Sandra the day I met you . . . I had a *most* disagreeable time. I really did feel a bit worried over going back to that house alone: I'd hedged in the morning. I wouldn't say what I was going to do because to tell you the truth I hadn't quite made up my mind what to do. I have some newspaper friends in Boston. . . . Well, I could see they were all watching me like hawks. And then when on top of that, the Evans business is piled on—"

"Oh, boy!" said Ashley, reflectively and appreciatively. "Oh, boy . . . I love to think of Relling getting back to report failure on the plastic business and having the glad news from Arden that you were back again. . . . So he and Harry are the ones who trail us to New York and smack up to the gates of the Havana Special; so then they phone our little Marjorie and say Hurry, hurry, we're flying south in the morning—"

"All because they were trying to figure some painless way to waylay me for the film—and you *or* me for the plastic," Kay pointed out. "Incidentally your pal Marjorie knew about the film because she heard part of the discussion that morning. And very acid it was—"

"YES. I gathered she knew it. Marjorie," Ashley said, rousing himself to pour the last of the champagne, "is all right. And she was willing, apparently, to put up with a good deal, but apparently when it came to a showdown, her heart was in the right place after all. . . . Also she was awfully sore because Relling had set his hoods on her as well as on me. I don't think Dane had any idea Relling would do any such thing," Ashley said, recalling Dane's furious glare at Relling when he heard how his wife had been treated. "Personally, I think Relling did it because he realized she knew too much, and he wanted to throw a really good scare into her to show her that people weren't playing for peanuts. . . . But he probably didn't realize just *how* much she knew—and he certainly didn't realize that our Marjorie doesn't scare so easy. I suppose you know Randall's men found her, tied up in the same water-front shack where you were kept till it was time for the boat-ride."

Silence.

"Funny how fast those thugs squealed," Ashley said, deciding that the subject had best be changed, "once they learned that Relling was in the clink. . . . Though I think they told the truth: that it *was* Relling who choked poor Betty when she fought him and he lost his temper. Mad dog is right. . . . So he drives you off to the shack in one car while another car trails me into town and catches up with me and Marjorie on the boulevard—"

"Why didn't they kill you then, I wonder?"

"Why add another murder? Relling and Dane had the plastic back; they had you where they wanted you; who could *prove* that the attack on me and Marjorie was anything but a stick-up? That's how they evidently figured—till I came clumping in on them at the hotel."

"And all the time Mr. Randall's friends are watching the show from a rear seat," said Kay.

"Yes. I am still a little annoyed with Randall for his casual attitude about that. His answer was, first, that the only way they could ever get the goods conclusively on such people as Dane and Relling was to let them overplay their hand. And that you and I were swell bait to make 'em do just that—especially yours truly, whom Randall let leave his office in a towering rage. He said he'd have bet ten to one I'd do just what I did do: head for Dane's.

"In addition, he said, we were under observation the whole time, therefore we were never in any real danger. I don't know," Ashley said darkly, "just what he considers real danger. When I think of that big lug with the gaff six inches from your beautiful bosom . . ."

"BUT the helicopter was up in the sun," Kay said. "That was really pretty wonderful, when you think of it . . . though not as wonderful as the boot you gave Relling—"

"Thank you, thank you. . . . Oh, been meaning to ask you. Why were you so particularly upset when you found your camera stolen? Where is the film now, anyway?"

"Where do you think it would be, silly? In a safe-deposit box in Boston. But when you pointed out that the camera was gone—then I *knew* it was Dane and Relling after us . . . and I had a feeling that they'd stop at—well, nothing."

"How come you have this print to show me down here? Why didn't the boys find it?"

"Ah," she said demurely, "ladies always have to have places where they can keep private papers fairly safe. Under hat labels—false tops to jewel boxes . . . you'd be surprised."

"Okay, okay. I still don't quite see why you didn't tell me the whole story on the train. Or subsequently. It was very careless of you. Why, even on the boat I kept having horrid doubts about you—"

"You have a very short memory. I felt we were having quite enough argument on the train. And subsequently—well, I *would* have told you if that doctor's stuff hadn't been quite so potent."

"As long as you're in this responsive mood, may I ask one more?"

"Surely."

"Why did you say, when I said we ought to get m—"

"No!"

"—ought to get married," continued Ashley firmly, "that you wouldn't have me as a gift under any circumstances?"

"I said no such thing . . . ever," said Miss Wendell warmly.

"You implied it. You wouldn't even let me ask you."

"I wouldn't want you to ask me a thing like that without meaning it." Her eyes above the rim of the amber glass were bright and tender, though her voice sounded amused.

"But you idiot, I *do* m—"

"Darling," she said, getting up from the table, "darling, there is no law to keep you from asking me again some time."

THE END

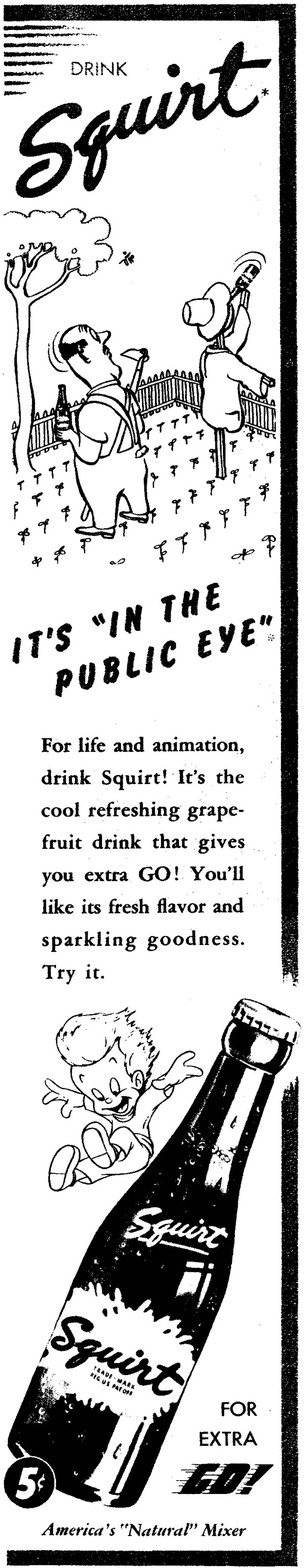
COUNTESS IN CONNECTICUT

One woman is usually all that a man can cope with successfully. Sylvanus had three lovely ladies trying to arrange his love life when in stalked the Countess, alias the Hungarian Rhapsody. Sylvanus should have run for a bomb shelter, but he didn't, and what transpired makes a serial that is gay and giddy—a story as tart and toothsome as lemon meringue—

SENTIMENTAL WEEK END

By Elizabeth Dunn

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK



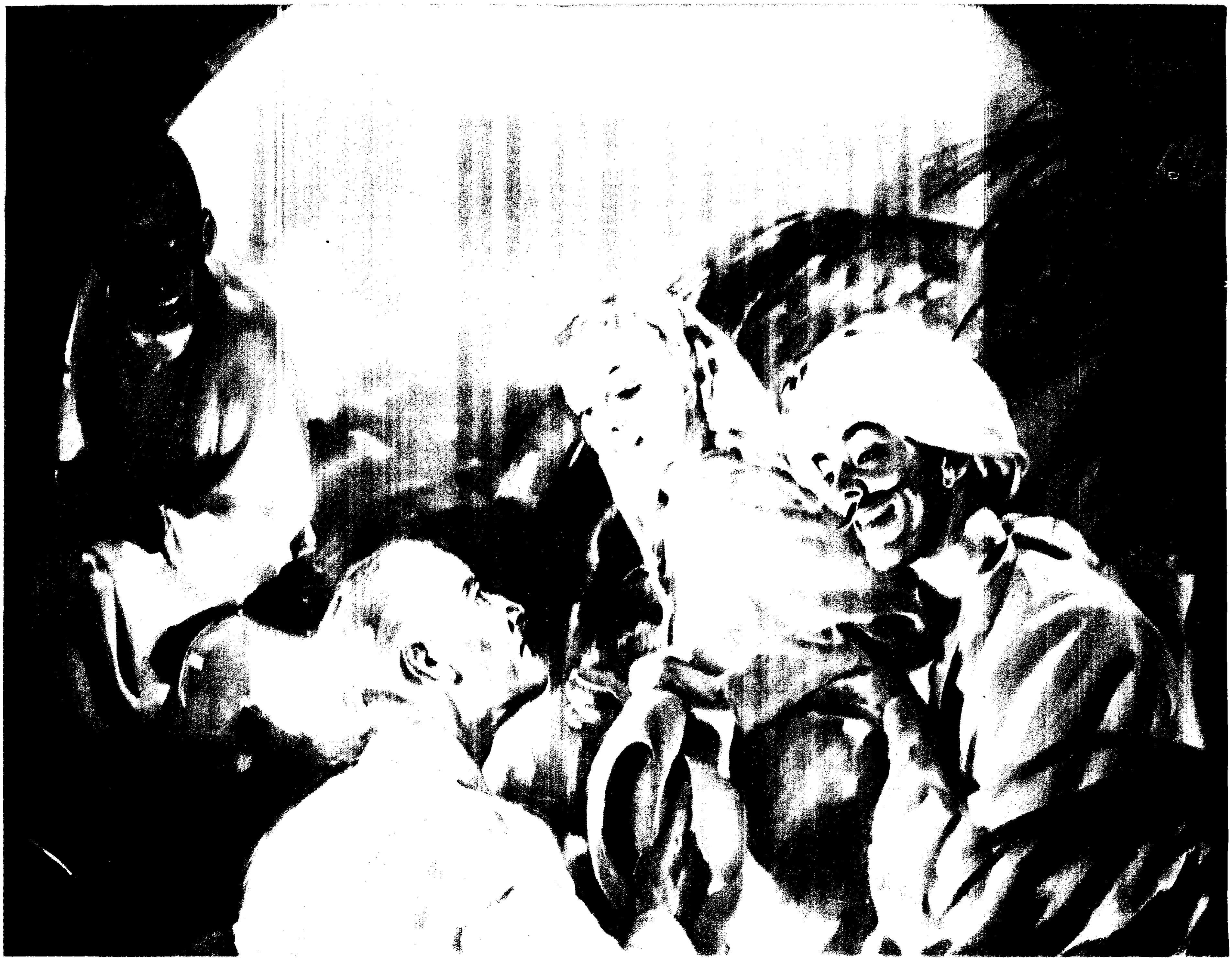
DRINK
Squirt*
IT'S "IN THE PUBLIC EYE"

For life and animation, drink Squirt! It's the cool refreshing grapefruit drink that gives you extra GO! You'll like its fresh flavor and sparkling goodness. Try it.

Squirt
Squirt
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
5¢
FOR EXTRA GO!

America's "Natural" Mixer

* Trade-Mark of The Squirt Company • Copyright 1945, The Squirt Company
Beverly Hills, California



"Miss Eldon," he said, "you can't do this. I won't stand for it." But she was entering the sultan's carriage. In the half-light she looked almost like a young girl

He pursued romance across two oceans — and did not discover it until he looked through the eyes of a sultan

THIS is the story of once upon a time, of a man who wanted one more thing, although he had had many things, of a woman, slender as a stick with eyes as bright as buttons and of a sultan who owned a mosque in Bussorah.

It was the summer of 1928, a far, faraway season. Under a cobalt sky the luxury liner Count D'Azure made her way eastward through the Mediterranean. The small black spots dotting the crests of the too blue waves were sea gulls, not periscopes. The ladies of the A deck snagged their silk stockings with abandon, for they had many pairs. Daily the gentlemen got messages from New York City. Alone in the midst of this company was Mr. Montgomery, who was not enjoying himself yet, although this knowledge he kept to himself.

Mr. Montgomery sat in the dining salon, the victim of an unfinished dream. Mr. Montgomery's sleek black and white evening dress suggested in its impeccable perfection the equally perfect business graphs that were rising, black ink on white slick paper, higher and higher on every wall in every office in Wall Street from whence Mr. Montgomery came. His slender feet in supple patent leather pumps were like twin trained seals, restless but confined. His hair was, alas, almost white. This was a peccadillo of nature that Mr. Montgomery could not quite understand or forgive. He pretended that it had not occurred.

"A little port in the Near East," Mr. Montgomery said to his dinner partner, "near Bagdad, but not Bagdad. Sindbad the Sailor must have touched there. It is unspoiled by tourists."

The smoke of his brown cigar wreathed his head and the table. Mr. Montgomery was glad of the smoke. It hid his face and he was afraid that his secret was written there. The fact was that even now Mr. Montgomery wanted to be like Sindbad the Sailor, or worse, much worse.

He sat for a moment lost in the unfinished dream. It was like this. You are young, a kid on the streets working in a quarry. Somehow you catch on quick that this is the way things are done. This is how money is made. You go up and up. You're like a graph. You get married, you get on the Street. You're a natural, you have a car a mile long. Your wife dies. Your hair turns white, and then—it's all over. The world is like a flat table. There is so much time for everything. It's an old story.

"I've always wanted to visit the Near East," said Mr. Montgomery loudly. He felt in a way as though he talked to himself. The woman sitting opposite him was, as it happened, a schoolteacher.

She stirred in her chair. With the movement the prim gray chiffon of her skirts drifted like the smoke. The dress was cut high and made Mr. Montgomery unwillingly think of a shroud. Her still face was unremarkable except for the eyes, gray and tranquil.

"I enjoy traveling in odd places, too," this lady said. "I plan to visit Bussorah again."

Bussorah! At last Miss Eldon had Mr. Montgomery's complete attention. It couldn't be that she was to be in Bussorah! Bussorah, city of mosques and harems where the minaret called from the muezzin at dusk, or vice versa, Mr. Montgomery couldn't quite remember. But there was one thing he did know. He wanted Bussorah to himself. If a dream could be caught he wanted to catch it unobserved. It was a gay, fragile, silly dream. He was almost ashamed of it.

He pulled on his cigar and the red tip glowed, a camouflage before his face. Before his eyes Miss Eldon floated—a picture of a spinster. Middle-aged—his age, no veil, no dark eyes promising forbidden delights. But she was going to Bussorah and for the second time! That alone made her dangerous. She would probably want to show him about. Take tea with him. He would have to do something.

He withdrew into his dinner clothes. "How interesting," he said. It was.

Strains of music crept in from somewhere. Miss Eldon spoke again, "The Brahms' concert tonight," she said. "I think I shall listen."

"Why not?" said Mr. Montgomery. "As for me I have a little errand, if you will excuse me."

He had never been to the steward's quarters before but he was going there now. At the corner of the stairs a rope lay coiled like a snake—an Oriental snake. Dark faces peered out of portholes.

"The steward please," Mr. Montgomery said to a passing sailor, and waited, fingering his billfold.

"I think it can be arranged," the steward said a moment later, "at Bussorah. I'll put you ashore with the second-class passengers and no one will be the wiser."

The billfold had done the talking. Mr. Montgomery hadn't had to explain and it was a good thing, because he wasn't sure he could. It was just a feeling he had.

THE Bay of Bussorah lay cool in the dim morning light. Sitting in the second-class tender, Mr. Montgomery felt the elation of one who had accomplished a delicate task well. Ahead of him at the wharf he could see the first-class tender pulling alongside. A single passenger was put ashore—Miss Eldon. She was immediately surrounded by guides, beggars and wharf rats.

Negligently Mr. Montgomery dropped his glasses case into the water. It would not do to get to the wharf too soon.

"Look here," he said, "I've dropped something over. Pull up or whatever it is you do."

A slender brown body hit the water. Pants were seen lying at the bottom of the tender. In a moment the boy come up, the glasses case held between his teeth. "I've got them for you, sor," he said happily.

"Boy," said Mr. Montgomery, "put your pants on. There might be ladies present!"

A glance around the tender revealed that there were no ladies present with the excep-

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Built to Forget ...that's why it will be long remembered!

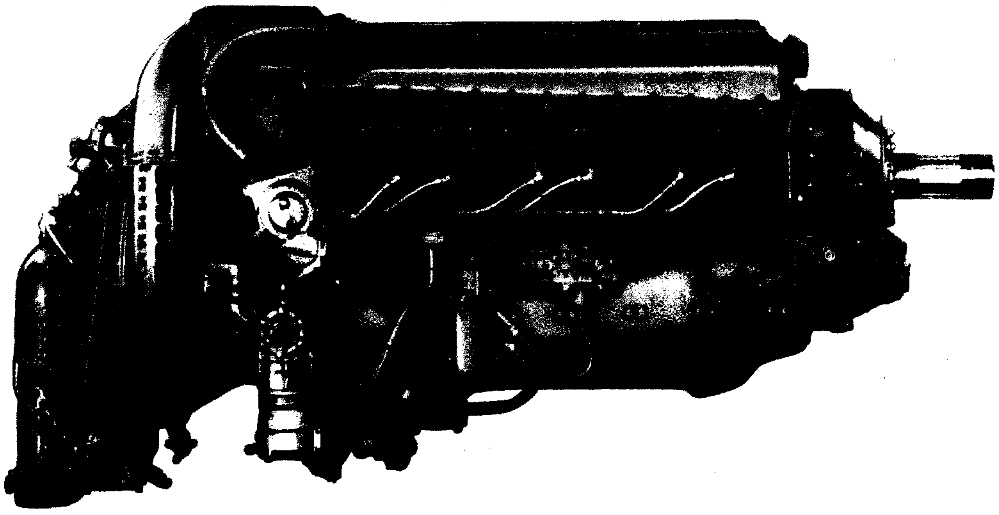
"Built for a pilot to forget!"

That, we believe, is the highest compliment that could be given an aircraft engine.

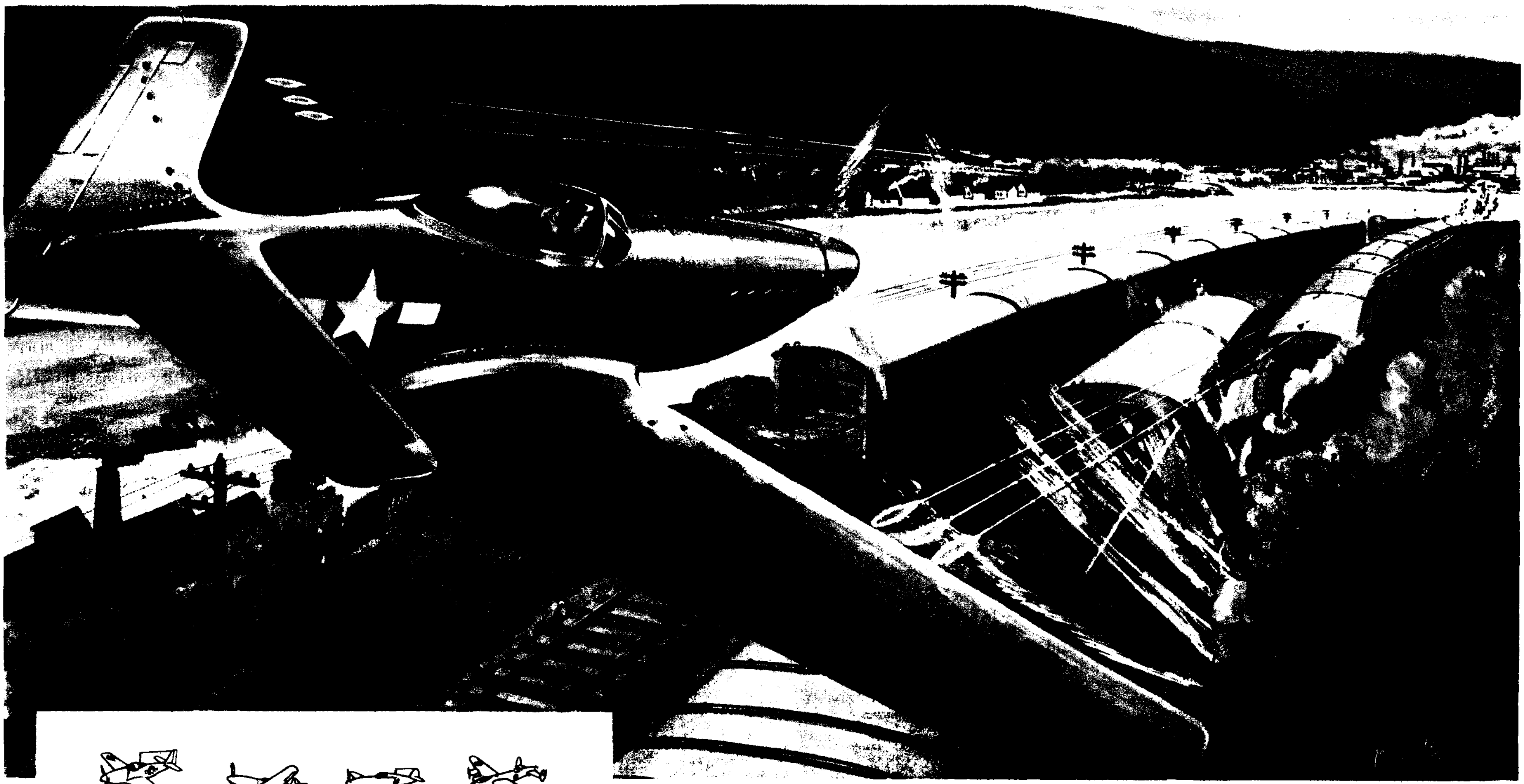
And that's the reputation the Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine has earned for itself—in famous planes like the Mustang, the Mosquito, and the Lancaster.

Behind the combat record of these Packard-built powerplants is Packard craftsmanship—the ability to turn out precision engines on a mass-production basis, at a rate the enemy never dreamed could be possible.

Packard takes pride in building an engine that pilots can "forget" while they're flying and fighting—but an engine whose role in this war will be long remembered.



ASK THE MAN WHO ~~OWNS~~ FLIES ONE



Strafing at ground level or fighting in the stratosphere, pilots bet their lives on Packard-built engines—and win!

MUSTANG fighter

WARHAWK fighter

HURRICANE fighter

LANCASTER bomber

PACKARD

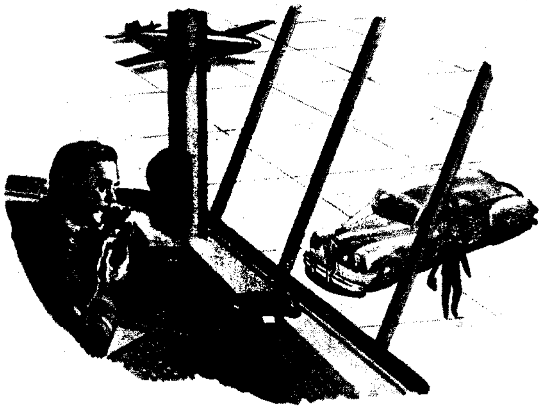
PRECISION-BUILT POWER

MOSQUITO fighter-bomber

NAVY PT boats

ARMY rescue boats

- When war progress permits, Packard cars will roll off assembly lines again. They will be cars worth waiting for—built by the same skills that have already produced more than 60,000 Rolls-Royce aircraft engines and Packard marine engines for PT boats.



tion of a something wrapped in layers of cloth and veiling that might or might not be a woman.

The boy collapsed at Mr. Montgomery's feet and put his pants on. "I am your guide," he said. "We are pals."

Ah, the Orient, thought Mr. Montgomery. Looking toward the wharf again he saw that Miss Eldon had now disappeared. Everything was going well. With a little luck he might avoid her completely in Bussorah. Bussorah! There it lay before him. Tender little towers touched with blue and green rose into the iridescent morning air. Golden fish were swimming in the harbor. A line of poetry learned long ago came back to him: "Sandalwood, ivory, turbans, ambergris—Cream tarts and lettered apes and Calendars—And ghouls and genies—" Bussorah!

Something wet was sitting on his feet. "What's your name, boy?" asked Mr. Montgomery.

"Codadad," said the youth. "I am your guide."

The tender touched the wharf. A wave of sound rose in the hot, moist air as a crowd gathered around them. Mr. Montgomery got up and prepared to put foot on land. But he was no longer alone.

"Make way, you!" yelled Codadad. "Make way for the gentleman!" And as the crowd fell back Mr. Montgomery and Codadad passed on into Bussorah.

"YOU are a lucky guy," said Codadad with complacency. "I know the sultan."

It was hours later and the full sunlight of noon beat down on Mr. Montgomery's moist head. They were standing before a mosque in a street where people flowed by so closely packed together that they appeared to be parts of a gigantic thousand-legged worm. Mr. Montgomery had been everywhere and had ended at the mosque—the Blue Mosque.

"Everyone goes there," said Codadad, "sooner or later. It is the blue tiling inside—it resembles a cave under the sea—so fine for praying."

But Mr. Montgomery's eyes held a lost look and Codadad watched him attentively. "Perhaps it is not only the sights you wish to see. Perhaps you would like to meet the people?" And then: "You are a very lucky guy. I know the sultan."

Mr. Montgomery brightened. "Intimately?" he asked with hope.

"Enough," said Codadad, "so that you will be invited there to dine."

"Aaah—" Mr. Montgomery let his breath out in contentment. Surely meeting a sultan would bring him closer to the heart of things. Sindbad the Sailor had met many sultans. Codadad knew without being told. Mr. Montgomery handed him a ten-dollar bill. "That will be very nice, Codadad," he said.

In the evening when the moon rose, a golden ball over the bay, Codadad was waiting in the lobby of the hotel. He was waiting for Mr. Montgomery, but he watched everyone in the crowd outside and when he saw a quiet American lady pass by in a carriage, he smiled. These Americans—how generous they were! He touched the bill in his pocket with polite fingers.

Mr. Montgomery was groomed for adventure. His dinner clothes were as black as ink, his linen as gleaming white as a roc's egg. In his buttonhole was a musk rose.

Codadad smiled again. "You look beautiful, sor," he said.

The streets near the mansion of the sultan had been cooled with scented water. At the gate Codadad left him. "I, a guide, do not eat with a sultan, but I will be waiting here when you come out."

Once inside the gate Mr. Montgomery wondered if he would ever come out. A porter whose slippered feet were noiseless on the broken, many-colored shells that made up the walk escorted him to the house. In the hall, lamps flickered in the corners, a flute was being played.

Then a tall, thin man in a dinner jacket, like Mr. Montgomery's own, but without the musk rose, bore down upon him. "My dear chap," said the sultan, "delighted, I'm sure!"

This was disappointment. There was nothing sultanish about the sultan except the mustache, a large black one that curved out and had been rubbed with vaseline.

They dined under a lemon tree in the garden.

"I have been educated at Eton and Oxford," said the sultan.

Mr. Montgomery was more and more chilled. Was this the warmth and passion of the East? Something—it might have been heartache stirred in him as he listened to this glazed sultan who talked of things that he might have heard at a stockbrokers' meeting in New York. The servants were all men.

Over his cigar Mr. Montgomery decided to take the plunge. "I feel an outsider here," he said. "I want to know the place, be a part of it—could you—?"

"Could I help you?" said the sultan. "My dear chap, certainly. There is just one thing. You must have a mosque." He leaned forward and gazed at Mr. Montgomery deeply. "A mosque—everyone who *is* anyone in Bussorah has a mosque!"

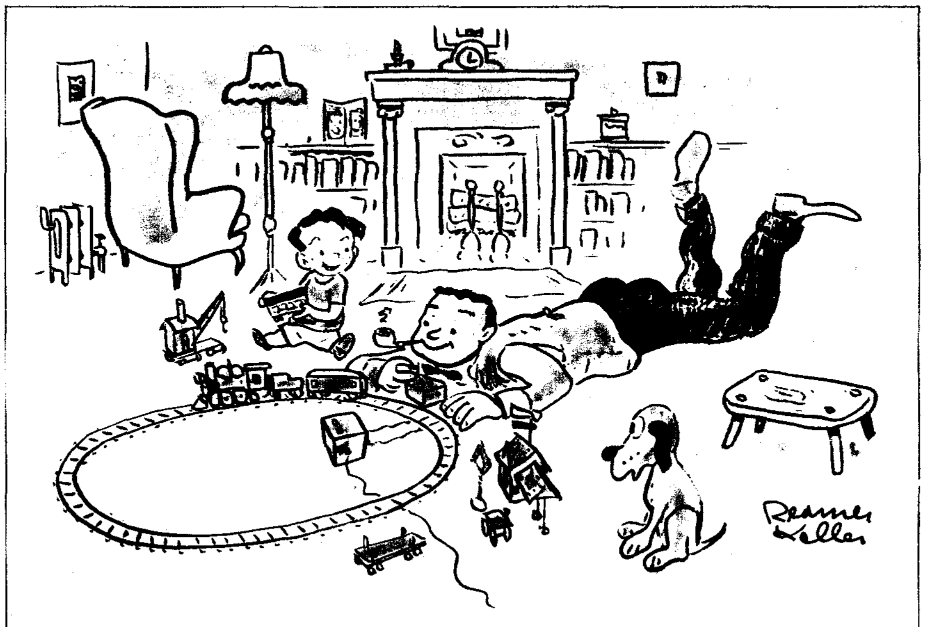
A mosque? It was true that Mr. Montgomery had noticed any number of mosques about that day. But to own one himself?

"Where will I get a mosque?" he asked simply.

A lemon dropped from the lemon tree. The sultan leaned back in his chair and smoothed his mustache. "I happen to have a little mosque that I could let you have at quite a bargain," he said. "The Blue Mosque; you may have seen it today."

Of course, the Blue Mosque that was like a cave under the sea. Mr. Montgomery had seen it. It had been, with its dim archways, an enigma, full of Eastern charm and an indefinable promise.

The sultan was now sitting forward in his chair. Excitement played over his features like lightning and ran out the ends of his



"Daddy, who are you going to play with when I grow up?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

FRIEND TIPS OFF TARDY AIR CADETS HOW TO SAVE FACE

COMMANDING OFFICER
HOLLOW GROUND
Sarget

Air Cadet F., proud owner of a Schick, writes: *"Many a morning I have a mere ten minutes for the toilet procedures and I find I have plenty of time, while others are caught with—a half-shaven face."*

To the tardy friends of Cadet F., Schick is glad to say this: It won't be long now before you'll be able to get a grand new Schick—an even better Schick than Cadet F.'s. All Schick is waiting for is the go-ahead.

To Cadet F. and other fortunate Schick owners we add—till then, best way to save your face is to keep your present Schick in the best possible condition. Send it to any of the Schick offices listed below for expert repair service and genuine Schick renewal parts. For $3.00 (slightly higher in Canada) you can even get a new 2M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head if you require it.

Better still—send your Schick *now* for precautionary cleaning, adjusting and lubricating. It may save trouble and the cost is trifling.

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

★★★

***MAIL YOUR SCHICK* for expert servicing and genuine Schick renewal parts—including the famous 2M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head—to any of these offices:**

ALBANY 7, N. Y.
938 Natl. Savings Bk. Bldg.
ATLANTA 3, GA.
517 Forsyth Bldg.
BALTIMORE 1, MD.
111 N. Charles St.
BOSTON 9, MASS.
630 Boston C. of C. Bldg.
BROOKLYN 17, N. Y.
1007 Fox Bldg.
Nevins St.
BUFFALO 3, N. Y.
632 Brisbane Bldg.
CHICAGO 3, ILL.
212 Palmer House
119 So. State St.
CINCINNATI 2, OHIO
814 Schmidt Bldg.
CLEVELAND 14, OHIO
9 Union Com. Bldg. Arcade
COLUMBUS 15, OHIO
1200 Beggs Bldg.
DALLAS 1, TEXAS
611 Southland Life Bldg.
DENVER 2, COLO.
501 Colorado Bldg.
DES MOINES 9, IOWA
413 Fleming Bldg.
DETROIT 26, MICH.
906 Industrial Bk. Bldg.
HARTFORD 3, CONN.
1001 American Ind. Bldg.
HOUSTON 2, TEXAS
521 Shell Bldg.
INDIANAPOLIS 4, IND.
703 Merchants Bk. Bldg.
KANSAS CITY 6, MO.
710 Fidelity Bk. Bldg.
LOS ANGELES 13, CALIF.
443 So. Spring St.
MIAMI 32, FLA.
112 Shoreland Arcade
MILWAUKEE 3, WIS.
152 W. Wisconsin Ave.
Rm. 312
MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINN.
612 Andrus Bldg.
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
17 East 42nd St., Rm. 600
NEWARK 2, N. J.
810 Raymond-Com. Bldg.
OKLAHOMA CITY 2, OKLA.
206 Hightower Bldg.
OMAHA 2, NEB.
647 Omaha Natl. Bk. Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.
Room 2640-7, P.S.F.S. Bldg.
12 So. 12th St.
PITTSBURGH 22, PA.
908 Investment Bldg.
PORTLAND 3, ME.
210 Bank of Com. Bldg.
PROVIDENCE 3, R. I.
506 Turks Head Bldg.
ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.
705 Temple Bldg.
ST. LOUIS 1, MO.
23 Mezzanine Arcade Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO 5, CALIF.
787 Monadnock Bldg.
SEATTLE 1, WASH.
701 Republic Bldg.
STAMFORD, CONN.
45 Garden St.
WASHINGTON 5, D. C.
521 Bond Bldg.

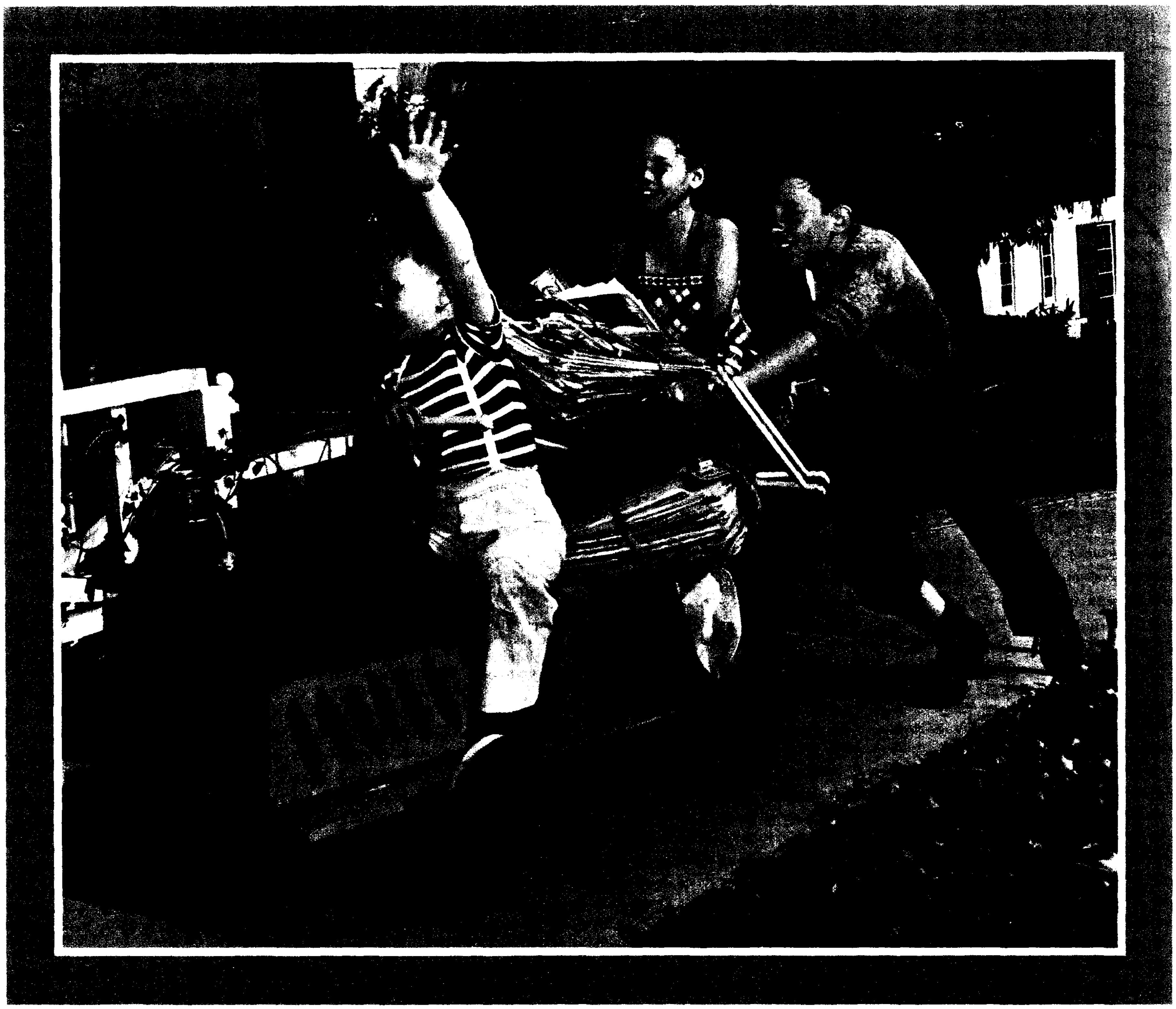
CANADA

CALGARY, ALTA.
112A Seventh Ave. W.
TORONTO, ONT.
78 Richmond St. W.

★ **FREE TO MEN IN ARMED FORCES:** Bring or send your Schick Shaver to any of the above offices. It will be inspected, cleaned and lubricated Free. ★

SCHICK INCORPORATED SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER

NOW FINISH THE JOB—BUY MORE WAR BONDS



What's paper salvage got to do with your snapshot

A great deal! Because . . .

There is a serious shortage of *all* types of photographic material . . . especially *paper* for prints and enlargements. The armed forces *must* be supplied, and only a trickle is left over for civilian use.

This shortage is inconvenient for civilians—but it could become considerably *more* than inconvenient in the armed services. For the armed services use paper in a hundred vital ways, not only for wrapping supplies and ammunition, but for such things as military photography.

Photography is a big part of the "eyes" of military intelligence. Reconnaissance and aeria ping photographs guide battle strategy and t

Ansco makes enormous quantities of p graphic paper for the armed forces. At best, a small amount can be made for you . . . and t depends on the paper pulp supply—which in tu depends largely on the waste paper you and othe good Americans salvage and turn in.

Don't let down on your paper salvage efforts! Every little bit helps—not only to ease the civilian supply, but to bring closer the day of final and complete victory!

KEN
BOURB
BOTTLED IN B
National Distillers Products Corpor

The Master's Choice

Its walls are grayed with age but the old-time distillery of the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr. still shelters the skill that gave his favorite whiskey to the world. **OLD TAYLOR** still has the mellow, grainy flavor that means home, sweet home to seekers of bourbon at its best. In fact, the old Kentucky home of this fine bourbon has never produced a single drop of any whiskey save the one which the famous Colonel honored with the name of **OLD TAYLOR**.

OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)

TUCKY STRAIGHT
ON WHISKEY
OND -100 PROOF

gned Sealed Delicious

ation, New York

mustache. "Once you have a mosque," he said and let his words trail into silence.

Mr. Montgomery thought then that he could hear things in the garden that he hadn't noticed before—the tinkle of water in a hidden pool, the soft laughter of women. Against the lush foliage there was the brilliance of silken drapery, the whiteness of a rounded arm posed against the green—or was there?

"I believe I will take this mosque," he said. "What is the price?"

"You will be so happy," the sultan said. "There are so many things—"

Footsteps on the garden path stopped him. In a breath a veiled woman stood before them her hands outstretched to Mr. Montgomery. All thought left him and he could only grasp at his musk rose searching for some desperate reassurance. Was he to be accepted into the mysteries of the East so soon?

The sultan said, "This is my cook, Mr. Montgomery. She wishes to thank you for your praise of the meal."

Mr. Montgomery sank back into his chair like a sack. "Ah, yes," he said. "It was delicious!"

The woman melted into the shadows under the lemon tree. "My cook," said the sultan, "is the least beautiful of my house. Now about the mosque—"

"Yes, by all means, let's settle it," said Mr. Montgomery, who, between the verdant shadows of the garden and the compelling quivering of the sultan's mustache, was feeling the power of the East close in upon him now. Also he thought he had better get home to bed before things got out of hand. It had been a long day. "A small down payment, perhaps?" he said, taking out his billfold.

"Not now. Not now," said the sultan looking painfully restrained. "Tomorrow at the hour of prayer. Business here is done at that time and no other."

"Well," said Mr. Montgomery, "good night then."

Somehow he was as glad to leave as he had been to come. Codadad was waiting for him, a shadow against the wall.

"How was everything?" asked Codadad. "Hotsy totsy?"

"Where did you get that expression?" Mr. Montgomery inquired coldly.

"New York City," said Codadad, "where I have had the pleasure of working on the docks."

"I thought perhaps you got it at Eton or Oxford," said Mr. Montgomery, and said no more while the carriage bounced through the darkness to the hotel.

BUT the morning mists rising above the city next day carried away Mr. Montgomery's dour mood. Today at the hour of prayer he would buy the Blue Mosque and then—? Surely something would happen then. Naturally the East didn't come to you. You had to make an effort. You had to go halfway.

As the setting sun gilded the roses in the garden of the hotel that evening Mr. Montgomery awaited Codadad, who was to escort him to the sultan. It was the hour of prayer. Codadad's footsteps sounded on the garden path.

The sultan was waiting under the lemon tree. Mr. Montgomery saw at once that something had gone wrong.

"Mr. Montgomery," said the sultan wringing his thin hands, "I find that I am in love!"

Mr. Montgomery bogged down. "Naturally," he said, "with all those women you have in the harem I suppose you must be."

"No, no," implored the sultan, "you do not understand. Not them—they are cattle. This is a real woman, of your own race—beautiful, slender as a stick, with eyes as bright as buttons, and under her hair there may be brains. That would be so interesting, such a change for me."

"Well," said Mr. Montgomery, "I suppose it would be."

"Alas, I do not know her. I have seen her only from afar in the city. Mr. Montgomery, you must bring her to me. We must meet."

"Look," said Mr. Montgomery, "I don't know her either. I've never met anybody like that. I came today to buy that mosque—now—"

"Alas," said the sultan, "I cannot sell you the mosque unless you do me this kindness."

Another delay, thought Mr. Montgomery, and every moment he was getting older—less elastic.

He brought a smile to his lips with an effort. "I suppose you want to meet her soon?"

"You want the mosque soon?"

Yes, Mr. Montgomery still wanted the mosque.

THE city drowsed in late-afternoon languor. Dust rose with the breeze and filled the air with powdered bronze. Still and gentle around Mr. Montgomery lay the beauty that he could not touch, the veil that he could not lift. In the carriage he fanned himself with his hat and felt better.

"To the mosque, sor?" asked Codadad.

"There's one little detail to be arranged," said Mr. Montgomery. "The sultan wants to meet a woman, an American woman who is staying here, but I don't know her."

"There's the woman from your ship," Codadad said. "She is staying at the Orienta Hotel."

"That's not the one," said Mr. Montgomery. "Have you seen another one? A beautiful woman, slender as a stick, with eyes as bright as buttons?"

"The woman from your ship might know of such a one," said Codadad. "I do not."

There was only one thing to do. Mr. Montgomery poked the driver in the back. "Take us to the Hotel Orienta," he said.

Miss Eldon was sitting in an easy chair in the lobby, having an iced lemonade. "Why, Mr. Montgomery," she said, "how are you? Are you having a nice time?"

"Am I?" asked Mr. Montgomery. "Certainly—certainly, I'm having a nice time."

"Bussorah is different, isn't it?" What a lovely voice she had! For a moment Mr. Montgomery wanted to sink down in the chair next to hers and tell her exactly how different he was finding Bussorah to be! How cool she looked. Her small hand holding the lemonade glass had two clear drops of water beading it.

The mosque—the sultan, he was forgetting—"Bussorah is charming," he said. "Miss Eldon, do you happen to know if there is any American lady here except yourself? I must find her, a matter of business."

She stood up and swung her slim body around to face him. "I know of no other lady," she said, "but if we go to the Blue Mosque we might see her there. Almost everyone in Bussorah visits the Blue Mosque in the course of a day."

"Oh, I couldn't bother you so much."

"It's no bother—only—may I send your guide on an errand? Something I've forgotten until now?"

Mr. Montgomery nodded. She drew Codadad aside and in a moment he vanished into the dusk.

In the carriage Miss Eldon sat erect and was very quiet. A curiously un-Oriental thought assailed Mr. Montgomery. If his wife hadn't died they might be seeing Bussorah together, like this. He sighed. He must be getting tired again.

AT THE mosque a stream of people passed in and out as before. Under one of the archways Miss Eldon stood beside Mr. Montgomery, watching the crowd, looking for the woman of the sultan's heart. Minutes passed and they saw no woman. Miss Eldon stirred restlessly. Through the smoky twilight her eyes glowed, bright as—bright as buttons!

A liquid shock ran through Mr. Montgomery. She was slender, too. Slender as a stick! "Miss Eldon—" his voice caught in his throat.

A carriage had stopped before the mosque. There was a rustle of padded shoes on the steps, a swish of drapery. "The sultan," murmured Mr. Montgomery, surprised, and then as if he had heard the words the sultan came toward them as they stood in the archway. He was in princely attire. Ribbons of red and green blossomed upon his bosom, a turban bound his head, his pants—his pants had ruffles around the bottom of them—or so it seemed to Mr. Montgomery. But the sultan was not thinking of his appearance. He brushed Mr. Montgomery aside.

"It is she!" said the sultan. "Allah is

good!" Warmly he pressed Miss Eldon's hand to his lips.

"See here," said Mr. Montgomery, "you're making a mistake. Miss Eldon wouldn't be interested."

"Oh, flower of the West," sang the sultan, "never have I known love until now. Be my wife and the world shall be in the palm of thy white hand that is a moonflower open under the stars. Grace my harem and all the richness of the East is poverty compared to my happiness. Grant me this, oh, my love, and—"

"Stop, for heaven's sake!" said Mr. Montgomery, but Miss Eldon said, "Ssh—" Her lips were parted and she swayed toward the sultan like a moonflower indeed. The wind had brought color to her cheeks and in the half-light she looked almost like a girl.

But she isn't one, thought Mr. Montgomery; this has got to stop!

"You're sweet," said Miss Eldon to the sultan. "Shall I go with you now?"

"Why do we delay? The moon is rising—see—over the towers of Bussorah. The carriage waits—"

"All right," said Miss Eldon, pushing back her kerchief with dreamy finger tips. She turned to Mr. Montgomery and spoke as to a ghost, "Well, good night," she said. "Oh, yes, when you see Codadad will you tell him thanks for the errand?"

"Thanks!" roared Mr. Montgomery. "Thanks! I'm to stand here and tell somebody thanks—while you—Miss Eldon, you can't do this. I won't stand for it. This Eastern roué—this libertine!" And then he said something very simply for as surely as he stood under the enchanted archways of the Blue Mosque he felt that it was so, felt it in his blood and bones and in his heart where the dream was slowly distilling away. "Miss Eldon," he said, "it's too late."

But she was entering the sultan's carriage. The sultan remained a second by Mr. Montgomery's side.

"My dear chap," he said, "don't excite yourself. Now you can have the mosque, you know."

The Blue Mosque. In the starlight it was beautiful. It was the East and perhaps, as the sultan had hinted, it held the secret of age and time and would still all longing. Strange that Mr. Montgomery should notice that it sagged badly, that several of the archways were crumbling. Miss Eldon would roll away in the carriage to an adventure out of the Arabian Nights, but Mr. Montgomery only felt sad.

"What the devil would I do with it if I had it?" he said. "The deal is off."

"I won't take that as final," said the sultan. "Tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow I'm leaving," said Mr. Montgomery, and in that moment he knew that it was true. . . .

"Bussorah bids you goodby, sor," said Codadad sadly.

Codadad stood beside the tender. Far out on the bay Mr. Montgomery could see the ship that would take him to Istanbul and home.

"Bussorah is a charming place," said Mr. Montgomery, "charming." He couldn't blame Bussorah for it all. He had been foolish to have expected anything. But Codadad, at least, had been a joy. Mr. Montgomery took out his billfold.

"No, thank you, sor," said Codadad. "She, too, has paid me to see that you had pleasure here in Bussorah."

She? Miss Eldon! "When?" asked Mr. Montgomery.

"On the first day."

"Why?" asked Mr. Montgomery.

"It is dull here," said Codadad. "It is ordinary here, as anywhere, but you did not think it so, and she knew of your hope."

And now she was in the garden with the sultan, sitting under the lemon tree. Mr. Montgomery got into the tender. "Goodby, my boy," he said, "and thank you."

He watched Codadad become a tiny speck on the wharf. He watched the towers of Bussorah fade into the blue sky.

AFTER dinner that night Mr. Montgomery decided to take a turn around the deck. The sea was darkening, the wind was bracing. On the port side a small figure was huddled in a deck chair.

"Good evening, Mr. Montgomery," said Miss Eldon.

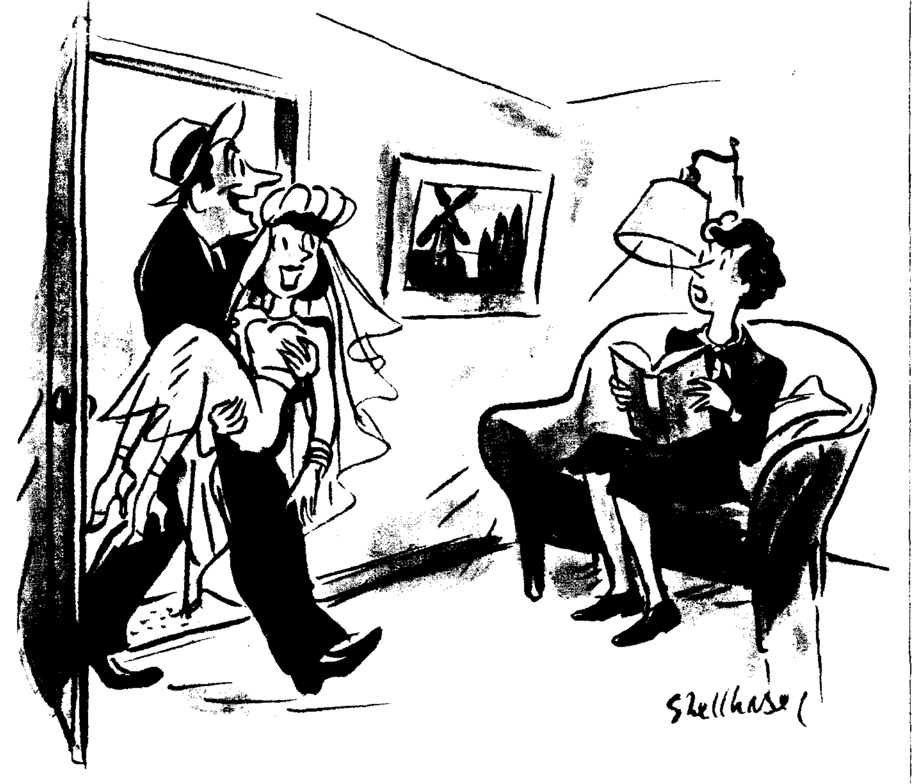
Suddenly Mr. Montgomery smiled. The eyes looking up at him were entreating, feminine, a little afraid, but independent, too. They were exactly the way a Western woman's eyes should be. He sat down beside her.

"Your husband, the sultan?" he inquired. "He of the pretty speeches? He is with you, of course?"

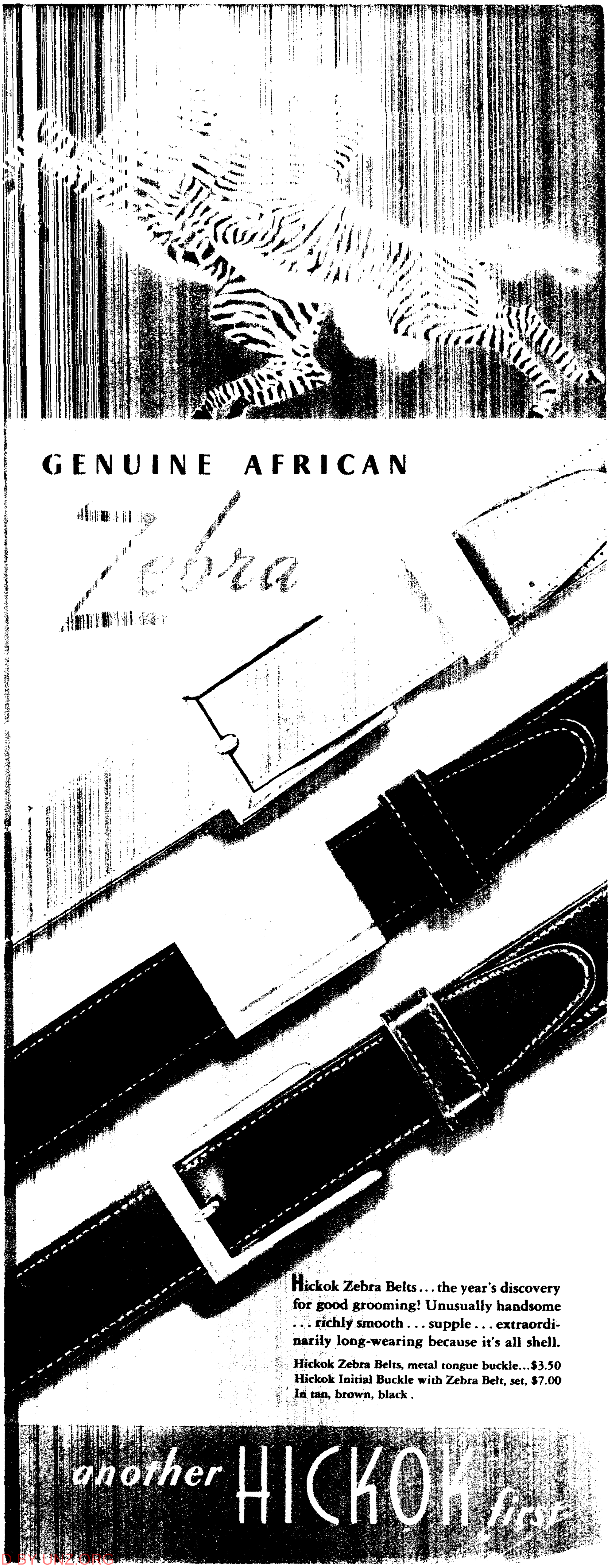
Miss Eldon's hand clutched Mr. Montgomery's sleeve. "I made him talk like that," she said. "I told him I'd report him to the Tourists' Protective Association for trying to sell you that mosque if he didn't. You might never have noticed me at all if I hadn't done something!"

Mr. Montgomery kept her hand in his and he didn't think about anything at all, unless, perhaps, of a sultan sitting alone under a lemon tree. There was nothing to think about, really, for on such a night as this Sindbad the Sailor might have started for home, his adventures at an end.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Relax dear. I can explain everything" GEORGE SHELLHASE


GENUINE AFRICAN

Zebra

Hickok Zebra Belts . . . the year's discovery for good grooming! Unusually handsome . . . richly smooth . . . supple . . . extraordinarily long-wearing because it's all shell.

Hickok Zebra Belts, metal tongue buckle...$3.50
Hickok Initial Buckle with Zebra Belt, set, $7.00
In tan, brown, black.

another HICKOK first

HR
Holland
QUALITY SHOES
Racine

The pace-setting style of
Holland-Racine *Flexible*
Nu-Matics is but a foretaste of the real treat in
store for your feet . . .
a cushioned, flexible
comfort that makes every
step a pleasure.

Makers of
The DOCTOR Shoe

HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, Inc.
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
92 Years of Combined Shoemaking Skills

I'm not having any fun

For a pup, I'm not feeling so perky, Boss . . . and they tell me it's WORMS.

Anyway, now that I'm over a month old, it's time you gave me Sergeant's Puppy Capsules. They're easy to give and easy to take, and they'll clean the worms right out. When I'm grown, we can switch to Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules and I'll lead a worm-free life.

After worming, Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets) will help build me back to my frisky best.

Get 'em both at the drug or pet store, Boss. And a free Sergeant's Dog Book, too. Or send for it with this coupon.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

Dept. 2-E-1, Richmond 20, Virginia. Send the FREE 40-page Illustrated Dog Book to:

Print
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________

I've got pep now Mike

Never Argue with a Civilian

Continued from page 12

opened up one of those strange outsize civilian newspapers.

"Right there! Look!"

She was pointing to a picture. Arthur looked once and then twice. It was *his* picture. Evidently it was the one she had snapped that morning. It was not very clear or clean-cut, and it made him look pretty wan, worn and peaked, but it was a fair enough job for a civilian photographer.

"Well, read it," the civilian urged. "Read the article that goes with it! There!"

Arthur followed her finger:

"Hello, folks. This morning bright and early, your girl reporter was walking thru Palisades Park all alone, and feeling pretty blue too, confidentially, when she saw a little old soldier sitting by himself, huddled pathetically against the cold wind and staring out forlornly across the wide, wide ocean.

"Now, folks, you know how shy your girl reporter is, but she couldn't resist the just plain old misery in this soldier boy's blue eyes. So she approached him diffidently. Soldier boys are *so* eager to talk if you will just give them a chance. You won't think I was too forward, will you, folks?

"This soldier boy, it turned out, was Captain Arthur Eben, fighter pilot, back from years of blood-drenched combat—"

"Here!" said Arthur. "Hey! My name is Eben Arthur, and I'm a staff sergeant in—"

"Read more!" the civilian female ordered. "Right here!"

". . . and, trying in our well-meaning way, to ease the unconcealed, wondering pain in his innocent young eyes, your own girl reporter asked him what was his most deeply concealed, his most precious wish. He was reluctant to reveal the depths of his boyish heart, and he dug an awkward toe in the ground—"

"What?" said Arthur. "I certainly didn't—"

"Stop gurgling!" the civilian female said sharply. "Read the rest of it!"

". . . 'on the gore-soaked, nightmare battlefields of Europe, all I could think of was home, home, home—a small, neat, modern, pre-fabricated home with all the trimmings and—and yes, even a small swimming pool—' "

"Say!" said Arthur. "Now wait! I never said anything like that!"

"Well, you should have," said the civilian female. "Read right here."

". . . and of course all our soldier boys have their 'girl friends,' as we know very well, but your girl reporter had to urge and urge before she could overcome the instinctive gentlemanly reticence of Lieutenant Eben. But finally he broke down. In his inimitable drawl, he said: 'Waal, Ah'm not be-spoken, but if Ah was, it'd sure enough be Pepper Petersen. She's the Real Ideal American Woman—'

"What?" Arthur said dazedly. "Pepper. . . . Who is this party?"

"Oh, you must have heard of her. She's a starlet who's just been voted the 'Girl We'd Like to B-in-a-29 with' by the Hollywood USO Junior Commandos. We're following this right up for a feature spread tomorrow."

"What?" said Arthur.

"LOOK," said the female civilian slowly and clearly. "Try to get it through your head. We pretend like I ran across you weeping and wailing. So, on account of my goody-goody complex, I ask you why. Right away, you say you are longing for a modern pre-fabricated house (we run a real estate section twice a week) with Pepper Petersen (she needs publicity) boiling and bubbling in same. So (pretending like she can read) she sees my pathetically pitiful story about you and right away gets patriotic and invites you to have an old-fashioned dinner at her modern home complete with swimming pool. Catch on?"

"Well," said Arthur, "I understand she's inviting me to dinner, but I don't quite see why—"

"Oh, come *on!*" snapped the female civilian. "I haven't got all day! My car is right over there!"

The canyon was narrow and steep-walled, and the road twisted back and forth through it like a snake with a stomach-ache.

"You can see the house from here," said this Darcy Smith. "Up at the top of that draw."

Arthur peered out the window. The house was tucked neatly into a little fold of ground, and it could very easily have been camouflaged to blend into the dun-colored slope, but instead of that some incredibly foolhardy civilian had actually painted it a glistening white. Arthur shivered a little when he thought what a beautiful artillery range marker it would make.

Darcy Smith's little coupé huffed and puffed up a steep gravel drive and stopped opposite the house's long, low-roofed veranda.

"Okay," she said. "Get out and help me."

She opened the rear compartment of the coupé and began to take out odd-sized bundles and pile them on Arthur. When he had taken on his capacity load, she retrieved a couple more bundles for herself and marched up to the door at the end of the veranda.

"Come on," she ordered impatiently. "Watch out for the step."

She maneuvered a key out of her pocket, unlocked the door and went in. Arthur followed her cautiously. They entered a long narrow room with windows stretching clear across where one of the walls should have been. Arthur felt as if he was on display in a showcase, and the furniture was so new and shiny and so precisely placed that it heightened the illusion.

Darcy Smith took his packages away from him and said, "Sit down over there and keep out of my way."

Arthur sat down gingerly on the lemon-yellow chesterfield and watched her assemble some portable floodlights and an expensive-looking camera with collapsible legs. Then she pulled a table into the middle of the room, and produced a damask tablecloth, napkins, silverware and dishes out of her packages, and then set the table expertly for two.

"Say," said Arthur hesitantly. "Where is this Pepper Petersen?"

"She'll be here," said Darcy Smith. "All too soon."

She picked up the rest of her packages and went through a white enameled door into what was evidently the kitchen. In a moment she came back again carrying a chicken on a platter. It was a big chicken, brown and luscious-looking and steaming.

Arthur sniffed hopefully. "Say," he said. "Hadn't you better keep that in the oven until Pepper Petersen shows up? It'll get cold."

"It's cold already, you dope," said Darcy Smith. "It's wax."

"Wax?" Arthur repeated, uncomprehending. "But it's steaming."

"That's the dry ice inside it," Darcy Smith said, going back into the kitchen.

Arthur got up and touched the chicken with his forefinger. It was wax.

Darcy Smith returned, carrying a dish of mashed potatoes in one hand and an immense wooden salad bowl in the other.

"Get away," she said. "Don't fool with these potatoes. They're pasteboard, and they crush easily."

"What's the salad made of?" Arthur inquired.

"Cellophane."

Arthur said: "Am I supposed to eat—"

Outside an auto horn blew a brassy: "Tally-ho! Ho-ho!"

"There they are," said Darcy Smith. "Pull the wrinkles out of your jacket and straighten your tie."

TWO more civilians came in. One of them had to be Pepper Petersen. She was tall and exquisitely rounded, and she had black hair, almost—but not quite—like Hedy Lamarr's and brown eyes the size of a well-bred cow's. She said in a throatily thrilling voice, "I'm cold. Is there a drink in the joint?"

"No drinks," said the other civilian. This was a male. He was very short and very broad and entirely bald. He stared around the room with fiercely commanding eyes. "Pfui! What a pigsty! Where is the general?"

Darcy Smith said: "This is Eben Arthur, and—"

"He's too short," said Pepper. "He reminds me of an imitation midget. I can't pose with him."

"He's no general!" said the male civilian.

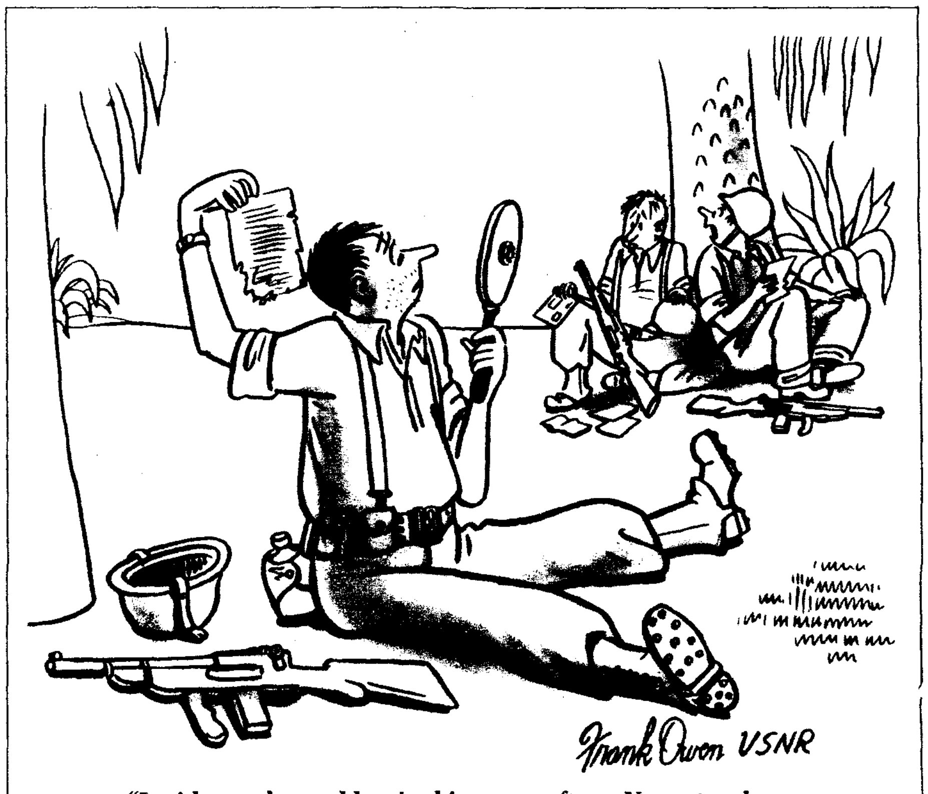
"A sergeant major," said Darcy Smith. "That's better. It gives the democratic touch. Sergeant, this is Pepper Petersen, and this is her manager and director, the Baron Brodaglazu."

"My head aches," said Pepper.

"No drinks," said the baron. "Not now. Sit here with the elbow languishing on the table. So!" He turned fiercely to Arthur. "Now you, stupid-face. Stand at the other end of the table—and smile. . . . *No!* Smile big! With teeth!"

Arthur smiled with teeth.

"That's terrible," said the baron. "But, all right. I work best with difficulties. Here!



"I wish people would write him more often. No matter how he reads it, it's the same old letter he got two months ago!"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN

For All the people

"I WANT to travel by air!"

If that desire lurks in your heart, as it does in the hearts of millions today, give no small credit to the ingenuity and fearless pioneering of private enterprise for making "flight" a dependable and pleasant mode of transportation for all the people.

Long before the war gave aviation such vast impetus, our aircraft and engine makers had designed and built for the Airlines a fleet of super-powered transport giants whose speed and dependability were—and still are—superior to those of any other nation in the world.

With such equipment, the Airlines in turn were able to build and operate the greatest system of domestic and international airways in the world—a system over which millions of passengers, thousands of tons of mail and express now move every year, with more and more people traveling by air every month as more planes are put into service.

In looking to the future, aviation manufacturers are planning even faster and finer planes and equipment and the Airlines are planning vastly expanded operations—a service for all the people all over the country, for business and pleasure at home and abroad—after the war is won.

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.* When you use Air Express *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.* Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington 5, D. C.

✈ ✈ ✈

This advertisement is sponsored by the nation's airlines and leading manufacturers in the aviation industry

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

LEADING THE WORLD IN AIR TRANSPORT

Never thought I'd say this to another man's wife . . .

First I said—

Don't like to sound like a back-fence snoop, Jane, but that's an awful lot of shirts to be hanging out these days.

Just between us, where'd Bill get 'em?

Then she said—

He's always *had* 'em! He never *wore* a lot of them because they needed minor fixing.

And since Uncle Sam wants us to conserve, I went through Bill's shirt drawer and fixed up *every single wearable shirt!*

Now Arrow says-

Congratulations, Lady! That's using your head these wartime days!

But when the time comes for absolutely having to buy a shirt, make sure it's an Arrow.

For only Arrows have the faultless Arrow Collar; the Sanforized label; the Mitoga figure fit; and *anchored* buttons!

If your Arrow dealer finds it hard to satisfy you when you first call, try him again.

Much of Arrow's production is now going to the government. But despite tough wartime conditions, your favorite Arrow dealer is doing a wonderful job!

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

The carving knife in this hand, the fork in this. Put them at the chicken."

"Be careful," Darcy Smith warned. "Don't punch any holes in it."

"Silence!" the baron ordered. "Now, Pepper. Give with the polite sparkle. Now! Keep smiling, stupid-face. All right. Hold it! Lights! They're awful, but never mind. Camera!"

Darcy Smith stood on a chair and took pictures and sat on the floor and took pictures.

"Enough!" said the baron suddenly. "I am overcome with nausea. Pepper, peel down to the bathing suit for the pictures with water. Stupid-face, come here to me."

Arthur walked across the room and sat down.

The baron plopped himself on the chesterfield and said: "Pfui! It is my burden to be afflicted with brainless people always. How long have you been in the Army?"

"Four years," said Arthur.

"How many Nazis have you killed?"

"Well, not any."

"What? In four years I would have killed thousands. I am an anti-Nazi. They are all swine, or worse. They have destroyed my ancestral estate at Brodaglazu. It was magnificent. However, don't sympathize with me. Why haven't you killed any Nazis?"

"I've never seen one. I've been knocking off Japs."

"Japs!" the baron snorted. "Monkeys, spiders, scum! They are beneath my notice. I would stamp them underfoot—splut!—and crush them like so."

"Yeah," said Arthur. It was quite useless to argue with a civilian.

"Pepper!" the baron roared.

"I'm ready," she said, and entered wearing a bathing suit.

ARTHUR opened his mouth and shut it again carefully. It was a white satin bathing suit with big flowers splashed all over it. It was high here and low there, it had no middle at all, and it was full to overflowing with Pepper Petersen.

"Isn't he going to undress, too?" Darcy Smith asked, coming out of the kitchen. "I've got some trunks for him."

"No," said the baron. "He would look too awful. Where is the water?"

"Out this way," said Darcy Smith, opening part of the glass side wall.

In the twilight the narrow pool glistened ominously, slate-gray and smooth.

"Pfui!" said the baron. "At Brodaglazu I would not use this thing for a horse trough. But, no matter. Pepper! Stand over here. You are dipping a toe in the water and stupid-face is holding you from falling."

"He's too short," said Pepper.

"Here's a crate he can stand on," Darcy Smith offered.

"Not there," said the baron. "Behind the diving board so it will not show in the picture. Now put your arm around her in good taste, stupid-face."

"Wait a minute, you," said Pepper. "This is a brand-new bathing suit, and I don't want it smeared. Are your hands clean? Let me see."

Arthur extended his hands, palms out. He kept right on extending them. Pepper stopped looking graceful all of a sudden, and then there was a loud, resounding splash.

"Stupid-face!" the baron roared. "You have pushed her in the pool! I will stamp you to pieces! I will—"

He charged at Arthur with his head down and his hands up. Arthur stepped aside and put out his foot.

There was a louder and even more resounding splash.

"Oh, you half-wit!" Darcy Smith exclaimed. "I know they're impossible, but now you've spoiled everything!"

Arthur took the camera out of her hands and put it carefully down on the grass.

"What?" said Darcy Smith. "What are you— Stop that! Don't you dare push me! Don't you—

"Eeeeeeeee-yup!"

Arthur stared down into the frothing water for a moment and then turned around and walked across the lawn and down the front drive. He was whistling softly and contentedly.

It was eight o'clock on the dot when Arthur came into Bill, the Burgermaster's diner, carrying his folding chessboard under his arm.

"Hi, bub," said Bill, the Burgermaster. Like all mess sergeants, he was long and gaunt and prematurely soured. "I hoped you could make it."

There were no customers left in the diner so Bill, the Burgermaster, slammed the front door shut and bolted it. Arthur set up the pegged chessmen on the board and put it on the counter, and Bill, the Burgermaster, sat down on a handy stool.

"Okay, bub," he said. "Pull in your ears, because I'm going to blow you down."

They were hard at it an hour later when someone rattled the latch and then pounded on the front door. Neither of them paid any attention. Pretty soon there was a bump and a clump, and Darcy Smith came through the door of the cubbyhole where Bill, the Burgermaster, stored his salt and sugar and cracked dishes.

"I knew I forgot something," said Bill, the Burgermaster. "I should've locked the back window."

Darcy Smith rested her elbows on the counter and stared speculatively at Arthur. "I'm not mad or anything," she said. "I'm just curious. Why did you push me into that swimming pool?"

Arthur said politely: "Why did you invite me out to dinner and then serve me waxed chicken with dry ice and pasteboard potatoes?"

Darcy Smith gaped at him. "Well, you dim-wit! Did you think *that* was your dinner? I was going to take you out after we made the pictures and buy you a big feed. Don't you know anything at all about movie publicity gags?"

"Pools and publicity!" Bill, the Burgermaster, exploded. "How can I concentrate with you two blabbering in my ear?"

"Oh, for goodness' sake!" said Darcy Smith. "You've only got two possible moves. Here or here." She moved the chessmen in a casually expert way. "Don't you see it?"

Bill, the Burgermaster, and Arthur looked at the board and then at each other and then at her.

"Close your mouths," Darcy Smith advised. "I teethed on a chessboard. My brother was chess editor, and nearly everything else, on the Sentinel until he joined the Army. I'm substituting for him. Have you got another board around here?"

"Under the counter," Bill, the Burgermaster, said numbly. "Up by the cash register."

Darcy Smith found it, planked it down in front of Bill, the Burgermaster, and placed the men so quickly it was hard to follow her hands. Then she spun Arthur's board around and set up another game.

"Okay," she said. "I'll play you both while I'm cooking up some hamburgers."

BILL, the Burgermaster, looked at Arthur. "If you pushed this girl into a swimming pool, that was certainly a very dumb thing for you to do."

"I know that now," said Arthur. "Miss Darcy Smith, I'm very sorry I pushed you, and I won't do it again."

"It's okay," said Darcy Smith. "I got out of the pool first, and I got some very snazzy pictures of the baron and Pepper hauling each other out. If those pictures don't sell to some big magazine, I'll eat them raw."

Bill, the Burgermaster, tapped Arthur on the shoulder. "Look. Her brother is in the Army, so she's not entirely a civilian. She can cook, she says, and she can certainly play chess. On top of that, she is by no means hideous. So why are you sitting there and looking so stupid?"

"Miss Smith," said Arthur. "Would you accompany me to the GI dance at Hoffman House tomorrow night, please?"

"That's the boy," said Bill, the Burgermaster.

Darcy Smith stared at them. "Somebody is crazy around here, and since I'm in the minority, it must be me," she said. "But yes, Sergeant. I will accompany you to the GI dance, please, with pleasure. Now concentrate on your games, you two. I crave a little competition."

THE END

The Kids on the Block

Continued from page 15

—it hit him very hard. He was listed as the nearest of kin, the friend to be notified, and what sort of friend had he been to Eddie? Here he was, Lester thought, running a little stationery store, with his food and his newspapers and about all he wanted and this kid goes to war and is missing—missing in action in the Pacific. Lester felt guilty, as if this boy had died for him, and he thought that Eddie must have relatives somewhere. He must have someone closer than he was, a good kid like Eddie.

Lester turned his head. "O'Reilly, will you watch the store a minute?"

"Yes, sure."

Lester went across to the grocery store. Frank Nichols had been tending store on that corner for forty years and he had seen many delivery boys come and go, but Eddie had worked there four years, at least. The late-afternoon shopping rush was over and Frank was sitting on an empty beer case back by the icebox.

"Frank," Lester said, "I guess you heard about Eddie Masters."

"Yes, I heard, Lester. I feel bad about it."

Lester sat down on a stool by the counter and lit a cigarette. "I was wondering, Frank, where did Eddie come from?"

"Eddie? Why, I don't know. I suppose he's a New York boy. He was around so much I was thinking he was here from the neighborhood."

"I don't think he was," Lester said.

"Now, let's see," Frank said. "Where did he come from? I remember when he came in and asked for the job, and I put him to work the first day. He was one of the best boys I ever had."

Lester nodded. "Everybody liked Eddie, I guess."

"He caught on fast," Frank said. "He had ideas, that boy." He chuckled. "He was always wanting to make a change and he'd move the potatoes out of one bin and put the cauliflowers there. Said nobody wanted to look at potatoes unless they'd already made up their minds to buy 'em. Cauliflowers were good to look at, he said, and he put 'em up front and moved the potatoes back almost out of sight. That kind of thing."

"Look here, Frank," Lester said. "How about his folks? What do you know about his folks?"

Frank frowned, shook his head. "He lived in a furnished room over beyond Hudson. He didn't live with his folks."

"Where *do* his folks live, Frank?"

"Lester, Eddie never talked about his folks. Now that I think of it I guess Eddie must have been an orphan."

"Looks like it," Lester said. "I got to get back to the store. Where did you say he used to live, Frank?"

"That rooming house other side of Hudson. A Mrs. Williams runs it."

"Okay," Lester said. "Thanks."

As HE crossed the street Lester saw Rose Surabian's bright black hair at the counter in the candy store. He went in. O'Reilly had started to mix a chocolate soda and Lester took it over. As he put it in front of Rose he said, "I had a letter from Eddie a little while ago."

"Did you?" she said, and her eyes met his only for an instant. "He wrote me, too, couple of times."

"He told me to give you his best," Lester said.

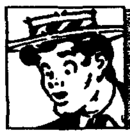
The girl did not speak, and Lester put his elbows on the counter. "Rose, I been thinking about Eddie. I been wondering who his folks were. Did he ever tell you where he came from?"

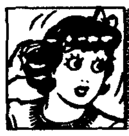
Rose spooned ice cream from her glass. "He used to live some place in New Jersey."

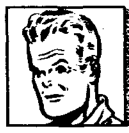
"Where in New Jersey?"

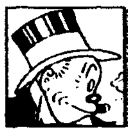
DO YOU KNOW THE FUNNY SHEETS?

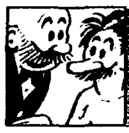
Everyone reads the funny papers—bankers and factory workers alike. Listed below are 12 favorite comics, many of which have been [illegible] 1 through 12) [illegible] example, if you think Li'l Abner is drawn by Bud Fisher your answer would be 1-VI. A score of six is average, 8, very good, over 10, excellent. Answers on page [illegible]. —Joseph [illegible]

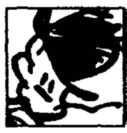

1. Li'l Abner
I. Fontaine Fox

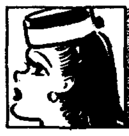

2. Ella Cinders
II. Russ Westover

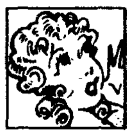

3. Terry and the Pirates
III. Charlie Plumb

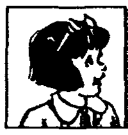

4. Bringing Up Father
IV. Brandon Walsh

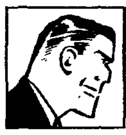

5. Mutt and Jeff
V. Jimmy Murphy

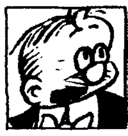

6. Toonerville Folks
VI. Bud Fisher

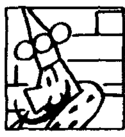

7. Tillie the Toiler
VII. Al Capp


8. Blondie
VIII. George McManus


9. Little Annie Rooney
IX. Chic Young


10. Dick Tracy
X. Milton Caniff


11. Toots and Casper
XI. O. Soglow


12. The Little King
XII. Chester Gould

You can forget about this Alarm Clock ..it won't forget about you

Now available in limited quantities—this model—Price $4.95. Exclusive of Tax.

A GENERAL ELECTRIC Alarm Clock never forgets. Electricity keeps it going day after day . . . eliminates the nuisance of winding and adjusting.

Just set your G-E Clock . . . plug it in . . . and the self-starting G-E motor does the rest.

Electricity keeps your G-E Clock *accurate*, too. It's checked electrically every hour by a master clock at the power company!

The sealed-in, self-oiling General Electric motor gives troubleproof service for years and years. No springs to wear down and make your clock run fast or slow. No balance wheel to get out of kilter.

And this General Electric beauty is really QUIET. No tick-tock to annoy you. Only the big sweep-second hand tells you it's on the job.

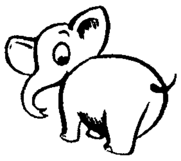
Only a limited quantity of these fine G-E Clocks are available right now. We're not curtailing our war production in any way to produce these clocks. So please be patient with your dealer if he can't supply a G-E Alarm Clock today. General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

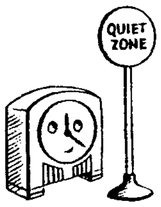
TUNE IN: "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E.W.T., CBS.

FOR VICTORY . . . BUY WAR BONDS NOW

General Electric Clocks

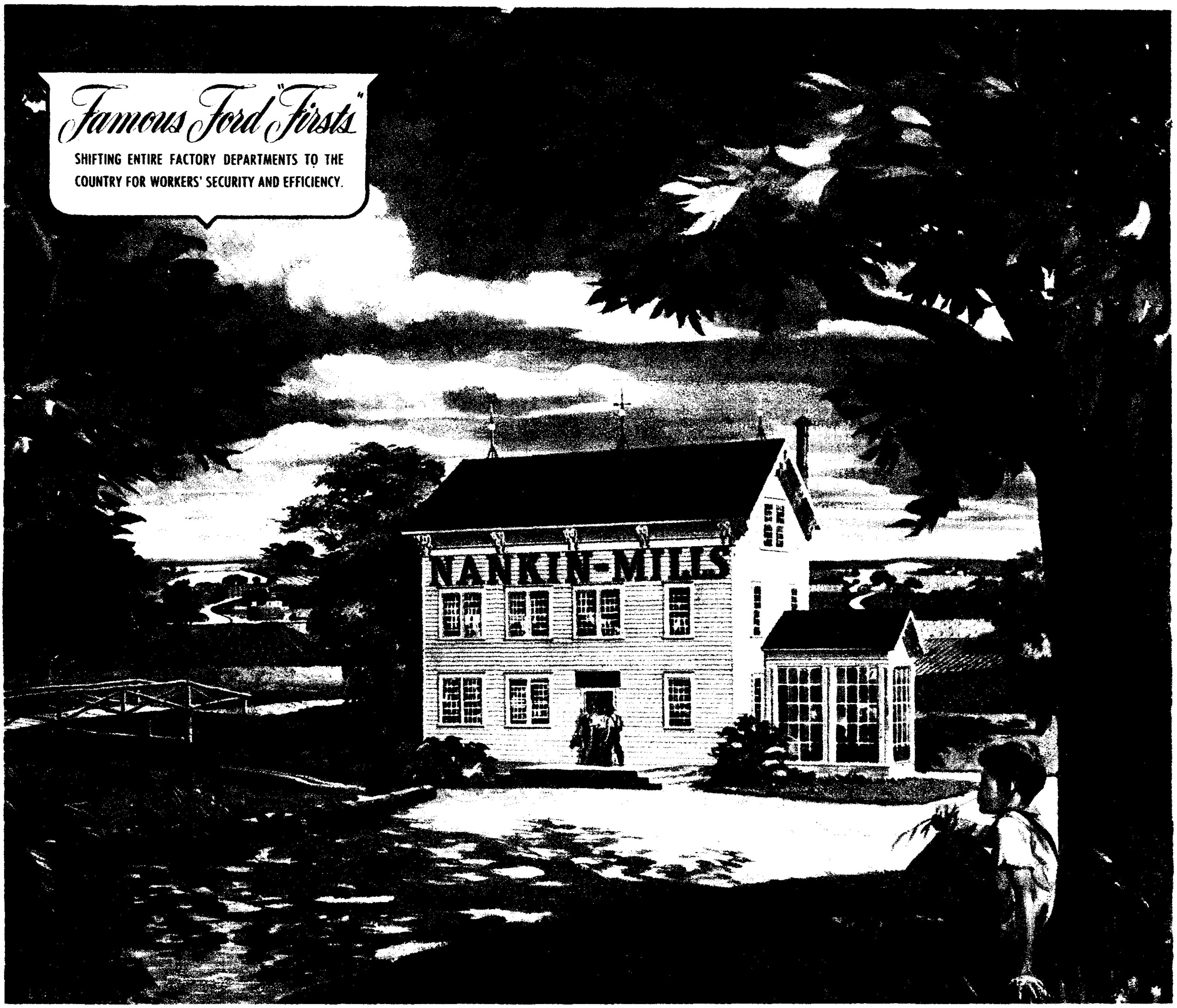
GENERAL ELECTRIC





Famous Ford "Firsts"

SHIFTING ENTIRE FACTORY DEPARTMENTS TO THE COUNTRY FOR WORKERS' SECURITY AND EFFICIENCY.



Nankin Mills—one of the first Ford Village Industries

1st to demonstrate true decentralization

At waterpower sites in Michigan, along the Huron, Rouge and Raisin rivers, you see them—18 "Village Industries" established by Ford.

Here work nearly 5000 men and women who know the peace and security of having "one foot on the soil . . . and one in industry." Many live on their own farms nearby. They earn good cash incomes from their shopwork.

These busy little industries, since 1921, have been setting an example of true decentralization. They are not "branches." They do not duplicate the work of main plants. They are complete production departments which do specific jobs from start to finish.

Such true decentralization, made possible by methods developed in big city shops, spreads its benefits widely. It distributes purchasing power. It assures finer precision workmanship on small items like gages, lamps, and carburetors. And it eliminates power waste.

Mr. Ford visions the time when industry will be made up of "a lot of little centers." And by proving the economic possibilities of this type of decentralization, he has established another in the long line of Ford "firsts."

In the days ahead, when motorcar production is resumed at Ford, America will continue to profit by such forward-looking thinking and planning and doing.

"THE FORD SHOW" Brilliant singing stars, orchestra and chorus. Every Sunday, NBC network. 2:00 P. M., E.W.T., 1:00 P. M., C.W.T., 12:00 M., M.W.T., 11:00 A. M., P.W.T.

EXPECT THE "FIRSTS" FROM FORD!

"He was on a farm there, he said. He knew a lot about farming and he said some day he was going to get a farm of his own. That's what he was working for."

"I never heard him speak of it," Lester said. "Are his folks still there, down on the farm?"

Rose shrugged her shoulders. "He worked on a farm, I told you. It wasn't his folks' farm."

"Where are his folks, then?"

"I don't know, Lester." Her voice rose a little: "I don't know any more about Eddie than you do. He was just one of the boys around here. You know that."

"Eddie thought a lot of you," Lester said. "I thought he might have told you, that's all."

"No, he didn't tell me anything."

Lester studied her for a moment, then said slowly, "You know what the trouble is with you girls? You ain't got a brain in your head. All you can think about is jive and clothes and movies and you don't know a good kid when you see one. Instead you want to run around with a loomph like Joe Ferraro."

"What business is it of yours, may I ask?" Rose said angrily.

"I was just thinking about Eddie," Lester said and turned away.

He walked to the small room in the rear, and put on his coat and hat. He went back through the store, calling, "Take over, O'Reilly, will you?" and went out to the street. He had walked fifty feet toward Hudson when he heard quick heel-steps behind him.

"Look here, Lester," Rose said. "It's none of your business to pry into my affairs, so skip it. I feel just as bad about Eddie as you do. I wish I knew more about him, but I don't."

"Okay, Rose," Lester said.

"He was a sweet boy and I miss him," Rose said. "But he's gone and I've got sense enough to know it. I've got sense enough to forget about Eddie."

"With Joe Ferraro?" Lester asked.

"However I want, Lester. That's my business, not yours."

"Okay, Rose," Lester said and walked on.

LESTER knew Mrs. Williams. She came in sometimes to buy a soda and she rented mysteries from the shabby circulating library Lester conducted in the store. She lived in the basement of the house beyond Hudson Street and she let Lester into a dark room brightened by a wood fire in the fireplace. He told her about Eddie Masters.

"Missing in action?" Mrs. Williams said. "Lester, it would have to be Eddie, wouldn't it? Poor boy. He was almost one of my family."

"I wanted to talk to you about that, Mrs. Williams," Lester said. "I mean about his family. Did he have a family?"

She shook her head. "He was a foundling, I believe. At least he was brought up in a Masonic orphanage in New Jersey, and then he went to work on a farm."

Lester nodded. "Then he didn't have any folks at all, Mrs. Williams."

"I did what I could for him," she said. "I guess all he had was right around here."

"Yes," Lester said. "I guess that's all he had."

The phrase was in his mind again as he left the rooming house—the phrase *Friend, Lester Silver*. This was Eddie's only family, this neighborhood. It was all he had, and Lester had been notified because his little store was the center of it and had been the center of Eddie's life.

Lester was depressed. A human being had a right to have a better friend than he had been to Eddie, he thought. A boy who went in the Navy and was lost in action had some rights, some simple human rights. But he had never given Eddie much thought. He'd been just a kid around the neighborhood, and there were so many of them; generations of them. Lester had passed out lollipops to them all and taken their pennies and watched them grow. Eddie had been just another, but he had given Lester's name as next of kin, and now Lester felt the weight of responsibility, to Eddie and to the neighborhood, growing upon him. He supposed that he had always felt it, and that was why he had put the honor roll in the window, but had that been enough?

Ahead of Lester a girl stepped out on the street and walked briskly toward the corner. He recognized the confident carriage and quick, light steps of Rose Surabian. She had left her father's tailor shop, and as Lester passed he waved his hand to Mike Surabian, who was sitting inside at his sewing machine. On the glass was lettered *We Call and Deliver. Tel. CH-3-5293*. There was something in the assured walk of Rose Surabian ahead of him that told him the number had been called that day.

Lester walked a little faster. He turned the corner just as Rose stepped to a car at the curb and opened the door. He saw Joe Ferraro inside, grinning, with his head turned at the insinuating angle that was characteristic of him.

Lester walked up to the car and said, "I see you spent your nickel, Joe."

"Beat it," Joe said.

Lester put one hand on the door lever and smiled at Rose. "Your pop know who called you on the phone, Rose?"

Rose's face was white with anger; her eyes flashed. "Lester, I told you not to stick your nose in."

"You heard her, Lester," Joe said.

"Your pop know where you're going, Rose?" Lester asked.

"Okay, run tell Pop," Rose said. "Go on. Tell him."

"No," Lester said. "You got to tell him, Rose."

"It looks like he wants to get tough," Joe said with a tight, hard smile.

"I'm not tough," Lester said. "I'm just smart."

"You ain't acting smart, Lester."

"I'm going to make a call in a minute," Lester said. "I'm going to place a bet. I got a tip Rover Boy is a sure thing."

"Okay," Joe said. "Run along and place your bet."

"So I'm going to talk to Nick," Lester went on. "I'm going to tell him it ain't very smart to keep a boy who runs around making trouble in the neighborhood, and I'm going to tell him that boy didn't exactly go roller skating last night. The cops are going to want to know just where he was when that car was robbed over on Waverly Place and it would be just too bad if he had to say he was taking phone bets at Nick's."

"You can go to hell," Joe said.

"Rose, I think you better get out," Lester said and opened the door.

Rose looked at Joe Ferraro. He shrugged his shoulders and looked away.

"Come on, Rose," Lester said and put out his hand.

The girl got out, and Lester felt her hand tremble. Joe put the car in gear and drove off without turning his head. Rose started to pull away, but Lester still held her hand.

"Listen, Rose, I stuck my nose in," he said. "I did it just this once, for Eddie. I won't do it again. You can make up your mind for yourself."

She jerked her hand away and he saw that she was crying softly, bitterly. He pulled out his handkerchief and put it in her hand.

"If you don't get smart now, Rose, you never will," Lester said. "Now is the time to go home and think it over. You think about Joe Ferraro and you stack him up against Eddie. I hope you get smart, but, whether you do or not, I won't tattle to your pop. It's up to you, Rose."

She was snuffling, and mascara had run around her eyes, tracing spidery designs on her cheek. "Okay, Rose?" Lester said.

The girl turned her back but did not speak. Lester reached out and gently patted her shoulder. "You're a good kid," he said softly. "I know that, Rose. But listen here, you're not lucky, any more than Eddie was, so you'd better be smart."

Lester started across the street then turned to look at her again. She still stood where he had left her.

"Keep the handkerchief," he said and walked on.

O'Reilly was behind the counter, mixing sodas. Lester walked through to the back room and hung up his hat and coat. He felt better now about Eddie; he had accepted a little of his responsibility, he thought. He believed that Rose was a good kid and it would work out all right. At least, he had done that much to claim friendship with Eddie.

HE WENT behind the counter and took over. O'Reilly returned to his newspaper by the radio, and it was a long time later, after Lester had served the sodas and put up a pint of ice cream for Mrs. Eldridge, that he moved along the counter and put his elbows down. There was no one in the store then but Lester and O'Reilly.

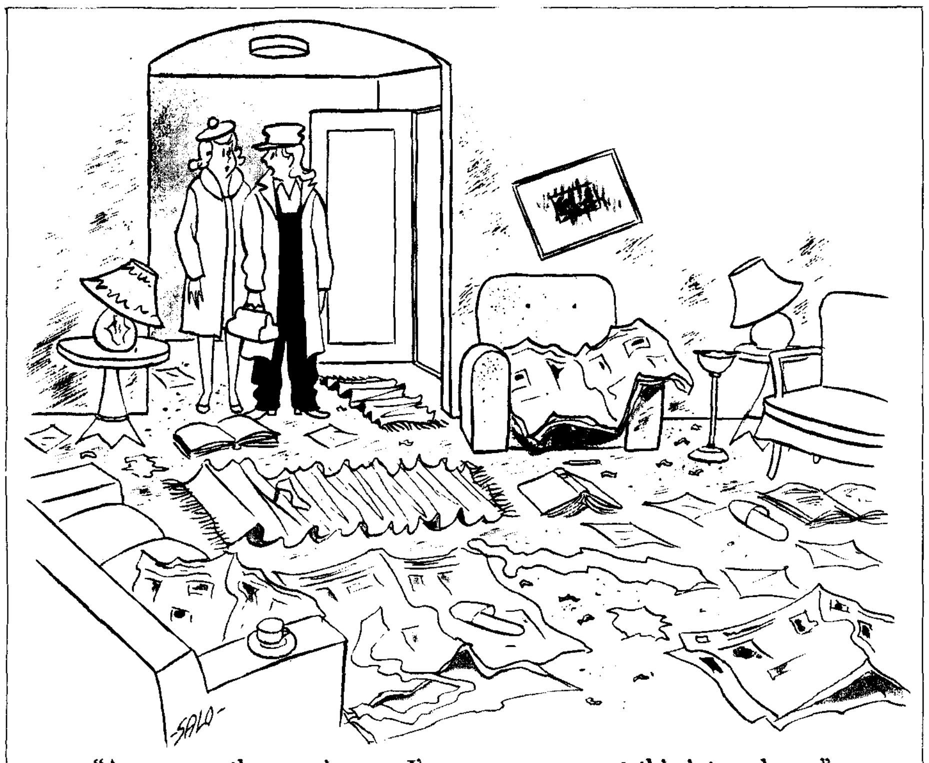
Lester lit a cigarette and flicked the match onto the floor. The light came down on him from above, on the worn tan jacket and the colorless face, and he wore an expression as drab and commonplace as the jacket, but there was a shine in his eyes.

"I've been thinking it over, O'Reilly," he said, "and you know what I think? I believe Eddie will turn up again."

The door opened and O'Reilly looked up. He nodded. "It could be, Lester, but I wouldn't plan on it."

"See that little fella coming in?" Lester said, and he was smiling. "Look at him. He's got two pennies in his hand and he's going to stand and pick out his two lollipops one at a time, one for each penny. You see what I mean, O'Reilly? That could be Eddie now."

THE END

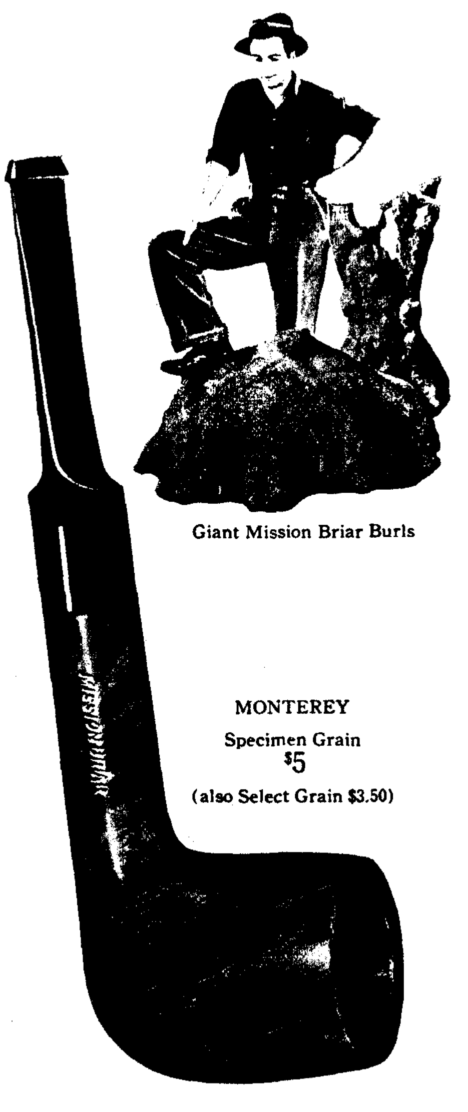


"As soon as the war is over I'm gonna reconvert this into a home"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

Not a temporary Pipe, but One of Real Merit and True Beauty—from Sunny California

MONTEREY PIPES



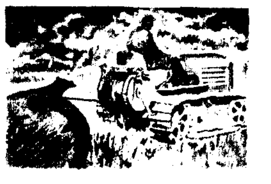
Giant Mission Briar Burls

MONTEREY
Specimen Grain
$5
(also Select Grain $3.50)

MISSION BRIAR

RARE GROWTHS THAT GROW JUST ABOVE-GROUND—MELLOW WITH TIME

Like rare burl-growths from other Continents, MISSION BRIAR is old, complex in grain, and hard to find. Comes from California's MISSION Country. Millions of acres of Briar Shrub produce only a small percentage of the crown-growths, called burls. This burl—where the fine texture is—is what makes a superior pipe, of beauty, durability and sweetness, fine of flavor, cool to smoke. Look for MONTEREY PIPES, made of MISSION BRIAR, at your dealer's, Select Grain, $3.50; Specimen Grain, $5.



Operation No. 2, Pulling Mission Briar burls from the ground, with tractor and Burl-Hook. Next advertisement will show Seasoning the Mission Briar.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO
PHILIP MORRIS & Co.
NEW YORK MADE IN U.S.A. LONDON
BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO

BOND STREET

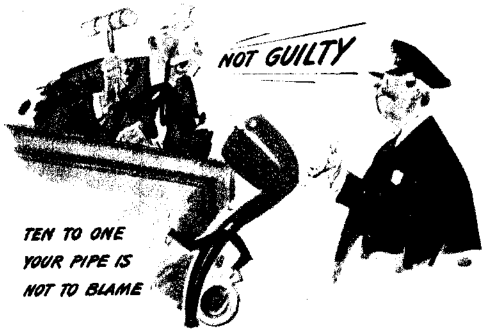
A Genuine and very different Aromatic Mixture

Contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in popular-price blends . . . wonderful flavor and aroma, even the ladies approve. Smooth, cool and clean-burning.

TWO GRAND PIPE MIXTURES

with the *bite out* and the flavor *in!*

offered by PHILIP MORRIS


NOT GUILTY
TEN TO ONE YOUR PIPE IS NOT TO BLAME

- It is not the fault of your pipe—when it begins to taste like a combination of barbed-wire and old Christmas neckties . . . or just "flat"—like nothing at all. Look to your tobacco, Mister . . . don't blame the pipe! Case dismissed.

- Here are two fine tobaccos, for your judgment.

One is almost certain to delight you . . . to make your pipe smoke sweeter and taste better than ever before.

So we suggest you try them. Either one first. Then the other.

You'll find both extra good . . . smooth and cool-smoking . . . with a world of flavor *in* . . . and with "the bite *out!*"

A Philip Morris advance in preparing fine tobaccos accounts for that—and here's the evidence:

HARD-BOILED PROOF Laboratory measurement of the irritation ("bite") in the smoke, indicates that the average of *six* other leading, popular pipe tobaccos is over THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING as REVELATION! Since BOND STREET also is produced by the same Philip Morris method, you'll find this goes for BOND STREET too!

Your favorite tobacco counter has both REVELATION and BOND STREET. What can you lose? You may gain—*a new high in enjoyment of your pipe!*

EITHER 15¢

REVELATION
SMOKING MIXTURE
THE PERFECT PIPE TOBACCO
"It's Mild and Mellow"
MADE IN U. S. A.

REVELATION

One of the world's most Perfectly Balanced Blends

[illegible] "flavor-blend" of five different, [illegible] . . . cut five different ways; [illegible] cool and even—every puff a pleasure.

Try them—separately—or mix them to your taste.

New Orleans' Private War

Continued from page 27

The guest well advised may ask for Trout Marguery. Clean your trout, cut into fillets tenderloin, roll, put in pan with three tablespoons of butter, and use salt and pepper. Add a half glass of water, bake in hot oven, place on platter and add a sauce made as follows: Beat the yolks of two eggs, drip a half pound of melted butter into them in a double boiler or on a slow fire and stir until thick. Add about a dozen shrimp, juice of a lemon, a half can of mushrooms, two truffles sliced (if you can get them), and pour over trout.

Another favorite is Crab-Okra Gumbo. For this, a dozen crabs, a tablespoon of lard, a quart of okra, a piece of ham (for additional flavoring), a chopped onion, and the following seasonings: bay leaf, parsley, thyme, salt, pepper, and a drop or so of Tabasco if desired. Clean, stem and cut okra into small bits. Scald the crabs, remove legs, clean and quarter them. Fry the okra in the lard with the ham. Put two quarts of water in a pot with the crab parts and add the seasoning. Boil gently for an hour, then serve with boiled rice.

Some like best the *poulet chanteclair*, a well-reared, two-pound chicken, carefully done to death, then dropped into claret to soak overnight, then baked with mushrooms, bacon and other things. What happier way for a chicken to die?

A few more-timid customers say they want "just ham and eggs." For that, the tactful assistant has a secret weapon. Perhaps Monsieur would like one of the restaurant's versions of that American staple—say Eggs Benedict. Eggs are poached, ham broiled, the combination topped with a dressing compounded of many things, including French imagination. Or Eggs Sardou—egg poached on a heart of artichoke, covered with a rich Hollandaise sauce, mushroom or truffle on top.

The new guests do not conduct themselves in quite the punctilious way of the old regime. Some of them may even *not* have wine with their food.

Roy Alciatore, third in his line of restaurants, has said, "Don't order a good meal and expect to enjoy it with ice water. It will be like an expensive automobile equipped with hard tires." But many Americans have not yet acquired this habit.

Occasionally one will order beer with a subtly flavored dish such as breast of turkey *en papillote* (that old paper bag again). The waiter winces: "Beer—it is for delicatessen."

One of the managers shrugged: "I see many little errors these days. Look at that waiter. He doesn't hold out the chairs or reach over at once to take the gentleman's hat."

Another, with resigned regret: "I walked into the dining room and what did I find? The man called for the check and paid for it, *while the dishes were uncleared on the table.*" Pausing to let that sink in, he added: "Sometimes I am glad Papa is not here any more. He would feel so bad."

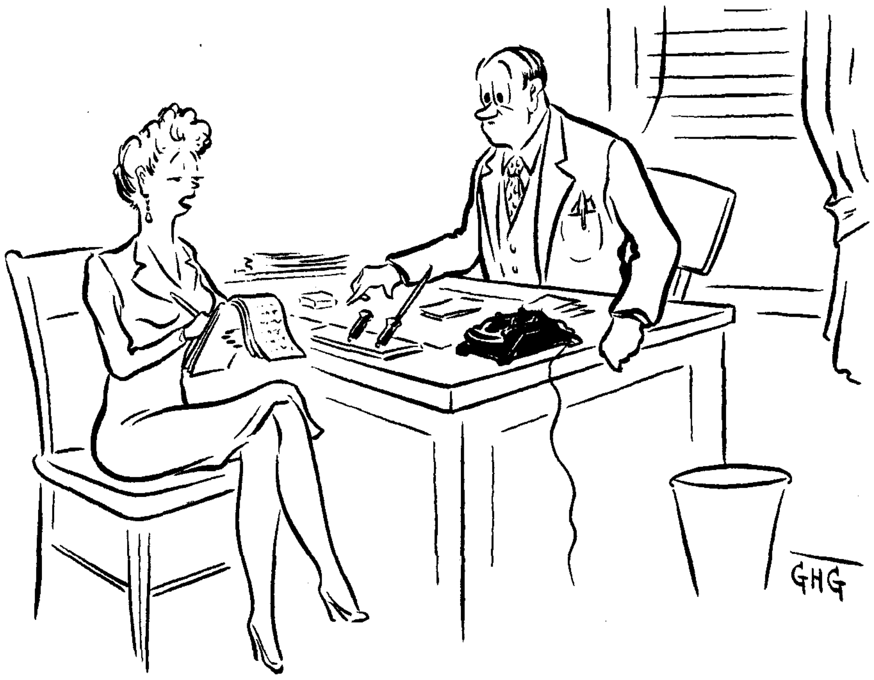
Managers, though, are particularly happy that their new patrons are so appreciative. Not like some of the old cranks of former days, who would eat in one place and praise another. They cherish the expression of gustatory delight that came to one Oscar Smith when he first lifted to his lips a forkful of chicken-in-wine. And no Frenchman ever enjoyed his Shrimp Rémoulade better than one Irish-American who, when he had consumed the shrimp, without hesitation did the thing any Gallic connoisseur would have done. He used part of the crisp loaf of New Orleans bread to sop up the last of the sauce.

Progress and Prosperity

The struggle of democracy and gastronomy will probably end in a draw. The conflict may be a long one. A good percentage of the new Louisiana industries seem permanent; tremendous gas and oil discoveries and a great seaway below New Orleans point to long-time economic improvement for the general area. People will keep coming in, and liking their food; and the owners will whimper but maintain their standards. If they lose a few pounds, the managements of Antoine's, Arnaud's, Broussard's, La Louisiane and the other places will still maintain their plump reputation, and also create larger credit entries at the bank. It seems a good compromise.

The war is doing another democratic thing here. It is breaking up a caste system, the dynasties among the waiters. In the old days at one place, busboys served ten-year apprenticeships, before they could consider even the possibility of graduating to waiter. They were thirty or over before they could ask a customer what he wanted. The other day one ancient die-hard hissed angrily: "Look at that one there. Not dry be'hin' the ears, and a waiter already, at twenty-five!"

THE END



"All right, I'll read it back to you:

COLLIER'S

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Singing in the Rain

Blackie: "I love a nice shower, don't you, Whitey?"

Whitey: "Rain or shine, Blackie, every day is right for BLACK & WHITE."

You can always trust BLACK & WHITE to add a cheerful note to any weather. For this great Scotch has a pleasing character. You can depend upon its quality today, tomorrow, always —just as before the war.

"BLACK & WHITE"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y. · SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

Salome on Rye

By Michael Sheridan

Her studio and the press agents had quite a few ideas about Yvonne de Carlo. All of them, apparently, were quite wrong

I GOT the idea one afternoon that I would like to have dinner with the most beautiful girl in the world. I pictured us in an intimate banquette, with pink-shaded lights and practically nothing showing above the tabletop but the most beautiful girl in the world.

She would order ortolan tongues, and the waiter would say, "We ain't got none." He would ask her if she didn't know there was a war on.

Then I would punch his nose for him and call for the captain, the maître d'hôtel, the manager and a guy named Gus who owned the joint. "Look," I would say, "do you realize that you have refused to gratify the wish of the most beautiful girl in the world?"

Then they would all go away and come back shortly with a mound of ortolan tongues, smothered in mushrooms. The captain would pour a bottle of Napoleon brandy over it and set it afire.

The most beautiful girl in the world would say, "Isn't it pretty? I'll have some ham and eggs," and the evening would go on from there, and long before the third highball (mine), and the third orange juice (hers), I would be able to find out just what it took to make this Yvonne de Carlo the most beautiful girl in the world. That, I fondly imagined, would be a cinch.

As long as the ortolan tongues held out, I would also find out just what else it was that enabled her to star in Universal's $2,000,000 technicolor tidbit titled, Salome, Where She Danced! But of course it didn't happen that way at all. In one minute flat, ortolan tongues were out, the maître d'hôtel, a personable and prosaic gent, spoke the King's English, and the most beautiful girl in the world revealed that she had a mind of her own.

The Lady Knows Her Eats

Given a list of six places to dine, she picked instead a spot in Beverly Hills, where the palm trees sway in the wind, the braziers stand well-lit, warm and inviting, and the acacia trees shed their tiny leaves. There one of Yvonne's long, pale hands summoned the waiter. *"We'll* have steak *minute,* with *pommes Parisienne,* and lots of broccoli."

"Sauce Hollandaise," said the waiter automatically.

She shook her head. "Polonaise," she said firmly.

I was looking at the wine list, and Yvonne de Carlo stared wistfully over at it, too. "I love *Liebfraumilch,"* she said. "A still wine goes so well with the *diable* sauce. But I'm only twenty, so I can't have any. What's more, I shall be twenty for the next three years, so by the time I can drink it the vintage will be *épuisé."* Miss de Carlo, as you will gather, speaks French.

Three minutes went by. A very full and satisfying three minutes in which this writer was taking in a profusion of luxuriant brown-black hair dotted with red camellias; a vivid, rich, very red mouth, and the pink lobe of an ear like a shell nestling against the translucent skin.

Time enough, also, to wonder at the appetite of the most beautiful girl in the world tackling a man's dish, and to ponder everything that had gone before: How one night she had staked out on the studio back lot an effective and quite effortless bid for movie fame and fortune.

Producer Walter Wanger it was, who had scoured the country for a girl to fulfill all the requirements of (a) the most beautiful damsel in the world, and (b) an actress who could act, sing and dance, to boot. The photographs poured in, 21,348 of them—and one stood out. This was a picture submitted by twenty-one young bombardiers of the Royal Canadian Air Force in Saskatchewan. They had written in for her portrait when she was a bit player at Paramount. They sent it back, two years later, when Mr. Wagner started his search. To her surprise, she got the part.

All Press Agentry Recoils

That should have made everybody happy, but it didn't. There was a snag somewhere. And what a snag! Strong, not so silent studio praise agents came, saw and wondered. And having done all three, legend has it that many quietly folded their portable typewriters and stole silently away. What they had discovered was that this Miss de Carlo was not running true to Hollywood form in three respects: as the most beautiful girl in the world, as a French-Canadian girl of unquestionable upbringing, and as an actress in good standing. At least that was the story.

For one thing, they had said, she didn't know how to handle the press. She was shy almost to the point of reticence. Miss de Carlo just couldn't manage to turn on either her smile, her voice, or her charm at the mere drop of a newspaperman's hat.

But so far, Miss de Carlo showed no outward evidence of that—not now, as she unpinned her solitary white gardenia from one side of the pitch-black velvet of her rather revealing bodice. "They smell heavenly, gardenias, but overpoweringly, I'm afraid." She smiled, and you could tell why that kind of a smile couldn't be turned on at the mere will of a press agent. It was that real.

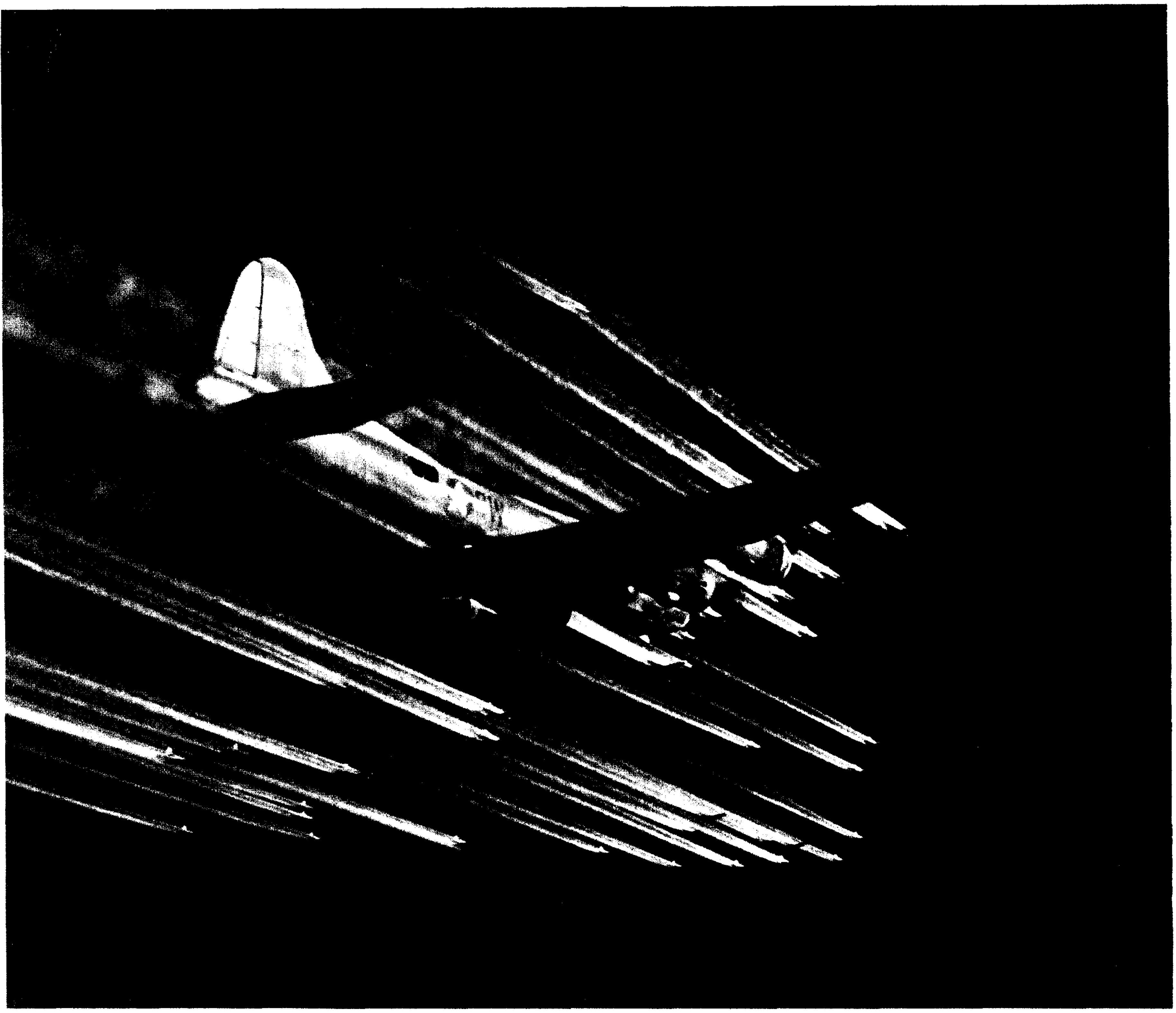
Blame it on the atmosphere, blame it on a gullible guy dining alone with the most beautiful girl in the world; blame it, if you like, on the girl herself—but all this didn't fit in with what they said had gone before. Things like twisting her paper napkin at the end of a luncheon interview and planking it in her plate of unfinished food. Hardly the gesture of the M.B.G.I.T.W.

On another occasion the large and limpid eyes of Miss de Carlo gazed unfalteringly at another newspaperman all through his long spiel about Italian food in general, and the merits of chicken *cacciatore* in particular. At the end of five minutes, feeling she should say something, and greatly encouraged by a kick on the shins from the studio press contact, Yvonne murmured enthusiastically, "If you like Italian food so much, you must have tried my favorite dish, chicken *cacciatore."*

Things have been happening like that ever since. One day Miss de Carlo, not informed as to the name of her fiancé of the week, broke an engagement that wasn't due to start till the following Monday's column.

Yvonne has a small, very pretty face, with the largest and occasionally the saddest pair

(Continued on page 60)



Official photo, U. S. A. A. F.

Finish the Fight—with War Bonds

To a finish

Over what is left of Germany, the long, white lances of their vapor trails still streak the frosty sky. For the Boeing Flying Fortresses are doing their part to finish the job with the daylight precision bombing they started in August of 1942.

Day after day and month after month for nearly three years they have kept up their pounding of Nazi factories and communications. The Luftwaffe at its strongest could never turn them back. Fighting through to their objectives in daylight, valiant Fortress crews have dropped their bombs with deadly precision on enemy targets. By helping to smash German airpower at its source and in the skies, the big bombers saved countless Allied casualties when the time came to invade the Continent.

The "Forts" have earned a place forever in the hearts of Army Air Forces veterans . . . men who have done the flying and manned the guns, trusting their lives to the rugged staunchness of their planes in battle after battle over the Reich . . . and loyal ground crews who have sweated out those missions, praying the big ships in.

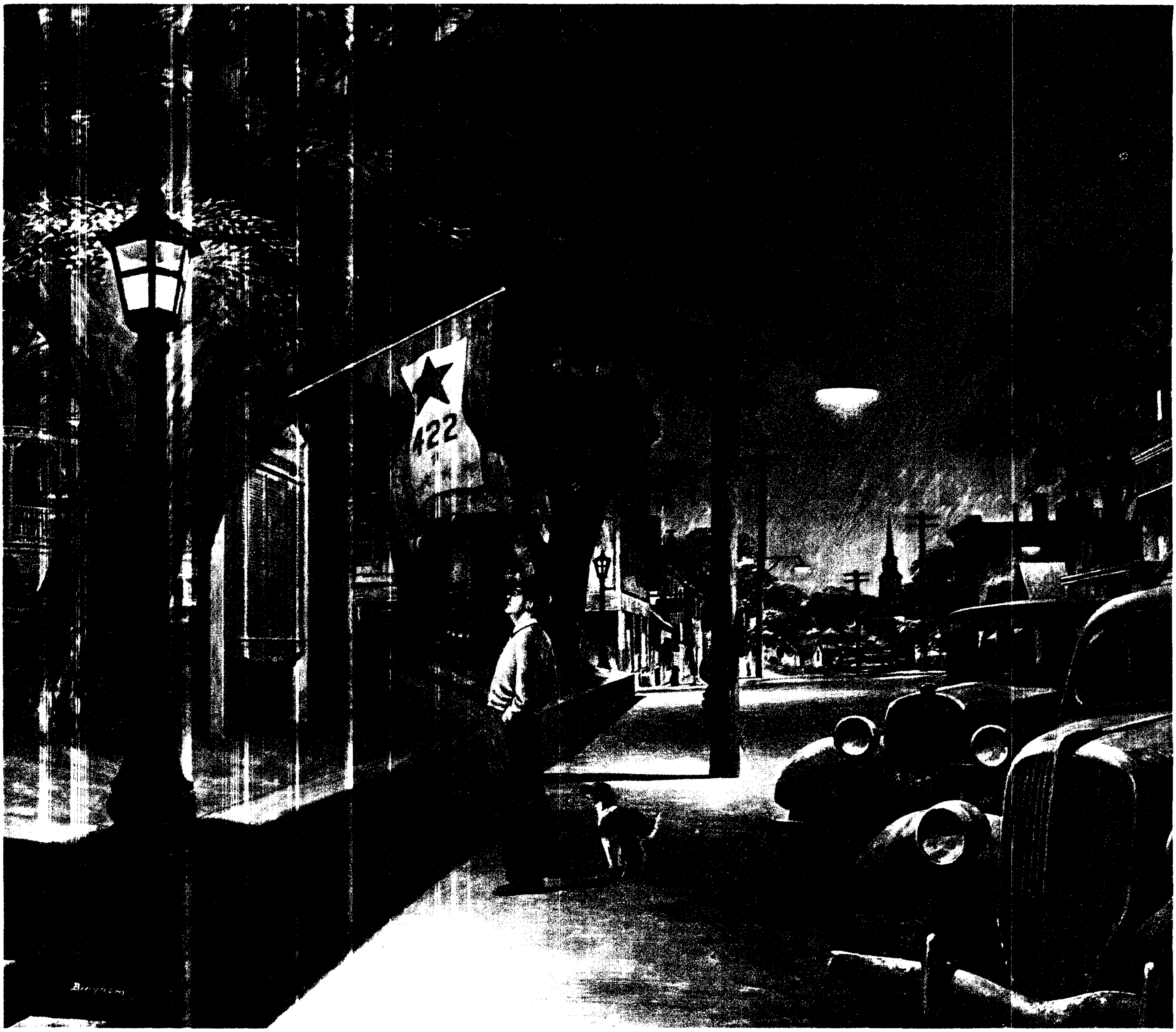
The B-17's are going right on with the job. And with their giant brothers, the Boeing B-29 Superfortresses, they'll be striking mighty blows as long as this war lasts.

Today, while other plants continue to build the Boeing Fortresses, all Boeing's own resources and manpower are being concentrated on B-29 production — meeting the Army's need for bigger, faster, longer range bombers to press the attack on Japan. The B 17's and B-29's represent Boeing's effort to give American airmen weapons worthy of their skill and courage.

When victory is won, the same abilities in design, engineering and manufacture which have established Boeing leadership in the big bomber field will turn to peacetime aircraft. You can know of any product . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's built to lead.

DESIGNERS OF THE B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW STRATOCRUISER
THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING



Spring Again

Four hundred and twenty-two stars . . . that's a pretty big slice out of a town that was so proud to reach 3500 in the 1940 census. . . . And there weren't many of those boys I didn't know . . . called most of them by their first names.

Used to be, on a spring night like this, they made Main Street gay enough . . . singing and hollering at each other and sitting on the front porches with the girls.

Seems to me a small town is a good place to grow up . . . a place with a little old bandstand in the square, and lawns and gardens around the houses . . . a place close to the ground. Makes no difference if it's in Connecticut or Kansas. It's America.

I'd like to see those boys again. It's been a long time now, and they don't get home on leave from camp any more. . . . The letters they write come across oceans, from far-off places, with queer, outlandish names we never heard of before and will never forget. Some of them won't be back . . . there are quite a lot of gold stars in our flag now, and we know there'll be others.

But there's something you and I can do about it besides waiting and wishing and praying.

We can pull our belts a notch tighter. We can work harder. We can buy War Bonds and *more* War Bonds to arm and supply them . . . strengthen and protect them . . . speed the day of their return.

CONTRIBUTED TO THE WAR EFFORT BY CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Flame-in-the-Forest

Continued from page 19

that fringe of feathers and playing peekaboo with the gaping public in front of its cage.

Not only did Cordier bring back three specimens of the greatest avian rarity of tropical America, but eighteen Costa Rican quetzals. Only one solitary specimen had ever been exhibited before, and naturally such a flock of them was enough to make any zoo turn handsprings, for the quetzal (by those who have never seen a scarlet cock of the rock fresh from the jungle) is often called the most beautiful bird in the New World.

Several of these were magnificently plumed males, with upper tail coverts of iridescent blue-green-gold that trailed for eighteen inches as the creature fluttered through the air. But the Bronx Zoo had seen quetzals before—in fact, in 1937 it was the first zoo to exhibit the closely similar Honduran quetzal. The quetzals were lovely and wonderful, but the umbrella birds were to us and to the public the great prizes of the Cordier expedition to Costa Rica; and, like most prizes, the getting of them took a terrific amount of effort.

On the Trail of a Rare Specimen

When Cordier left New York on his collecting expedition, the umbrella bird was at the top of his list of "wanted" specimens, but apparently it was a bird that existed only in books of ornithology. Not only had zoological gardens never exhibited one (although a single specimen lived for a time in a private aviary in England), but the very reference books had little to say; little that would be useful to a collector, at any rate. They did say that a form known as *Cephalopterus ornatus glabricollis,* the bare-necked umbrella bird, lived in Costa Rica and western Panama. And so, in the first few days after his arrival in San José, Costa Rica, Cordier ferreted out all the retired field collectors who had worked on Costa Rican ornithology. The oldest and most experienced of them admitted that on his innumerable field trips he had seen the umbrella bird only once. He produced a reference book. "The umbrella bird is to be found from sea level up to over 10,000 feet on the Atlantic side and is everywhere rare," it stated.

It was not an auspicious beginning, but Cordier got hold of a large-scale map and selected that portion of Costa Rica which looked most untouched—a region with barely a suggestion of a trail. He reasoned that the umbrella bird, being rather big and dumb, and consequently an easy prey to hunters, could hold its own only in sparsely settled country.

On March 28th, at four o'clock in the morning, the quest of the umbrella bird officially began. Cordier and two temporary companions piled their equipment into two taxicabs and in the dark hours before dawn were whisked over excellent but narrow roads in a northwest direction toward the great Central Plateau. Beyond the settlement of Zapote, at 6,000 feet, the usefulness of the mechanized equipment came to an end, and Cordier's helpers started discreet inquiries about getting an oxcart, the backbone of the country's transportation system.

From a distance Cordier overheard their lengthy dickerings.

Proprietor of the oxcart: "Last time when I carried a load of sixteen hundred pounds to a place much closer, I was paid fifteen colones (about $3)."

Helper: "For a load of only four hundred pounds (a slight understatement) to a spot only half an hour farther on (in strict fact, about two hours) we will pay you ten colones."

Proprietor: "Yes, but think how much more I could get if the cart were fully loaded."

Helper: "All right, if you insist, we can make up a full load by piling on stones."

That rather silly argument clinched the deal.

Late in the afternoon they reached the banks of the San Carlos and the tumble-down ranch house that was to be their headquarters.

Cordier started spreading the news to the few cattlehands and homesteaders living near by of the wonderful opportunities offered by disclosing the whereabouts of the *pavoncillo*—the little peacock—a bird half the size of a vulture, with a big crest, all black, with a naked red throat from which hung a piglet's tail with four or five feathers on the end of it. Such was his highly unscientific description of *Cephalopterus ornatus glabricollis.*

He seemed to have stumbled into great luck. Everybody beamed. They knew the bird very well. A bit rare, perhaps, very hard to see, but turning up when one least expected it. "Why, only the other day I shot one," one fellow told him.

"What day was that?" Cordier asked eagerly.

"Well . . . let's see . . . I came here two and a half years ago. It was after the first crop of beans I harvested. Come to think of it, that was the first and last time I saw the *pavoncillo.*"

Cordier chuckled over that story. "I have often thought about the eagerness of natives to tell strangers a pleasing story," he said. "To them, apparently, the whole quest makes no sense at all and they think it good to let the truth dawn on the stranger's mind by degrees. Besides, if he stays longer he is bound to spend some money—foreigners are simply rotten with it—and some of it may come their way."

Word of his quest spread through the mountains, and, eventually, following up the most promising leads, he arrived at a clump of dead orange trees where the "crow"—as the umbrella bird was called in this part of the country—was supposed to be found. There, the next morning, his guide pointed to a black bird in a medium-sized tree. The bird's back was turned to them, but they worked nearer until it spotted them and flew off parallel to the trail. Cordier just managed to see its crest. It was *Cephalopterus* all right. There really was such a bird! For twenty-one days he had been on its trail relentlessly, and this was it.

Observations that day proved that something about his calculations was wrong. The umbrella birds were not stupid; they were very much on the alert, and perched much too high to fit in with his preconceived plan for catching them.

For a week he made regular visits to the dead orange trees, staying there all day and studying the habits of the birds that habitually came to the grove. No one had ever made such a detailed study of the life of the umbrella bird, and his observations were real contributions to ornithology, but Cordier was not thinking of science while he lay in a hot thicket and watched the "crows." He was memorizing the routine of an umbrella bird's day for his own very practical purposes.

Half an hour before daylight, he found, the bird heralds the sun with resounding boomings, first in the highest branches of the tallest trees. After this early calling, the umbrella bird makes a dive and alights on the lowest branch where he is accustomed to passing most of the daylight hours—figuratively speaking, his armchair. There he lets forth a further series of calls and then in the twinkling of an eye he is again a hundred feet above ground, feeding on the fruit of the sloth tree, which grows very tall in this area.

Having fortified himself, he notices his rivals, who are making a similar din. Wrathfully he alights on his rivals' trees, fifty to a hundred yards distant, and tries to chase them off, all the while giving out his calls. A third and a fourth bird or maybe more are attracted by the commotion and join the chase. Black shapes flit back and forth, up and down in the dim light. Twenty to thirty minutes later, it is suddenly quiet. The birds have disappeared to feed on something more fanciful than the seeds of the sloth tree.

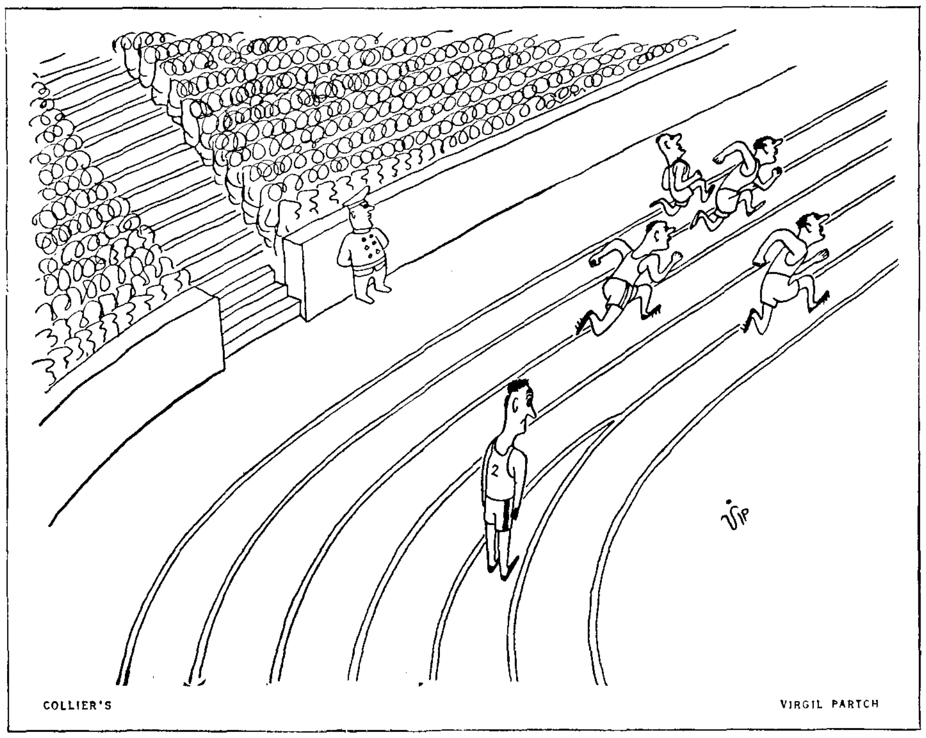
It is now around six o'clock. By seven, the bird is back, very quiet, chock-full of fruit, and he remains absolutely motionless for forty minutes to an hour. From time to time, he expels the pits of the fruit he is digesting. He feels contented, blows out the air sac on his throat and gives forth a long-drawn, low *moooh.* Occasionally he notices a leaf, breaks it off, and, after a time, lets it fall. He goes off again to feed, this time darting through the treetops and vanishing in a straight, rapid flight above the highest trees.

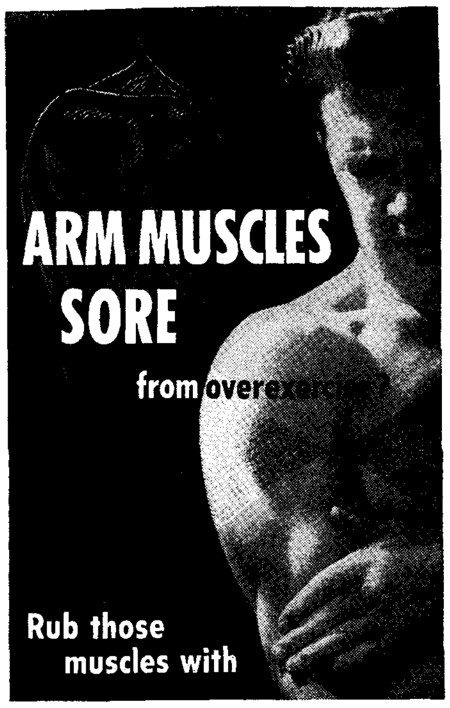
Between nine and ten o'clock, *Cephalopterus* is back again. He decides to visit his rivals once more, but this time the fieriness of his temper is gone. Three, four birds are in a single tree, chasing one another mildly. A few carry small dead sticks in their beaks and from time to time utter low chuckling sounds. Sometimes they quarrel and voice their protests with a throaty *oooaaahh,* repeated over and over

Good Imitation of a Tiger

Feeding and digesting take up the rest of the day. Sometimes late in the afternoon the bird will give another booming session. In order to produce his resounding call, the umbrella bird fills out his air sac, which is bright scarlet, the size of a big tomato, the feather-tipped, fleshy wattle attached to the air sac becoming greatly extended and hanging down three or four inches. When the air sac is distended, the boom is produced. Then he suddenly throws his head violently back, far back, and quickly forward again, expelling the air with a swishing sound closely resembling the spitting of a big cat. Close at hand, the spitting or swishing sound can easily bring panic to the ignorant traveler, who may flee from the "tiger" in fear of his life. No wonder this particular spot was reputed to harbor many jaguars.

After having studied for several days, Cordier had to attend to the bird's capture. Full of confidence he hung up pocket nets in





ABSORBINE Jr.

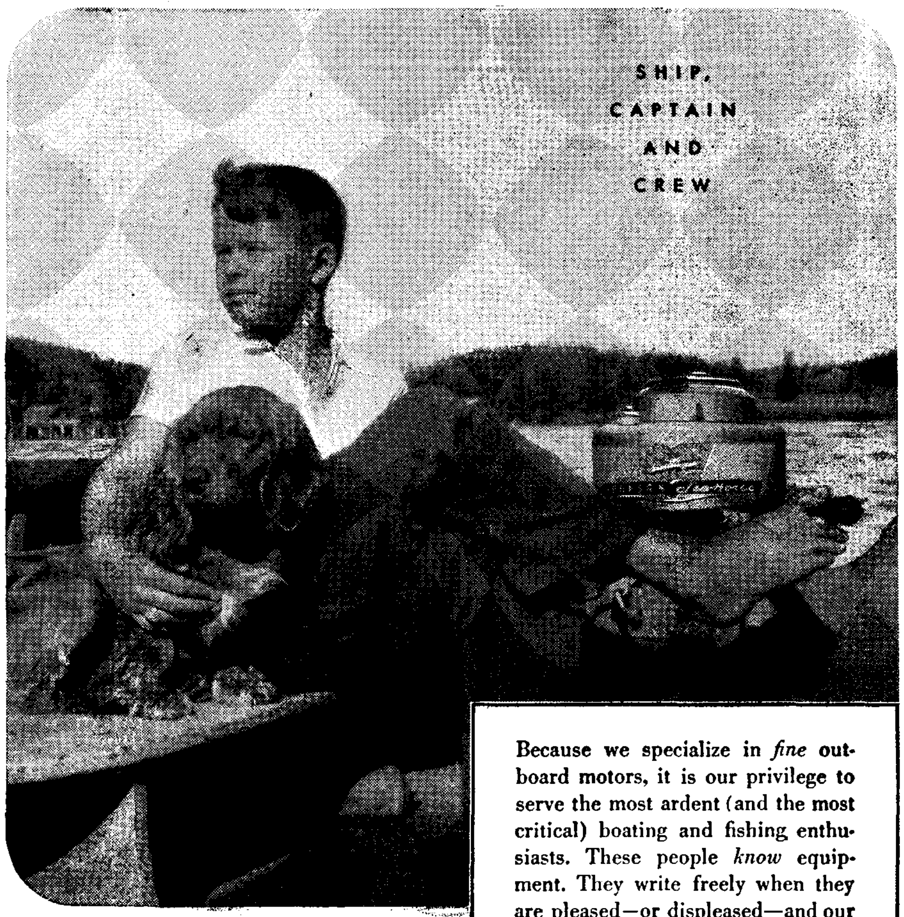
● Yes! You can help ease the torment of muscle soreness caused by too much exercise! Rub those muscles with a little Absorbine Jr. Famous for over 50 years, Absorbine Jr. is cooling and invigorating. As you rub it in you feel a mild "glow," pain seems to drift away. Keep Absorbine Jr. handy. At all drugstores $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

B
Sterling
Hall
by Briarcraft
PREFERRED
for smoking quality
and
fine craftsmanship
$3.50

There are some things that win you from the start, and grow more cherished as time rolls on. A Sterling Hall Pipe is like that. Its beautiful grain, inlaid Sterling Silver band and rich, hand-rubbed satin finish immediately proclaim superior pipe craftsmanship. And the mellow, satisfying smoke you enjoy shows that your first impression of Sterling Hall was right. It's an ultra-fine pipe in every way. At better shops in a full range of models, individually boxed. $3.50

BRIARCRAFT, INC., NEW YORK 16, N.Y.



Because we specialize in *fine* outboard motors, it is our privilege to serve the most ardent (and the most critical) boating and fishing enthusiasts. These people *know* equipment. They write freely when they are pleased—or displeased—and our daily work is pleasantly spiced with such letters as the one printed here in condensed form. The complete letter, with illustrations, has been made up into a booklet. A copy is yours for the asking. The booklet includes pictures and descriptions of Sea-Horse outboard motors.

JOHNSON MOTORS, Waukegan, Ill.

"I am a fishwife!

"Or so it seems after being married nineteen years to a fishin' fool—and three outboard motors. When I promised at the altar to take 'for better or worse' I didn't know then that three motors were included in the bargain!

"For the first six or seven years of our married life, bottles, babies and bass all ran together and I admit I was jealous of my husband's other loves—his three Johnson outboard motors.

"About the time our sons shifted from diapers to training panties, Father insisted that fishing should become a family affair, so our sons were literally brought up in the wet end of a boat.

"Our sons have grown up with Sea-Horses. And learned from them. A lot of water has gone under the propellers since baby hands were too unsure to hold the steering handle—until now when they completely dismantle and re-assemble the motors.

"From our Sea-Horses they have learned care and love of machinery. Also that responsibility attends privilege. They know that self-reliance is based upon knowledge and that timidity and non-performance are due to ignorance or carelessness or both. Mother Nature, capably assisted by Johnson, has taught them that which is *understood*, whether tide, man or motor, need not be feared. In fact, if I feel any jealousy now towards outboards, it is because I think they may have taught more worthwhile and lasting lessons than I have!

"So this is just a 'fan-mail' letter of appreciation which shows a 'fishwife's' change of heart. And I enclose one of my favorite pictures of our younger son, Bob, which I call, 'Ship, Captain and Crew.' It is typical, for all through the warp and woof of our family life is woven our Johnson motors."

Sincerely,

MRS. WILLIAM BELL COOK

ARMY E NAVY

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES

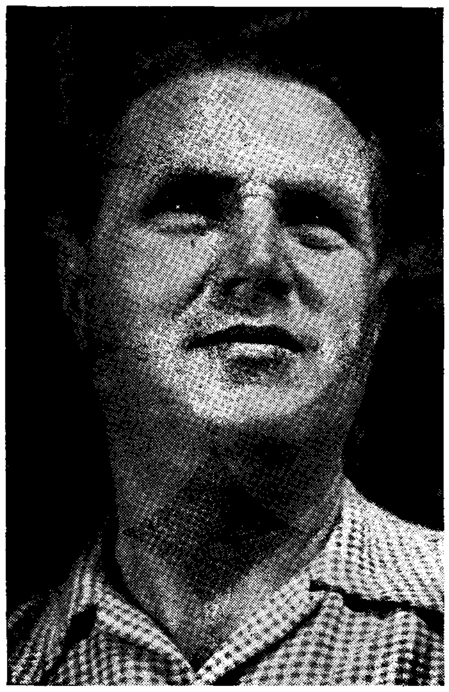
FOR DEPENDABILITY

strategic spots and soon had the thrill of seeing two males fall into them—and then the despair of seeing them promptly back out again. Slowly the realization came that the umbrella bird was much too big for his nets. He tried placing practically invisible slings on the umbrella bird's favorite branches—but they only made him shun those branches.

Then Cordier hit upon the idea of hanging, from a hook of thin wire, a few strings smeared with bird lime, so that, alighting on his favorite perch, the bird had to touch them. In the course of three weeks two specimens were caught that way, although one later escaped. Another flung himself into a pocket net where he did not expect to find it.

The bird collector had one week of dry weather, and then the rains set in. He had trouble making his helpers stay more than a day or two at the high camp. It was almost impossible to light a fire to prepare food. The problem of supplies became acute. The rain was falling almost continuously, and the moss-covered tree trunks never dried enough between showers to make it possible for the men to climb them with nets and strings. Cordier had to give up; he ordered two pack animals to come early the next morning to help carry out the loads.

Late in the afternoon when dusk was coming on, he was holding a male *Cephalopterus* on his arm, wings tied with strips of adhesive tape, when he noticed, high above, a black shape flitting from one tree to another. He kept motionless, disregarding the torturing mosquitoes and flies, and the black shape came nearer, then quite low, flitting about endlessly. It was another male umbrella bird. It was tantalizing to see him so close and to know that there was no way of catching him and taking him back to the Bronx Zoo. Darkness stopped his antics, and the next morning Cordier and his prizes left that camp for the slow journey to New York.


GEORGE STROCK

Charles Cordier, who is almost as fabulous as the birds he collects

THE END

Salome on Rye

Continued from page 56

of eyes outside of a Greer Garson picture. Blue-gray, they look at you wisely and frankly, especially when the subject is that M.B.G.I.T.W. stuff. Then they close a little, as if the whole thing were a dream, and not always a very good one.

Anyhow, that's the way they looked when I asked her quite bluntly, "Are you the most beautiful girl in the world?"

"No," she said evenly, "I'm not, because the most beautiful girl in the world is five women: Linda Darnell, Hedy Lamarr, Merle Oberon, Madame Chiang Kai-shek and Lady Louis Mountbatten. Mr. Wanger didn't look hard enough."

"But," I said, "there were 21,348 contenders. Consensus can't be wrong."

All a Big Mistake?

"But it can err," said Miss de Carlo prettily. "Anyway those twenty-one bombardiers wrote the nicest letter to go with the picture. You see, I had sent them that pin-up picture two long years ago when I was at Paramount, and was signed to do the Dorothy Lamour sarong roles. But Miss Lamour thought a sarong in hand was worth two dramatic roles in the offing, and I was dropped."

"Not too hard," I ventured.

"The sound was heard in Saskatchewan, and you know the rest," she said. "But you're not eating." She turned to the waiter. "Pineapple upside-down cake, two coffees, and a brandy *flambée* for the gentleman."

"You're some eater," I said.

"I have to be," agreed Yvonne. "I dance six hours a day, I sing two, and I dream a lot. It's quite a schedule."

She knows very well what she wants—to be another Pavlova—and has studied hard, since a child, to be one tenth as good as the Russian ballerina was. She sings three songs in Salome, Where She Danced!, and wants to be an opera singer one day. Yvonne acts an exacting role in her first starring picture.

Yvonne de Carlo was born twenty years ago in Vancouver, British Columbia. She made Hollywood through playing the small theaters in the Dominion of Canada, dancing at the Florentine Gardens, and at Earl Carroll's. She was a featured dancer at the latter, and earned the undying respect of the producer by tipping the scales at a svelte 115 pounds, standing on the runway at a mere 5 feet 4 inches, and by displaying an 11½-inch neck, a 36 bust, a 24 waist, 32 hips, a 7½-inch ankle, and 5¾-inch wrists.

We started talking about her first picture to be released early in May. It's the film version of a Lawrence Stallings play based, according to the studio's press releases, on a true historical incident. The studio would have you know that in the early, thriving days of the West, the good citizens of Drinkman Wells, Arizona, were so impressed by the performance of a dancer in a traveling troupe that they renamed the town in her honor. And that, to this day, it is officially known as Salome, Where She Danced, Arizona.

"Oh, but that's not true," Yvonne said softly, between unstinted mouthfuls of pineapple cake. "That's the press agent's story of the picture. Salome, Arizona, was not named for any dancer in any traveling troupe. I looked it up. It's a trading post for the Happy Valley mining section and was named for its first postmistress, Mrs. Mary Salome Wright."

"I don't think," I said, "the studio will like that very much."

Salome shrugged. "I wish it had been true, then it would have added a little weight to my being a mark on a map. Anyway, I still have to make my mark on another map, Hollywood. If I can't do it with my first picture, perhaps I can do it with my fifth. I'd like to play Diana in The Robe, or a Palm Beach Sadie Thompson with lots of lovely clothes."

"The studio said you never talked with newspapermen. They even thought of sending you to a charm school to meet 'em properly. You're doing all right," I said.

The most beautiful girl in the world pushed over a slim, gold cigarette case. She doesn't smoke or drink. "Have one," she urged. "Have one, on me. You may not want to, after that first picture of mine. It may not be what everybody thinks it is. And then I'll be the most alone girl in the world. Really, it's quite frightening."

She looked very small, very appealing, very helpless. It was hard to know what to say at that particular moment. So I didn't say anything, and somehow she seemed rather grateful and reassured.

THE END

THE PICTURE OF HEALTH!

...when EVERY INCH of him is nourished by GAINES

● The LOOKS of your dog—EVERY INCH of him—tells a story of radiant health, when you nourish every inch of him with GAINES. Just put him on GAINES—and see! His eyes are bright. His coat is sleek. His bones strong. His appetite keen. His tail forever on the wag . . . especially at MEALTIME.

There's MEAT MEAL in GAINES—plenty of it—and that's mighty good news to dogs. And there are vegetables, milk nutrients, cereals, minerals, vitamins—every type of nourishment dogs are known to need.

And nothing could be easier than feeding your dog GAINES MEAL. Just mix it with water, and feed it. If you think GAINES mixed with gravy, milk, or soup would appeal to your dog even more—do exactly as you prefer. But GAINES mixed with water alone gives your dog a licking good dinner, and nourishes him completely.

This is the food that for over 15 years has been the stand-by of kennels whose *business* is dogs—and of veterinarians whose lifetime is spent in keeping dogs happy and well. It's a meal dogs love—inexpensive to feed—prepared in less than a minute. Largest-selling dog food in the U.S.A.

In 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb. bags and larger sizes for kennels.

Just Look! All this nourishment in [illegible] POUND OF GAINES!

As much body and strength-building *proteins* as in 1½ pounds of fresh raw beef

As much energy-making *carbohydrates* as in 2 quarts cooked oatmeal

For sleek appearance and glossy coat—the quantity of *fats* that would be provided by 1 oz. of creamery butter

For strong bones—the *minerals* that would be provided by 1¾ lbs. cheese

For red-blooded vitality—as much *iron* as in ¾ lb. beef liver

VITAMINS: As much *vitamin A* as in 5 eggs; the *thiamin* (B_1) in 1 lb. whole-wheat bread; the *riboflavin* (B_2) in 1 qt. milk; the *niacin* in ½ lb. fresh mackerel... and all other members of the B-complex which normally accompany thiamin, riboflavin, niacin.

JUST ADD WATER - AND FEED
NET WEIGHT 5 LBS.
GAINES
MEAL
GAINES FOOD CO. INC.
SHERBURNE, N.Y.

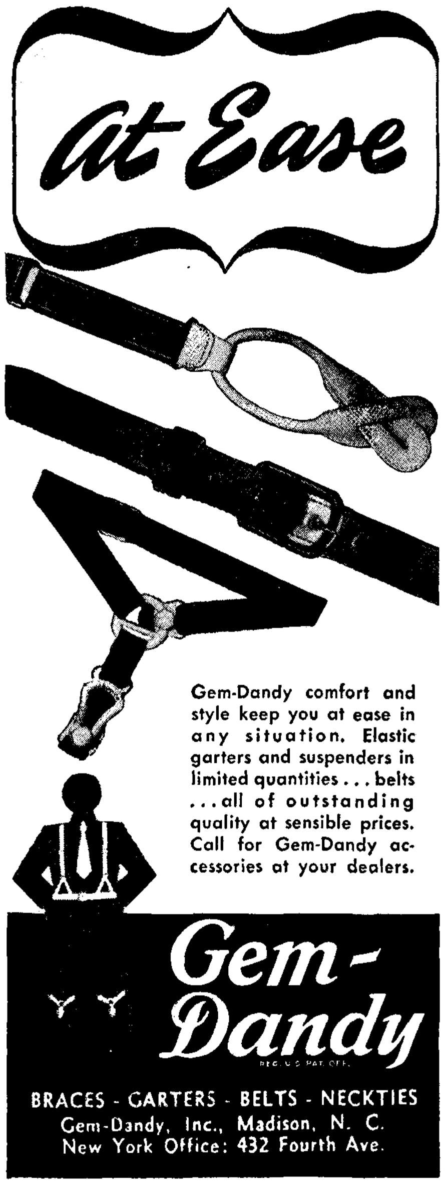
Copyright 1946 by Gaines Food Co., Inc., Sherburne, N. Y.

FOR ALL DOGS

GAINES

the Complete Meal

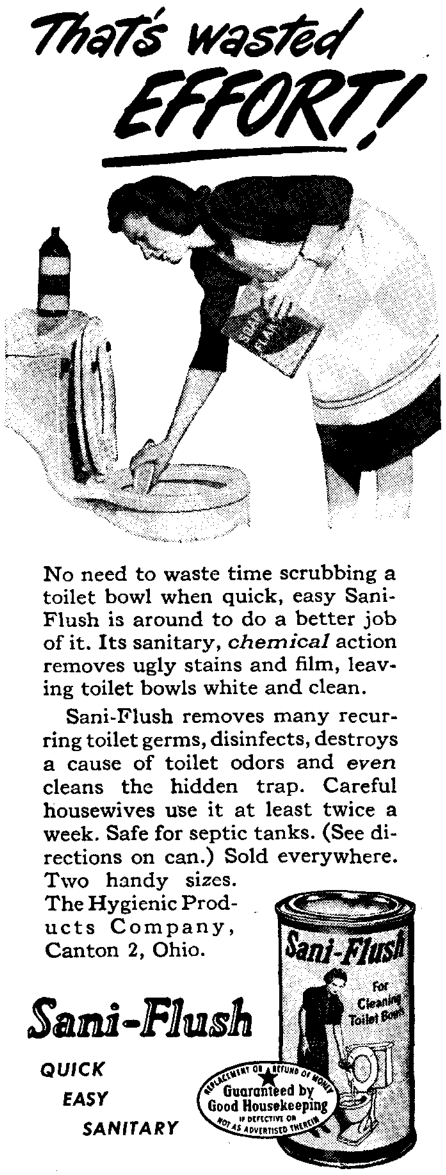
"Nourishes Every Inch of Your Dog"



Gem-Dandy comfort and style keep you at ease in any situation. Elastic garters and suspenders in limited quantities . . . belts . . . all of outstanding quality at sensible prices. Call for Gem-Dandy accessories at your dealers.

Gem-Dandy

BRACES - GARTERS - BELTS - NECKTIES
Gem-Dandy, Inc., Madison, N. C.
New York Office: 432 Fourth Ave.



No need to waste time scrubbing a toilet bowl when quick, easy Sani-Flush is around to do a better job of it. Its sanitary, *chemical* action removes ugly stains and film, leaving toilet bowls white and clean.

Sani-Flush removes many recurring toilet germs, disinfects, destroys a cause of toilet odors and *even* cleans the hidden trap. Careful housewives use it at least twice a week. Safe for septic tanks. (See directions on can.) Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes.

The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

QUICK
EASY
SANITARY

There Is No Labor Movement

Continued from page 11

traces back directly to politics and politicians.

When war came, what stood plainer than the need of a *government labor policy?* A code that would lay down the rights, duties and high responsibilities of both employer and employee. And why was not such policy adopted and proclaimed? Because it would have meant agreement between management and labor, and even more important, labor's own unity. Such an arrangement, obviously, offered the politicians no troubled waters in which to fish. With group hatreds abated, there was small room for demagogic appeals. With labor united, the attempt to promote "political company unions" would fall flat. Deliberately, callously, therefore, they sabotaged the formulation of a government labor policy, not only continuing but deepening the divisions between workers and employers, between union and union.

It may seem to you that I exaggerate the importance of a government labor policy, overstressing out of a desire to make a point. Permit me, then, to go back to the first World War and lift Woodrow Wilson's labor policy from the tomb where it has been allowed to gather dust, along with every other chart that would have been of inestimable value today. Appointing a War Labor Conference Board, made up of union leaders and the country's foremost employers, President Wilson put the body in a room and told them to stay in session until they had framed an industrial code that would guarantee industrial peace. The order was obeyed, and out of long and heated discussions came agreement on these fundamental principles:

No strikes or lockouts for the duration.

It shall be the right of employers to form associations and the right of workers to organize in trade unions, both to bargain collectively through their chosen representatives.

Employers shall not discharge workers for union membership or for legitimate union activities, and the workers, in the exercise of their right to organize, shall not use coercive measures of any kind.

Wherever union shops exist, they shall be continued with full maintenance of union standards as to wages and hours. Where there are "open shops," their continuance shall not be deemed a grievance.

Other clauses gave equal pay to women for equal work, recognized the basic eight-hour day, and forbade limitation of production either by management or labor.

There, then, was a *government labor policy*, forthright and understandable. Labor, as can be seen, made many concessions. The prohibition against "coercive measures" might have been broadened to take in every activity on the part of a union organizer, and standing for the "open shop" was no easy pill to swallow. For their part, however, management agreed to the union shop, and covenanted not to discharge union men either for membership or proper organizational activity, bitter pills for many employers to swallow.

A Supreme Court for Industry

For the administration of this government labor policy, framed by management and labor, and not imposed by fiat, President Wilson created a National War Labor Board that was, in effect, a Supreme Court for industry. Former President Taft was one of its joint chairmen, and the decisions handed down were based on factual evidence and judicial, not political considerations. Moreover, each became a precedent, so that the ruling in one case established the *law* for every other case of a similar nature. Throughout the life of the board, there were only two defiances, one by an employer, the other by a union, and both were dealt with summarily.

Here was a master chart left by a master mariner, but it was cast aside as though prepared by the Phoenicians. True, President Roosevelt called a conference of labor and management in December, 1941, but put an end to discussion after the adoption of a no-strike, no-lockout pledge. *Just that and nothing more.* No agreement whatsoever on fundamental principles so necessary for the implementation of the pledge.

Instead of explicit understandings, a game of blindman's buff. Even worse, instead of a Supreme Court for industry, there followed an eruption of boards, commissions, committees, etc., etc., until today some twenty-six agencies are exercising authority in connection with industrial disputes. The Department of Labor itself, which might have worked out a sensible procedure, has been stripped of functions until a powerless Secretary now presides over a skeletonized bureau that is the last word in sheer futility.

The National Labor Relations Board, created by statute, has been shunted into the backwaters by the War Labor Board, set up by executive order. This board, supposedly authoritative, is subject to veto by the Director of War Mobilization and the Director of Economic Stabilization. These two, in turn, receive their directives from the President. The Wilson body, administering and interpreting a *code*, laid down precedents that did away with piecemeal litigation. The overstaffed, cumbersome War Labor Board considers each case separately, and this only after a careful reading of the political barometer each morning.

A moment, if you please, for a brief consideration of this fantastic body, supposedly the supreme instrument for the maintenance of industrial peace. In July, 1942, it started modestly enough with 189 employees. Within a year it had swollen to 2,280 employees, of whom 238 were "economists."

In addition to labor members and their alternates, hundreds of union men serve on WLB panels for the consideration of cases in the field. Most of them receive a *per diem* allowance from the board, although still on the pay rolls of their unions. Many receive up to $3,000 annually from the government, no small enlargement of income. How can this furtive acceptance of secret monies, by those purporting to defend labor's rights, be regarded as other than a stultifying and reprehensive practice? No man can serve two masters. The dual employment affects loyalty to their unions and gives a direct personal interest in the continued life of the board.

At the time the President brought the management-labor conferences to an abrupt termination, when agreement had been reached only on a naked "no-strike, no-lockout" pledge, I was among those union representatives who made bitter protest. Repeatedly, insistently, we pointed out that the bare pledge, unclarified and unsupported by agreements on a single fundamental, left labor's undeniable rights without proper protection. As a result, we were given explicit assurance that some method would be adopted for the *judicial examination* of all grievances.

Will even the enemies of labor affirm that this promise has been kept? Instead of judicial examinations, the War Labor Board hands down arbitrary, *ex parte* decisions. Even these do not establish precedents, creating a body of organic law, but change from day to day in accord with political exigencies. As an illustration of the board's ability to somersault on any and every question, take the so-called Little Steel Formula. When first proclaimed in 1942, the WLB pontiffs denied that it was a freeze, holding that the 15 per cent allowable increase, based on the January, 1941, cost-of-living index, could be used to take care of increased prices.

In December, 1943, however, when workers protested the injustice of the formula, the board announced that it would enter into a study of living costs and make a "factual report." The figures would be left to speak for themselves, and there would be no recommendations, either one way or another, for any change in the formula. This would be up to the President. Here was a specific promise, and yet when the "factual report" was offered on February 22, 1944, it was accompanied by a forthright recommendation that the Little Steel Formula should *not* be changed.

No Labor Discussion Allowed!

Out of the whole sorry business have come many Alice-in-Blunderland situations. When the Secretary of the Interior, for example, was first appointed custodian of the nation's coal mines, the whines of the War Labor Board gained a White House order that Mr. Ickes was without authority to discuss labor relations with the representatives of the miners. Here, in effect, was the manager of a plant, entirely responsible for production and facing an increased demand for coal, peremptorily forbidden to talk about wages and working conditions with the men from whom production was expected.

As if there were not confusion enough with twenty-six "labor" boards, commissions, committees, etc., Congress decided to make its contribution to chaos and enacted the Smith-Connally law. No more inflammatory piece of legislation was ever passed, for this grotesque slave statute not only invites industrial conflict, but *commands* it.

On March 1st, by way of example, the United Mine Workers sat down with the operators to consider the terms of a new two-year contract. At the very outset, however, in order to guard ourselves against the criminal and civil penalties of the Smith-Connally Act, we were compelled to file legal notice that a national strike vote might be invoked.

What more provocative of suspicion and anger? Instead of the friendly atmosphere so necessary for successful collective bargaining, the strike threat, forced upon us by

TRUSTFUL SOULS

THE TRUSTER	THE TRUST
Motorist in Potsdam, New York	**He carried an 18-year-old spare tire on his automobile.**
Letter writer in Albuquerque	**She sewed a nickel on her letter in lieu of pasting a stamp.**
Policeman in Chicago	**Sixteen years after he did several days' work for the Park Board, he applied for his wages.**
Draftee in Sumter, South Carolina	**He asked his draft board to defer his induction because he was "very much in love."**
Lady in Watkins Glen, New York	**She asked the Chamber of Commerce in York, Pennsylvania, to recommend a gifted and reliable hex healer.**
Gentleman in Barret, England	**He sent some Confederate money to Richmond, Virginia, asking that it be redeemed.**
Gentleman in St. Paul	**He sent a silver dollar unwrapped through the mails to his nephew in Texas.**

—W. E. Farbstein

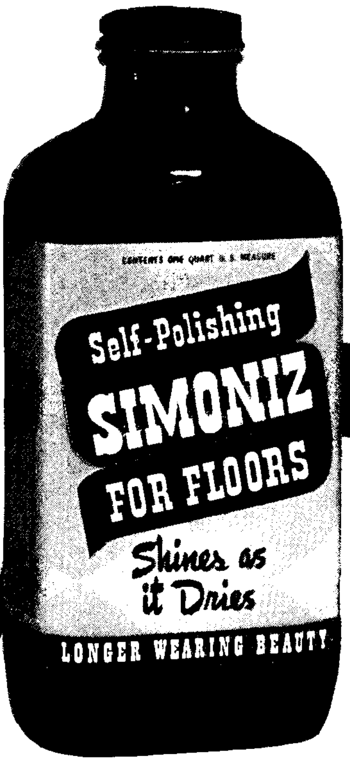
New Beauty Secret FOR FLOORS

Gives You Lovelier Floors With Less Work

A secret? Well, maybe at first. But once friends see the lustrous beauty of *Self-Polishing Simoniz* on your floors, you'll surely have to tell them all about it—especially how it gives floors the same lasting beauty that makes *Simoniz* so famous for automobiles. Above all, they'll want to know how easy it is to use *Self-Polishing Simoniz.* Yes...*easy* is the word for it! No rubbing ... no polishing. Just spread on *Self-Polishing Simoniz* and, in a few moments your floors glow with mirror-like loveliness. So easily kept that way, too! Dust and dirt wipe up with a damp cloth and your floors shine as brightly as ever. So, for lasting floor-loveliness, get *Self-Polishing Simoniz* today. Sold the nation over by leading grocery, hardware, paint, drug and department stores. You'll like *Self-Polishing Simoniz!*

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2100-12 Indiana Avenue Chicago 16, Illinois

Shines as it dries! For linoleum, rubber-mastic—ceramic tile, hardwood varnished or painted floors.

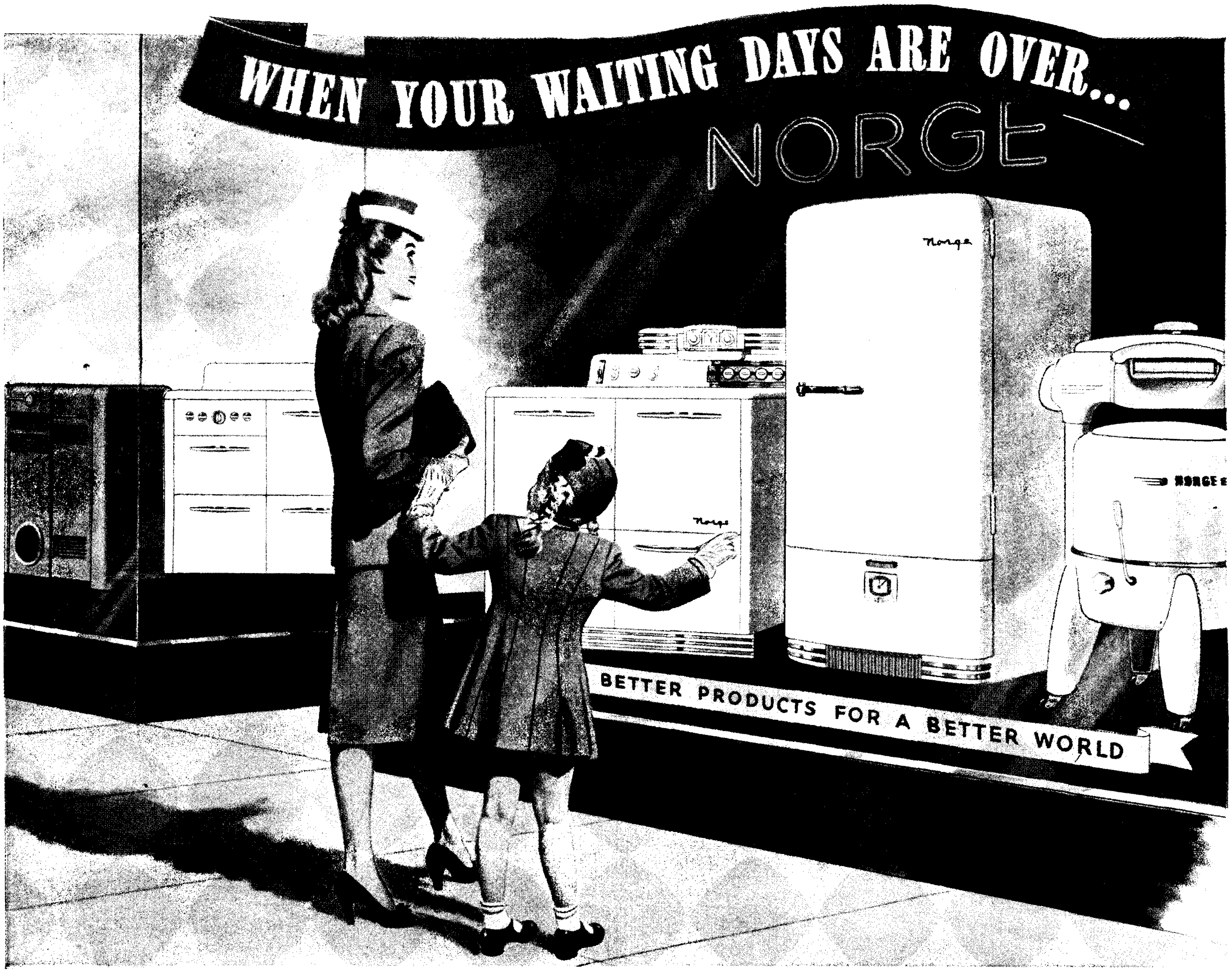


Self-Polishing
SIMONIZ
FOR FLOORS
LONGER WEARING BEAUTY

If your dealer has not yet stocked *Self-Polishing Simoniz,* just send a dollar bill to the address above and a full quart bottle will be mailed to you, fully prepaid and guaranteed to satisfy you or your money refunded in full. FREE copy of helpful booklet, "Glamorizing Your Home", a gold mine of hints for homemakers, enclosed with each bottle.

Self-Polishing SIMONIZ FOR FLOORS

A PRODUCT OF THE SIMONIZ COMPANY—RECOGNIZED FOR OVER 30 YEARS AS AUTHORITIES ON FINISH MAINTENANCE AND PRESERVATION


WHEN YOUR WAITING DAYS ARE OVER...
NORGE
Norge
NORGE
Norge
BETTER PRODUCTS FOR A BETTER WORLD

SEE NORGE

The time is coming when you will again enjoy the privilege of pick-and-choose . . . when you will again be faced with the problem of selection. Then, amid the confusion of new models, new names, claims and counter-claims, your duty to yourself will be clear: *See Norge before you buy!* For, even while absorbed in the production of vital commodities of war, Norge has been active in your behalf: thinking for you, planning for you, and, just lately, producing for you. In the Norge products now available or to be available later, you will find that Norge fundamental goodness and quality have been advanced by the new skills and techniques acquired as the result of Norge's war experience. Our prewar "best" has been outdistanced; new and higher standards now prevail. More than ever before will Norge major home appliances mean *convenience, efficiency, happy living.* More than ever before will it be advisable that you *see Norge before you buy!*

BEFORE YOU BUY

IN THE MEANTIME BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND KEEP THEM

ARMY E NAVY

NORGE • A BORG-WARNER INDUSTRY

[illegible]

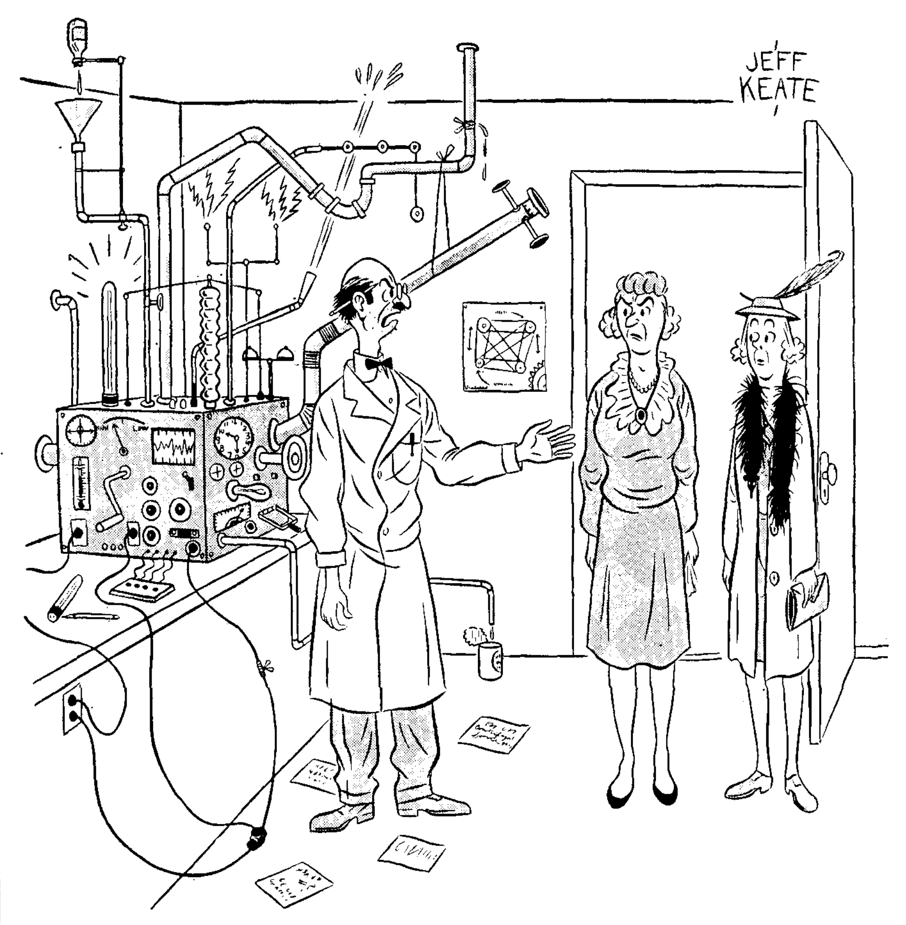
the act, inevitably engendered a hostile atmosphere.

Here was simple obedience to the law of the land, and yet not only were we attacked by government agencies, but under orders from Washington, "political company unions" swung into action. Certain C.I.O. leaders, with brazen effrontery, issued a statement denouncing the United Mine Workers for a "strike plot against the nation."

And, even as their puppets spoke, some 26,000 C.I.O. men had been on strike in Detroit for eight days, disrupting vital war production, and for causes shameless in their essential triviality.

There, in brief, is the answer to your question as to why we have industrial war on the home front. The utter lack of a government labor policy that defines the rights, duties and responsibilities of labor and management; the confusions inevitably engendered by the rivalries of twenty-six boards, commissions and committees: the absence of any method for the judicial determination of industrial grievances, and a supreme political control that finds its profit in disunity and chaos.

What wonder that there is turmoil; that in 1944 some 5,000 strikes slowed down vital war production?



"Dear, how can I keep the mechanism of my invention a secret if you keep bringing your friends in here?"

Management itself has been encouraged to adopt a stand-pat attitude, for government seizure of plants—the Administration's favorite approach to industrial peace—is nothing more than shadowboxing, a thinly veneered cover for the continuance of operator control. A mere telegraphic notice, followed by appointment of the existing personnel, usually constitutes the practical extent of government operation. The workers do not become federal employees, and in the coal industry particularly, the one result has been to render miners liable to criminal prosecution. Collective bargaining, therefore, is robbed of sincerity, for management is well aware that it has nothing to fear from a procedure that leaves their control virtually unimpaired.

Have I a remedy to propose? Why not? The plain nature of the sickness suggests its own cure. First and foremost, there must be an immediate and final end to the present alliance between certain sections of organized labor and political "machines" in cities, states and the nation. Until this is done, labor is on the same discredited level as tariff barons, trust beneficiaries, spoilsmen and other privilege seekers.

The termination of this sinister partnership will, I believe, open a broad way to labor unity. Nothing is more essential to industrial peace. For how can differences with management be composed when workers themselves are not agreed on a Bill of Rights? This does not necessarily mean one organization, but it does imply a degree of solidarity that will end the confusion of tongues, and permit the formation of a real and politically independent labor movement.

This done, labor should, can and will put its house in order. You yourself, in your questionnaire, have indicated necessary reforms, such as the elimination of racketeering and racial discrimination, full financial statements, the right of union members to a free ballot, and protection for the individual against abuse of power by officials. I admit these evils, and as a program of correction, submit the constitutional provisions that have governed the United Mine Workers of America for more than half a century.

Our International officials are elected by referendum vote, counted by International tellers also chosen by referendum vote.

To insure democratic control, the International pays the round-trip transportation of all delegates to International conventions, guaranteeing weak unions equal representation with the strong.

Semiannual audits are made by three auditors, also elected by a referendum vote, and these audits cover everything from lead pencils to official salaries and expense accounts. These financial audits and the comprehensive reports of the bonded secretary-treasurer, covering items of income and disbursement in minute detail, are printed and sent to all local unions.

This system of detailed financial statements prevents racketeering, and coercion of the individual is guarded against by a constitutional mandate that no member of a local union can be expelled or deprived of employment until his case has been passed upon by an International appeal board.

All disputes as to the meaning and application of contract provisions are referred automatically to a joint board, and in the event of failure to agree, there is automatic reference of the dispute to an impartial umpire.

Our collective-bargaining agreements do not close the door to nonmembers. The right to direct the working force, to hire and to discharge, is vested exclusively in the operators.

We accept and encourage technological development, and have never opposed the introduction of machinery. We do insist, however, that workers are entitled to share proportionately in the reduced costs and increased profits resulting from mechanized operations. The fruits of inventive genius must be shared by all.

We have no racial problem, for we do not tolerate racial discrimination. Regardless of race, creed or color, the principle of economic equality is enforced.

Members are free to exercise their own political judgment, and penalties are provided for any attempt to interfere with this right by demanding campaign contributions or attendance at political meetings.

We do exclude Communists, Fascists, Nazis and other advocates of revolutionary methods that carry an open threat against the American concept of life and liberty.

I trust that this will answer your questions, and at the same time make clear my views as to how labor's house can be put in order. All this, however, must be regarded as mere ground-clearing. The great and ultimate task is the formulation of an industrial code, a charter of elemental rights dealing with the relations of employer and employee. *Organic law* rather than the present haphazard, day-to-day bungling based on political considerations.

There is only folly in talking of industrial peace until such a code has been established. It is gross expediency to attempt the settlement or adjustment of individual labor disputes until basic principles have been agreed upon for the settlement or adjustment of *all* disputes. Until there is such a code, management and workers alike must continue to protect their interests by strikes and lockouts. Arbitrations and negotiated bargains will keep on in an atmosphere of haggling and horsetrading, with each party getting as much as he can and giving in return as little as he can.

Basis for an Industrial Code

On the statute books of the nation there are now these laws: The Norris-La Guardia Act, exempting unions from the punitive provisions of antitrust legislation; the Wage and Hour Act; Social Security, with its protection against the terrors of old age and unemployment; a National Labor Relations Act that guarantees the right of workers to organize, and lays down rules for collective bargaining.

There are the fundamentals of a code. Put the administration of these laws in the Department of Labor, under a competent head, and back them up by a trained mediation and conciliation service, recruited from the ranks of industry, and not made up of campus prodigies and social workers. This done, all that remains is to call a conference of management and labor for further agreements that will narrow every field of controversy.

Voices of protest, of course, will be raised against the establishment of an industrial code, for there are many who do not *want* industrial peace. Primarily they are: the politicians, for there would be no longer any possible excuse for the bureaucratic meddling that has as its secret purpose the fomentation of class hatreds and the subornation of labor as a political instrument for the seizure and perpetuation of power; the revolutionary agitators who fight any and every constructive measure, preferring those discontents that contain the seeds of revolt; reactionary employers who oppose understandings with labor as an interference with their so-called "economic law" of ruthless self-interest.

These are powerful and vocal groups. But against them stand the whole rank and file of labor, organized and unorganized, and a decisive majority of employers, large and small, who are equally sick of "dog eat dog" relationships. Above all, an overwhelming public sentiment, the call of America, eager for unity in the war years that still lie ahead, and demanding co-operation when peace presents its problems.

THE END

New Shirt 'n' Short Comfort
...The S-T-R-E-T-C-H Does It!
The Smart, Modern, ONE-PIECE Way to Wear SHIRT 'N' SHORTS

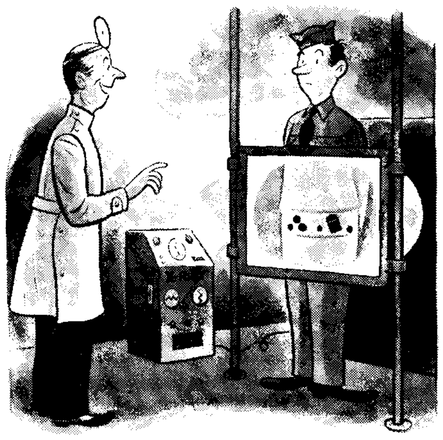
That's the cool, comfortable, feel-good-all-over sensation when you wear JONES *Quality* HAPS! Free-fitting, airy, absorbent, ONE-PIECE . . . air-cell rib knit construction flexes with your body. *Cannot* bind or bunch at waist, creep or pinch at crotch, or become untidy . . . *ever!* Step into *ONE-PIECE* HAPS, pull up over your shoulders, feel *free* as a breeze. WIVES like their easy washability, no ironing . . . and no buttons to bother! Try them . . . *the most comfortable and convenient underwear man ever wore or money back!*

Jones Quality HAPS*
For Smooth-Fitting Comfort
* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Only HAPS give you real bathroom convenience; no unbuttoning! Here's *super-comfort* through the *super stretch*, found only in our HAPS INTERKNIT* Closed Seat. Gives and takes *with* you . . . s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s like elastic *when* and where you need it, and *snaps* right back into trim fit!

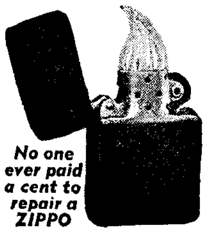
$1.25 to $2.50

If you appreciate comfort, write for Booklet 14
AUGUSTA KNITTING CORP., UTICA 2, N. Y.



"You haven't lost your ZIPPO Lighter, it's in your money belt, right where you left it."

It's hard to keep a ZIPPO, but it's harder to get one, except on the fighting fronts or ships stores. That's why black market, and inferior imitations are being represented as "ZIPPO" or "ZIPPO-TYPE." BEWARE — they may not function or may soon fall apart. So wait a little while longer for a genuine ZIPPO Windproof Lighter. ZIPPO is neither sold under any other name, nor do we make any lighter by any other name.

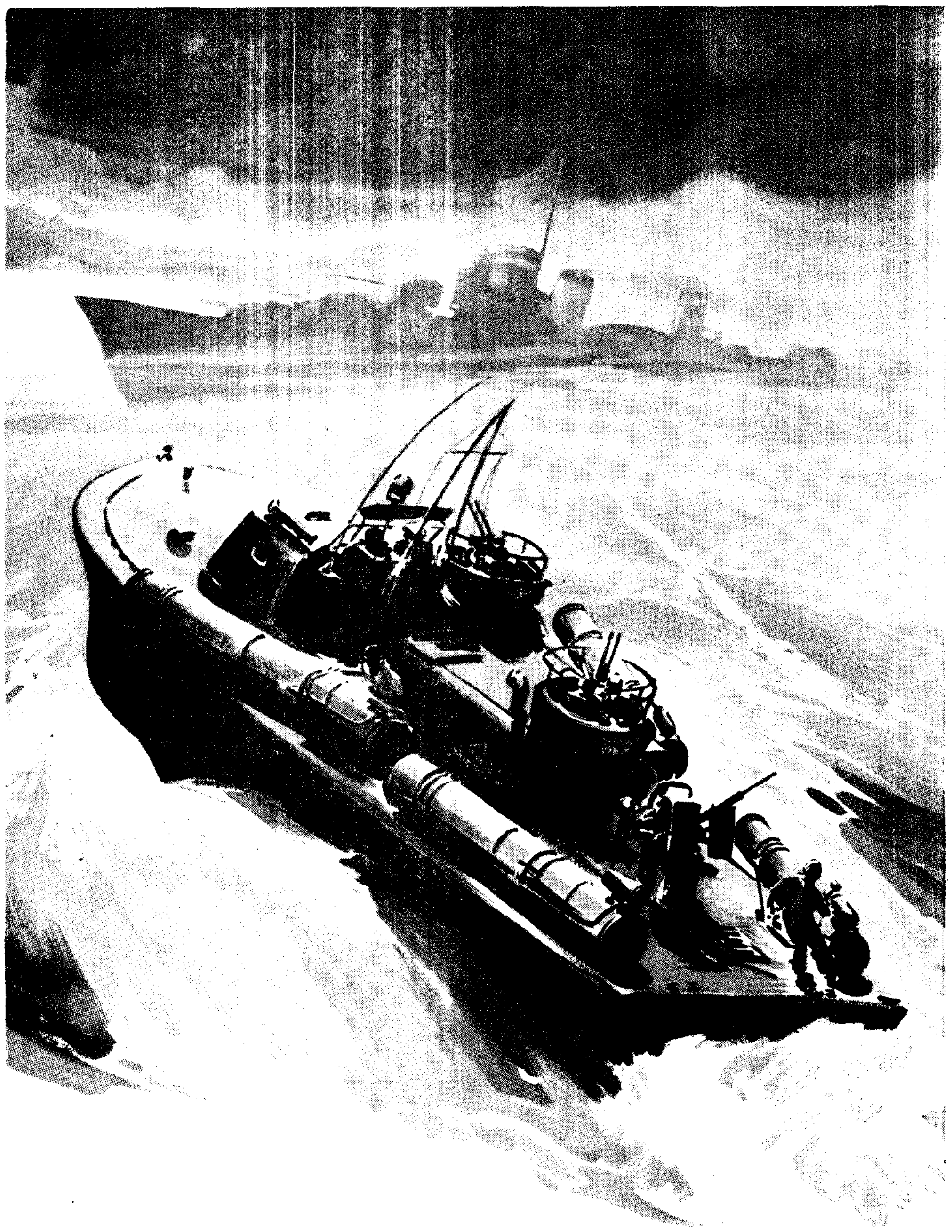


Ask your dealer for ZIPPO FLINTS and FLUID.

ZIPPO MFG. CO.
Dept. C, Bradford, Pa.

I'VE GONE TO WAR SO BUY WAR STAMPS INSTEAD

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER



SO THEY RE-NAMED HER

"RECKLESS ANNIE"

THE DRIVE was on for Manila. PT (censored) patrolled her course in the blue haze of the Sibuyan Sea.

And then it happened.

A big Jap warship loomed out of the morning mist. Like magic the PT leaped to action.

As the PT flashed toward the enemy giant, two "Tin-Fish" sped at the hulk. Guns boomed . . . but the Japs were too late. With a crash the big Nip ship sank from view.

RETURNING to base—they renamed the PT—"Reckless Annie."

No wonder we thrill to the deeds of heroic crews on PT's, the world's fastest fighting ships. PT's are equipped with custom built "Equi-Poise."

Today an ever increasing number of Allied combat and service ships use dependable Federal-Mogul propellers.

Four plants are at top production building propellers from 4 in. to 12 ft. for the armed forces.

TOMORROW, a "know-how" earned in peace time—augmented by new methods of precision manufacture gained from war research, will bring the finest marine products in history! Federal-Mogul Marine, 4045 Beaufait Avenue, Detroit 7, Mich.

Detroit, Mich.
Greenville, Mich.

The coveted Army-Navy "E" with stars, awarded Federal-Mogul Marine Division "for high contribution to American Freedom."

AUTOMOTIVE DIVISION PRODUCTS: Sleeve bearings, bushings and other precision parts.

MARINE DIVISION PRODUCTS: Standard, Custom-built Propellers from 4 in. to 12 ft.—Equi-Flex Stuffing Boxes, Shaft Logs, Struts, Rudders, Shafting, Equi-Puller, Equi-Dyne Balancer, Equi-Lock Fairwaters.

FEDERAL Mogul

CLOVERLEAF EQUI-POISE
TRU-PITCH & HY-TURBINE
HB HEAVY-DUTY
CUSTOM, STANDARD EQUI-POISE

Seven Million Young Detectives

Continued from page 23

the coin was counterfeit. The cop hurried to a phone.

That night Secret Service men seized a whole plant, arresting the largest gang of counterfeiters ever to operate in Baltimore. A week later, Billy received from the Secret Service an award of fifty dollars.

A favorite old-time method of the counterfeit passer—whose aim of course is to pay with large bills for small purchases—is being rendered difficult today by the bright eyes of seven million boys and girls who have been told how the counterfeiter operates.

A high-school boy in a small town in New York State saw a man come out of a grocery store, and, after a cautious glance around, throw away a small package he had purchased. At once the boy recalled what the Secret Service agent had told his class at school: that passers of counterfeit always try to get their bills changed for genuine money by making tiny purchases and then, so that no evidence will be found on them in case of arrest, secretly throwing the packages away. "Gosh!" the boy told himself, "I'll bet he's one of them!"

Following at a distance, the boy saw the mysterious shopper work his way along three blocks of small shops. Each time, the man would come out of a shop with some small parcel and cautiously drop it into a refuse bin or toss it under a parked car or into a trash-littered alley. In the fourth block the boy passed a cop and reported what he had seen. The cop took over. He followed the man and was led directly to a distributing gang hidden away in a tenement cellar.

Small, dimly lighted shops, with only an old man or a young girl in charge, used to be the happy hunting grounds of the passers of counterfeit. They could step in, try to make a small purchase with a large bill, and if successful, hurry out. Even if their phony money was suspected, the old man or the kid behind the counter wouldn't know what to do. But the chance of any suspicion was very slight. Today—how different! Little Johnny or Mary is pretty apt to know counterfeit on sight; so is Grandpop, because they've told him all about it. They will know just what to do!

That is, they will know in many communities. In others, which this teaching has not yet reached, the public is still being fooled and defrauded. It is we, private citizens, who take the loss when we innocently accept counterfeit money. Therefore, isn't it stupid for us not to know good money at sight? It's inexcusable. Do you know whose picture appears on a ten-dollar bill, a five, a one? How often this past month have you actually stopped and looked at the money you've been handling—at even one bill or coin? Probably not once. It's amazing how inattentive and gullible we, the American public, can be.

Some Absurdly Bad Counterfeits

At the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the Secret Service, I recently looked through a thick book in which were pasted dozens of absurdly obvious counterfeit bills—*all of which had been successfully passed.* One of them had a crude hand-drawn face in pencil, pasted on a genuine back. Another one was roughly hand-drawn in pen and ink, on one side of the paper only, the other side being blank! A third counterfeit was just a photostat of a real twenty-dollar bill. A fourth wasn't even the color of paper currency; it was all printed in a peculiar light blue. A fifth was laughable; it was a bill made by hand from a lead plate and touched up by hand. The artist could not draw eyes very well, for Washington's eyes looked wild and staring like those of a maniac.

This bill reminded one of the Secret Service men of the desperate measures resorted to by a group of counterfeiters in the South. These men tried to make a paper counterfeit from a lead plate, instead of using steel or copper or zinc. The big parts of the design they could cope with. But when it came to imitating the little squares around the face of Lincoln they were licked. These were beyond them. So they took a woman's rayon stocking and pounded it into the lead to make a crisscross pattern. The resulting bill was something never seen on land or sea. Yet adults accepted it.

It wasn't until a high-school girl who had had the "Know Your Money" course, happened to see one of these bills and report it, that the criminals were arrested. The men thought some pal had betrayed them. Their bills, they were sure, defied detection. They were bursting with pride over the stocking trick—which they described at length in their joint confession.

"That was how we did it!" one exclaimed in court.

"It certainly was!" agreed the judge mildly, and sentenced them to ten years.

Newsstands are favorite targets of counterfeit-money passers, who can offer a dollar bill for a five-cent paper and get ninety-five cents in good money in change. That is, sometimes they can. One newsstand boy, Pete C., was too bright for them. When a genial gentleman strolled up, chatted, selected ninety cents worth of current magazines and offered Pete a ten-dollar bill (which had been carefully raised from a one-dollar bill but *still bore the face of Washington),* Pete took the bill, explained, "I've got to get change in the bakery, sir," and dashed away.

Enter Cop. Exit Passer

When the cop Pete had summoned got there, the genial gentleman was gone. But the boy's description caused his arrest across town the following morning.

Incidentally, the old baker had protested at first, "Pete, you ain't sure!"

"Ain't sure?" Pete had replied. "Washington—on a ten-dollar bill?"

While Pete phoned, the old baker had stood scratching his bewildered head. He would have accepted that bill.

In a small Texas city, a less usual type of counterfeit—a split bill—was offered to Arthur K., a boy cashier working in his father's restaurant. The counterfeiter never dreamed that the blue-eyed towhead behind the cash register had learned in school all about split bills—money made by actually splitting bills of high denomination, pasting these halves on the split halves of dollar bills, and passing them by always pushing them across the counter with the high-denomination side uppermost. Arthur K. took the bill, glanced at its back unnoticed, gave the stranger his change. As the man left, Arthur reached for the phone. The man was picked up before night.

All of the above instances have been those of counterfeit-conscious boys and girls doing their bit principally to protect society and the country. There is another, urgent reason for their efforts. They hope to prevent thousands of other boys and girls from being sucked into this crime. They know that counterfeiters have always used children extensively. Children make good passers—up to a certain point. It's easy to involve or entice them. They are readily hoodwinked—at first. We will never know, in figures, the number of boys and girls who have been arrested, convicted of trying to pass counterfeit, and were sent away to reformatories to emerge later with criminal records.

Formerly this use of children was widespread. It has been diminishing sharply ever since 1940, when the Secret Service began to warn the youth of the nation. When we look back to 1938 and the famous Times Square case, we realize the tremendous progress we have made toward stamping out this crime that feeds on youth.

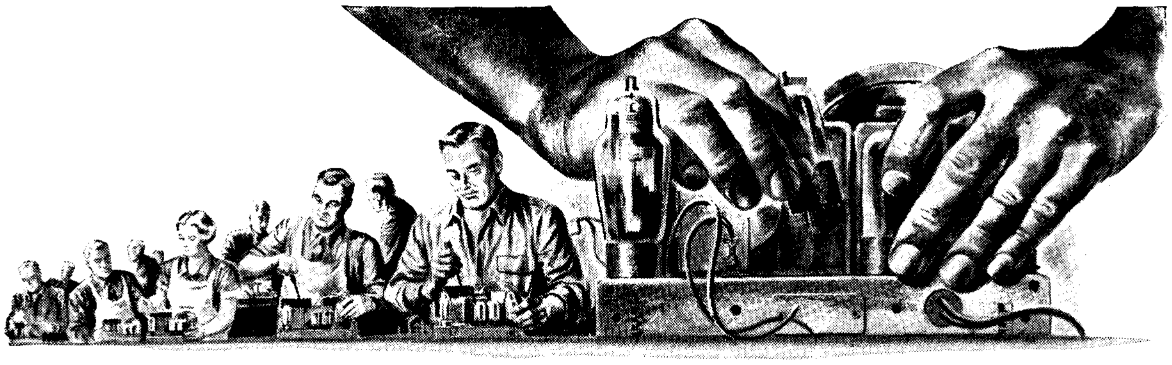
In 1938, a big distributor of counterfeit bills, named "Tex," had his headquarters in a hotel west of Seventh Avenue on 42d Street, New York. It was a section full of floaters, especially young boys in from the country, looking for work. These boys were lonely, discouraged, hungry. Tex knew they were his meat.

He picked fourteen boys aged 14 to 19 and got acquainted with each boy separately

Why Your Coming New Zenith Will Be The World's Leading Radio Value:

Zenith Leads the World in

"RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY"



Every Zenith worker is a highly trained specialist in "RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY"

SINCE 1915, Zenith has devoted all its resources to mastering and developing the science of Radionics.

This specialization has made Zenith today AMERICA'S LEADING PRODUCER of Radionic Products Exclusively—now devoted to producing for war.

Some of Zenith's war-born Radionic advances are still veiled in secrecy. But many of their basic principles will come to you in the new Zenith radios and radio-phonographs for your home . . . combined with precision quality at low cost to give you greater radio value than ever before known!

As a lifelong specialist in Radionics, Zenith has always stood out in engineering, in craftsmanship, in the use of new materials, in development of High Frequency—the basis of all Short Wave, Television and FM Radio.

Remember—Zenith does not spread itself thin over unrelated fields like refrigerators, washers, vacuum cleaners, etc. Zenith does not intend to compete with specialists in these fields, to become a "Jack of all trades and master of none."

Naturally, then, the world looks to Zenith for a Radionic Revolution when radios can again be made for the home front. Why risk disappointment when you can be sure? Keep your eye on Zenith for the world's best value in radio!

Available now for America's hard-of-hearing—the famous Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid. Model A-2-A, only $40 complete, at authorized Zenith Hearing Aid dispensers.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Chicago 39, Ill.
All Production Now for War or Rehabilitation

COPYRIGHT 1945, ZENITH RADIO CORP.

Keep Your Eye on ZENITH *for the Best in Radio!*

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

RADIO · FM · TELEVISION · RADAR · SHORT WAVE · RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS · HEARING AIDS by the simple method of offering to buy him a meal. During dinner Tex would be very cordial and sympathetic, winning the boy's confidence. As they started to leave, Tex would ask the boy to pay the cashier while he (Tex) went to see if his car was parked okay. "You pay, son, then meet me at the car with the change," he'd say, handing the boy a ten- or twenty-dollar bill.

When the boy got to the car with the change, Tex would threaten roughly, "That was a counterfeit bill. You're up to your neck. You can go to prison for fifteen years. You can't be in any worse trouble if you pass some more for me. I'll give you an agent's commission of ten per cent."

Terrified at the thought of a prison sentence, the boy would usually consent.

If he hesitated, Tex would argue, "Why stand around here and starve? Work for me. Ten per cent's a good commission."

Soon shopkeepers along West 42d Street began reporting the racket, and the Secret Service put on the case a youthful agent named Eddie who looked like a boy himself and who was careful to dress in old clothes.

Tex picked Eddie up right away, giving him the same proposition. Eddie accepted, but whenever Tex gave him a counterfeit bill and sent him to buy something he would hold the counterfeit and use a good one.

One night Tex was out of bills. He posted the boys on street corners, promising to come by with the stuff. Then he said to Eddie: "Want to hop in? I'm going uptown to get a bunch of the bills." He took the agent right to his source of supply—a furnished apartment on West 53d Street. They went in, came out with the stuff on them, and got into the car. Eddie signaled the Secret Service men, and Tex and he were arrested.

The agents then went to the 53d Street apartment and arrested the men there. After which they went down to West 42d Street to get the kids, taking Eddie along. The boys got reformatory terms. But the real criminals got ten years apiece.

It may seem odd for a government agency seventy-nine years old to turn suddenly from arresting people to seeing how few they could arrest. At first, when the educational campaign started, some of the veteran agents burst into ridicule. Now they point with pride to the 97 per cent drop.

As one of them put it: "What a difference! In the old days we did nothing but shove guys into prisons, break up families, bring shame to wives and kids. And there were the young boys we'd have to fasten criminal records on; and girls, too. There are a lot of boys overseas today, winning medals, who would be in prison if we hadn't started this Secret Service Crime Prevention program."

"You mentioned girls," I commented. "Have they ever been used in any major counterfeiting scheme?"

"One of our most notorious counterfeiters," he said, "used girls exclusively as passers."

This counterfeiter was unusual, the agent went on to say, in that he carried with him in two suitcases in his automobile all the paraphernalia needed to produce counterfeit bills. His method was to prepare a quantity of bills and then travel by automobile to various cities. He was a very handsome, magnetic fellow, attractive to girls. In each city he would make the acquaintance of lonely girls—upon whom he would spend money freely until he had secured their full confidence. Usually he made love to them.

In time, he would explain to them that his source of revenue was the passing of counterfeit bills. He would enlist their help in passing such bills. If the girls were successful, he would provide them with additional bills. But if they were apprehended, he would immediately flee from the city, leaving them to their own devices. This man was finally arrested and sentenced to a federal penitentiary for ten years. But during his operations, many young girls were apprehended and sent away for passing his counterfeit notes.

Educated Against Crime

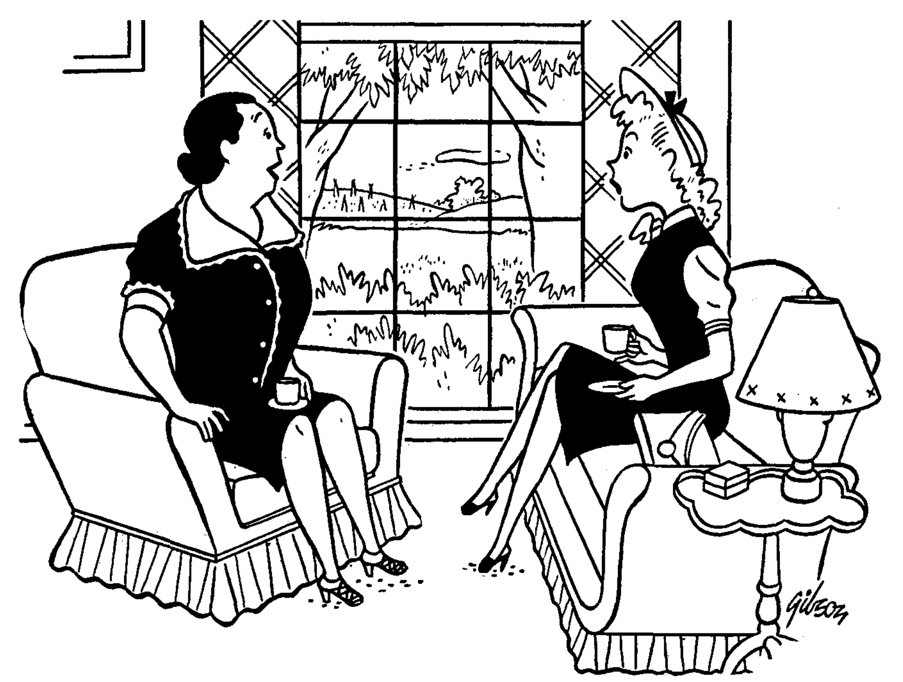
Today, thanks to the "Know Your Money" teaching in the schools, this man probably would never get past the first girls in the first city he tackled. An ignorant young person can be enticed into crime. An informed boy or girl can not. Let us tell every youth the facts: that a counterfeiter never succeeds for long; has never been known to amass any wealth; lives a hunted life, and faces ten to fifteen years in prison.

In the past, counterfeiting has always been used as a deadly weapon of war—something worse than battles. Napoleon Bonaparte sponsored a counterfeiting plant in Paris to make bogus Russian and Austrian money with which he bought supplies for his armies. In 1790, the assignat, currency unit of the French revolutionary government, was counterfeited so extensively that the government finally repudiated its currency. We have all seen newspaper pictures and reports of the "invasion money" used today by the Japanese in occupied territories. We've had ample evidence of Axis currency tricks elsewhere.

There have been no attempts by Axis agents, so far, to circulate counterfeit money in the United States during this war. Perhaps there will be none. But it is a possibility. If it should be attempted, our great protection will be our ever-increasing ability as a people to detect bogus money. This we owe to the "Know Your Money" campaign.

Let us add this vital teaching to the nine thousand high schools that still lack it. And to all the grade schools as well. Tell the kids. They will tell others. And the knowledge will protect the nation.

THE END



COLLIER'S "We had to move farther out. George wasn't able *to finish the newspaper on the train every morning*" JAMES GIBSON

Spearmint at its best!

Beech-Nut
SPEARMINT
Gum
BEECH-NUT
BEECH NUT BRAND
SPEARMINT

Beech-Nut
SPEARMINT GUM
Until final Victory, you may not always find this delicious gum. Our fighting men are now getting most of it.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL VOICE!
F C

crazy
LIKE A FOX
is the man who perks up his personality with well-groomed hair. Loose dandruff is completely banished and your hair is easy to manage when you massage daily with
JERIS
for Loose Dandruff
at all drug stores and barber shops

	YES	NO
Poor Digestion?	☐	☐
Headachy?	☐	☐
Sour or Upset?	☐	☐
Tired-Listless?	☐	☐

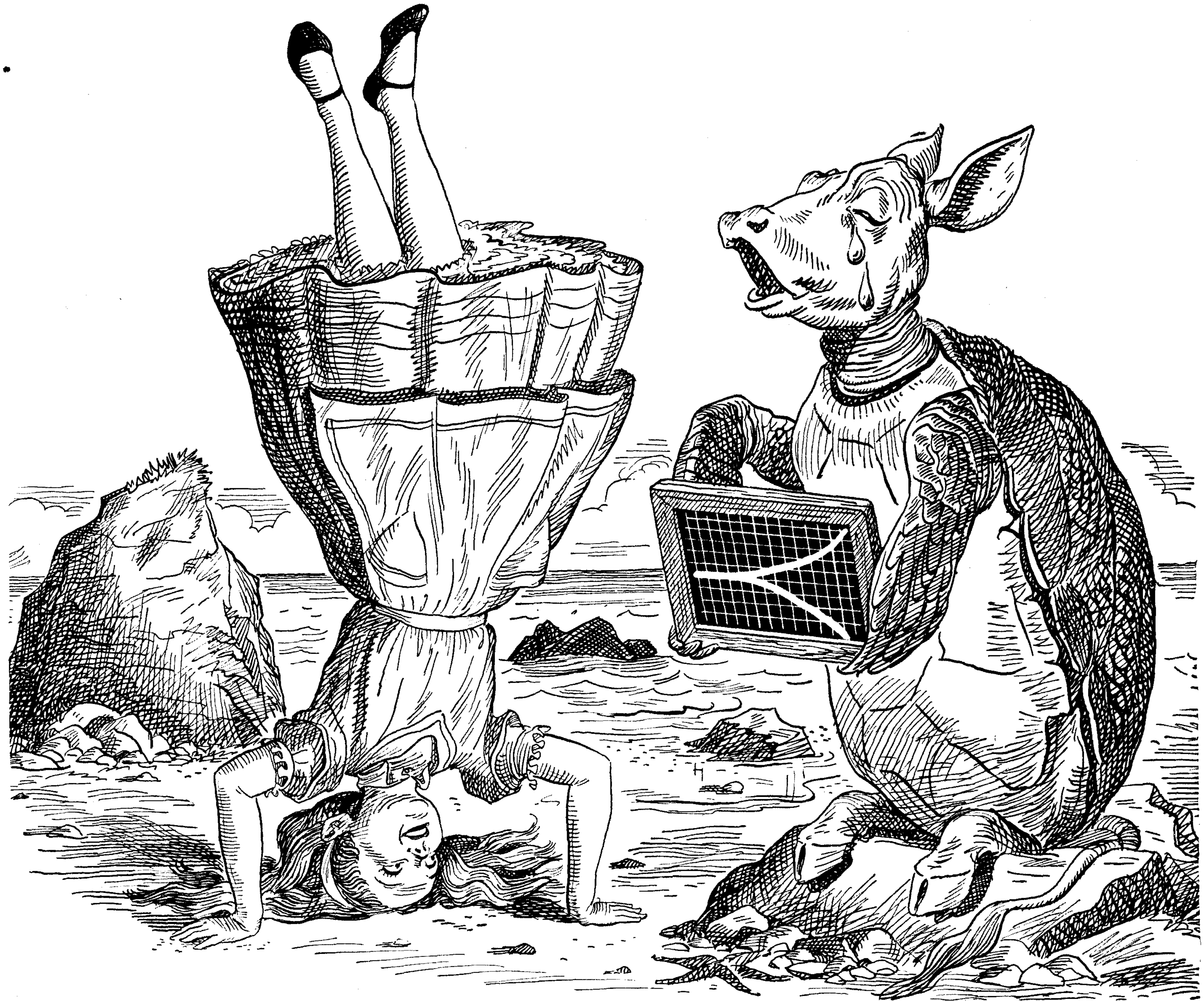
Do you feel headachy and upset due to poorly digested food? To feel cheerful and happy again your food must be digested properly.

Each day, Nature must produce about two pints of a vital digestive juice to help digest your food. If Nature fails, your food may remain undigested—leaving you headachy and irritable.

Therefore, you must increase the flow of this digestive juice. Carter's Little Liver Pills increase *this flow quickly—often* in as little as 30 minutes. And, you're on the road to feeling better.

Don't depend on artificial aids to counteract indigestion—when Carter's Little Liver Pills aid digestion after Nature's own order. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills as directed. Get them at any drugstore. Only 25¢.

OTIS
MODERN UNDERWEAR
for men and boys
OTIS — known for generations for longer wear and extra comfort.
BUY WAR BONDS
TRADE O MARK
OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth St., New York 13, N.Y.
also OTIS HOSIERY



"Maybe it will look right if I stand on my head," said Alice

Alice couldn't seem to understand.

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, drew one flipper across his eyes, and began again.

"This line is the cost of living going *up*—and that line is the cost of electricity coming *down*. Now do you see?"

"No," said Alice, doubtfully, "why don't they go together? One of them must be upside down."

Sobs suddenly choked the Mock Turtle.

Alice was eager to please. "Maybe it will look right," she said, "if I stand on my head!"

☆ ☆ ☆

There *is* an Alice-in-Wonderland flavor to the simple facts about electricity.

The average price of household electricity has actually come DOWN since war began†—while the cost of most other things was going UP.

There has been no shortage of electricity—the basic raw material of all war production—though most other important war materials have necessarily been scarce or rationed.

That record is the result of careful planning and hard work by America's *business*-managed electric companies. And it is your assurance of plenty of cheap electricity for peacetime job production—and for all the new electric conveniences you'll enjoy after the war.

†3.2%, says the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Hear NELSON EDDY *in* "THE ELECTRIC HOUR," *with Robert Armbruster's Orchestra. Sunday afternoons,* 4:30, EWT, CBS *Network.*

167 ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES★

SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES • ***★Names on request from this magazine***

DON'T WASTE ELECTRICITY JUST BECAUSE IT'S CHEAP!

They have a
SALAD SECRET
at Washington's Mayflower

In The Presidential Dining Room of the famed Mayflower in Washington, you would enjoy the subtle blending of ingredients in this summer salad:

Recipe for
TOMATO with CRABMEAT

6 ripe tomatoes
1½ cups crabmeat
½ cup olive oil
2 hardboiled eggs
1 tbs. chopped relish
2 tbs. lemon juice
1 tbs. Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon chopped chives
2 tbs. Terragon vinegar
mayonnaise
Chopped parsley

Place crabmeat in bowl. Season with lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, olive oil or salad oil, chives, vinegar, chopped hard-boiled eggs and relish. Add salt and pepper, mix well but gently, refrigerate.

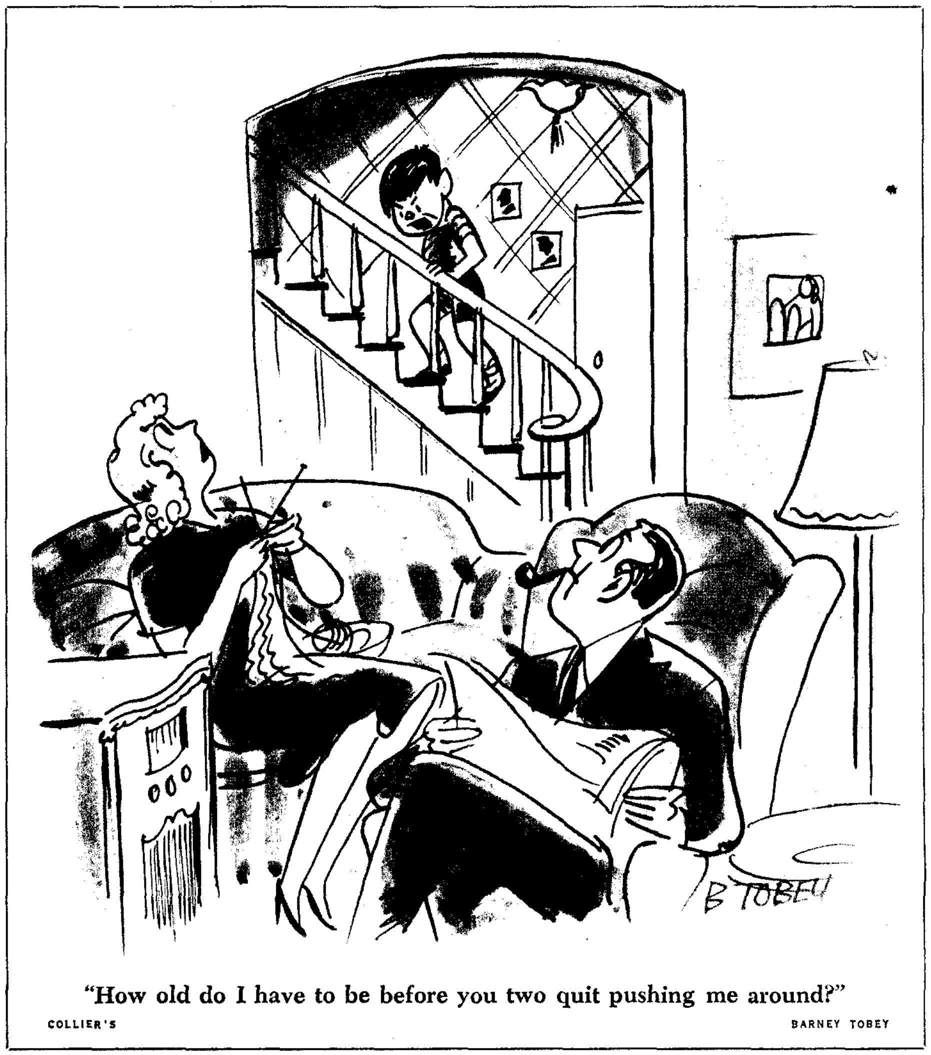
Peel tomatoes, scoop out centers and seeds, fill with chilled crabmeat mixture to which you have just added small amount of mayonnaise. Sprinkle tops with finely chopped hardboiled eggs and chopped parsley. Serve chilled.

With salads and other fine foods, try the delightful good taste of Goebel Beer.

GOEBEL BEER

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

Available in Bantam, Export and Quart bottles. Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit 7, Michigan



"How old do I have to be before you two quit pushing me around?"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

Transfer to the East

Continued from page 17

and this coating must be removed. This takes time. Then we get the additional equipment we need for Pacific operations—things we never needed in Europe.

We get new radios, for instance; radios that have been moistureproofed. Without this moistureproofing, the damp tropical weather would ruin their effectiveness in no time. Radios are very important to our division. We learned about the word "communications" in the European fighting. Even we civilians have often read the line "our communications broke down and we were forced to retreat."

Our new cotton uniforms were issued on shipboard on our way over. We keep one suit of woolens but, from now on, we'll wear light underwear, socks and cotton uniforms. We are all issued mosquito nets and special boots to protect our legs from insect bites. We have special raincoats, light and jungle-camouflaged.

Now we are put into training. We'll grumble about this at first. We've fought for three years all over Europe. Why do we have to train? Then we find out. They tell us about the terrain we will have to fight over pretty soon. It's a lot different from the terrain in Normandy or Germany or Italy. We'll have to plow through rice fields and swamps. This is new to our division. How can we ever drive our jeeps through such stuff? What about our command cars and our trucks? They'll sink out of sight in those Japanese rice fields. Well, the Army has thought of that. The Army thought of it years ago.

The wheel, which changed us from barbarians to civilized beings, will have to be augmented with track vehicles. But now we see our old equipment being refashioned. We see tractors and caterpillars taking the place of the wheel. Yeah, we reluctantly admit, we do need additional training. We have to learn new techniques and how to use new gadgets.

They show us motion pictures of China and Japan. Most of them were taken years ago. They show the Japanese troops in maneuvers, and now we see how they handle the movement of heavy guns and supply convoys. It's galling to admit that the Japanese can teach us anything, but there are the pictures. We see other pictures taken only a few weeks before, pictures of the ground over which we are going to fight. This is a bit different from Germany. Now we listen with more attention to instructors who have been fighting the Japs for three years. We listen to men who landed on Guadalcanal and Guam and Leyte, and we meet Marines who took Iwo, and we get a new slant on the Japs.

Our division has fought the Hermann Goering Division and the SS troops. These were the best and we licked 'em. But these Japs—they must be pretty good, too. Our division really gets down to training now. The time seems all too short, but every minute of that time is utilized.

The Long Road to Tokyo

Then we hear rumors. We are going up forward. "Up forward" is a good old Army expression used a great deal in the Pacific. Where are we going? Nobody knows. We can guess, though. Perhaps we'll head straight for Tokyo. Maybe it'll be Shikoku or Kyushu? Or will it be Taihoku on Formosa, or Nagasaki, or that little island called Saishu? These names are as familiar to us now as the names of Cologne, Juelich, Dueren and Aachen were months ago when our division was fighting in the Rhineland. It's a long time after V-E Day, and our division hasn't fired a shot.

Here at home we're still grumbling. Why don't they do something? The war is practically off the front pages of newspapers. Our military leaders are still crying for more and faster production. Some workers and industrialists are bound to ask "For what? What do you want this stuff for? Your army is just sitting around those Pacific islands taking it easy."

But our division won't know about that. They only know that for a number of months they've been hustling, getting ready for the hardest fight yet. Now the rumors they've heard about "moving forward" become actual orders. They prepare to take off just as dozens and dozens of other divisions prepare to take off. For months LCIs and LSTs and all sorts of troop- and material-carrying craft have been gathering. Now the weapons of war are loaded; not "convoy loaded" this time but "combat loaded." The vehicles aren't crated this time. They have to be ready to roll right off the ships onto beaches. That means you can't carry nearly so many of them on board, but that's how it will have to be. And one day our division boards these craft and we're off to Tokyo or on the road that leads to Tokyo.

Yes, some long, weary months may elapse before our power drive can get rolling in the invasion of the Japanese homeland. There will be bombing raids, hundreds of them, but they'll be the same strategic raids we've seen over Germany these past three years. Then, too, the activities of our Air Force will be limited in the Pacific by the number of runways we have within striking distance of Japan. There aren't too many. Your maps will tell you that. Our carrier-based planes will be very active, but their bomb loads are limited. The chances are that it will be the same old infantry again. Only ground troops can take ground. That's how it has always been, and it won't be a soft touch.

Let's take a look at Japan's strength. To begin with, we must face the fact that, so far, we haven't met Japan's first-line troops. The men they placed on the islands we have stormed were there to fight a delaying action. They were ordered to hold and die. They did so, and you know how costly they made it. We had to take several severe beatings before we could take islands like Iwo. These islands had to be taken just as North Africa and Sicily and Sardinia and Corsica had to be taken before we could get down to the real business of invading Europe.

When we go into Japan, and possibly China, we'll find some six million Japanese troops spoiling for a fight. Right now they have four million men, but, in addition, they have one million Manchurian and Chinese puppets organized as auxiliary military units. And during the past few months the Japanese have accelerated their conscription process and are training an additional one million young men. They'll be ready for us.

Japan has a fine, untouched reserve strength. She still has one million men of military age that she had not thought it necessary to conscript. Then there are an additional million lads of 17 and 18 not yet subject to the draft. They have all had preliminary training along the lines of the Hitler Jugend and they can be transformed very quickly into good defensive units. All of this adds up to why we can't move immediately against Japan once victory is won in Europe. We are going to have to overwhelm Japan with superior forces, and it will take months to get those superior forces ready to attack. Any attack on a smaller scale would be suicidal.

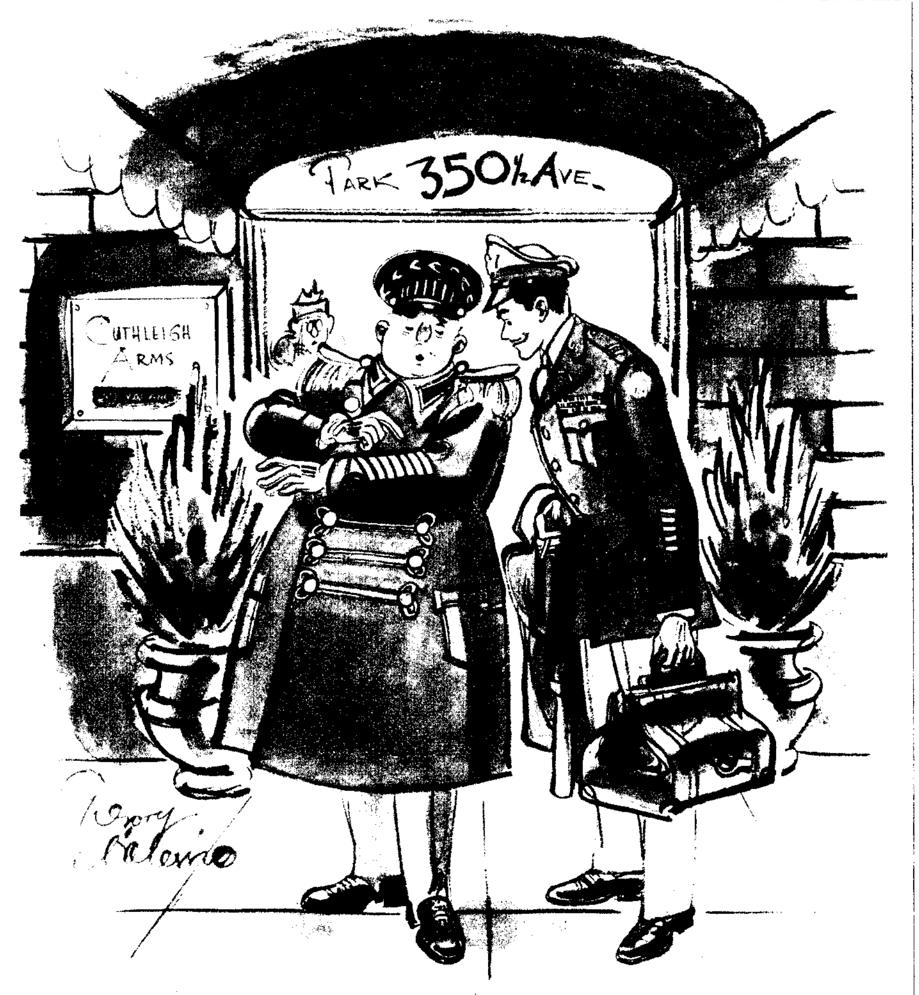
No army ever had the morale or spirit of the Japanese army. The courage and aggressiveness of the ordinary Japanese soldier is beyond question. If you doubt that, ask any Marine who was at Tarawa or Iwo. Ask the men who had to take Manila block by block. This *"seishin"* or "spirit of the warrior" which is so ingrained in the Nip soldier will increase as we get closer to Tokyo. Even when we close in on the Jap, and he realizes that his cause is hopeless, his resistance will not lessen. His destiny is to fight and die.

A Fight to the Death

Our men in the Pacific know how tough the Japs are going to be. The Allied army of Mountbatten in the India-Burma theater knows even better. They've killed 100,000 Japs during the past fourteen months, and they had to kill them all dead. In that time they managed to capture some 400 prisoners. One of them was a Japanese officer. He had been knocked unconscious by bomb blast. They brought him to a hospital where he pleaded with the doctors to lend him a knife so he could finish the job on himself. They refused.

"You British and Americans are silly," he said. "Before I die I would like you to take a message to Mountbatten from the Imperial Officers Corps. Tell him we know he intends to invade our homeland some day. Tell him we have resolved to make the British and the Americans pay dearly when they do invade. We have resolved to kill twenty of you for every one of us that dies;

WELCOME HOME! by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"Yes, Captain Jamison, I picked up two more while you were away"

COLLIER'S

1 Secret Hideaway!
EASY AS 1-2-3 TO SEE WHY
2 Pocket File!
Lady Buxtons ARE SO POPULAR!
3 for Evening!
Lady Buxton

"3-way" in Sheepskin—$3.50 + tax

1 **Keep your money** from prying eyes! Insert the inner fold containing your large bills *open side down.* They're safe and out of sight until you need them.

2 **The inner fold,** *open side up,* provides 3 full-length compartments separating your bills, ration books, commutation tickets and etceteras!

3 **Lift out the inner fold**— you've a wafer-thin billfold that fits into your evening bag—or your escort's pocket! Or just carry the "Magic Purse" if you prefer.

BUXTON, INC., 4504 ORLEANS ST., SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS., OR DEPT. D., 47 W. 34TH ST., N.Y.C.

COMES IN A VARIETY OF STYLES, COLORS, LEATHERS AND PRICES FROM $2 TO $5 + TAX

The Life Guards of the ground troops

Once the doughfoot was envious of the airman's easier life and extra pay, and "he rides to work" . . . but today he knows the comfort of a curtain of planes, and that business-bent bombers flying overhead mean fewer bullets he may have to stop.

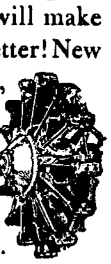
Here at home, however, too few people realize that the bombers have been life insurance for the ground troops. The Air Forces cost Germany factories, munitions, morale, tied down an estimated million troops in the Reich before D-day . . . kept ships and supplies from reaching Rommel in the last six weeks of the Tunisian campaign . . . softened up Italy . . . disorganized Nazi supply lines and communications in France, and actually kept reinforcements from arriving!

ACROSS the Pacific, American air power sank one Jap fleet in the Bismarck Sea, starved Jap bases, helped seal off New Guinea, Truk, Yap, Palau, made every island landing easier. How much worse Tarawa and Iwo Jima might have been, had no air attacks preceded the Marines? . . . And now the Super-forts risk three thousand mile missions over water—to save lives when our landing craft grate on Japan's beaches.

To date, the Air Forces have lost about *ten thousand bombers*—but every plane and airman lost has saved two, ten, or a hundred lives on the ground! Be glad we had so many—and grateful to the men who sacrificed themselves to make the bombers worth so much!

BACK of the bomber records was the bomber training program—and the Jacobs engine, used in the twin-engine trainers in which bomber pilots were schooled . . . Subject to the hardest service of any engine, the Jacobs ran up its service period between major overhauls from 350 to as much as 1,200 flight hours, set new records for maintenance and low costs . . . saved money for American taxpayers.

The more than 30,000 engines Jacobs made for this war will make Jacobs' postwar engines better! New models are forthcoming, for commercial operation and for light planes—with the same old Jacobs stamina and service! . . . Jacobs Aircraft Engine Co.



JACOBS • Pottstown, Pa.

you may kill us all, but twenty of you will die for each one of us."

That night that Jap officer drank a bottle of disinfectant and died. According to Mountbatten and other leaders who have actually fought the Japs, this attitude is typical. Our future plans in the Pacific are predicated on this premise. That's why we'll need five million men.

Japan has a tremendous army of civilians fighting a total war for her. In addition to the 75 million Japanese in the homeland, the Nip military machine can force the support of some 175 million subject peoples, including Koreans, Formosans and Chinese. There are eight million civilians working in war plants in Japan proper, and the manpower potential of the Japanese-held areas is hardly calculable.

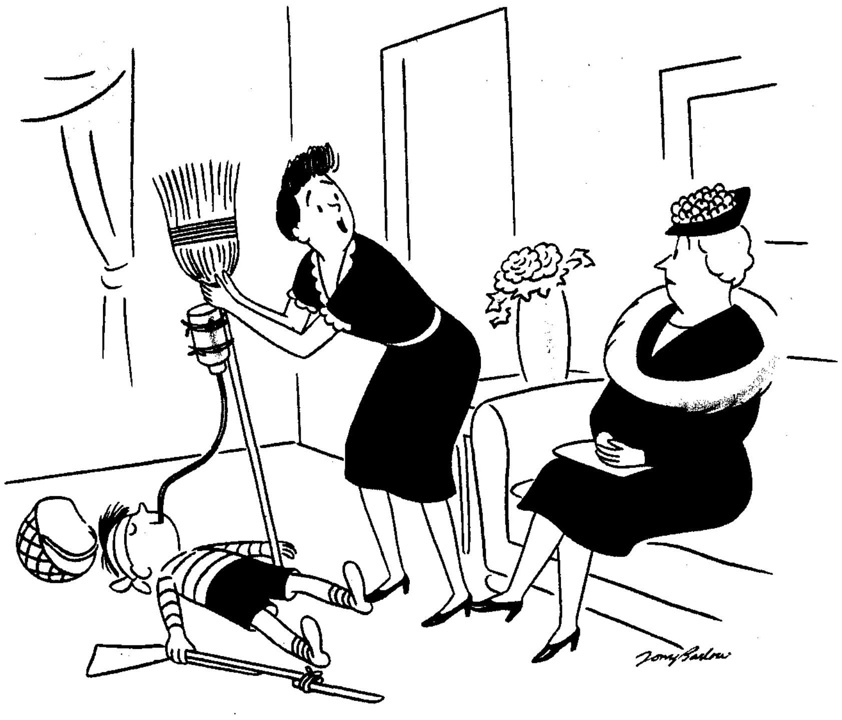
We are justly proud of our own production record. We have had to produce material enough to fight two wars and we have done it. Japanese production men have no such problem. It has been relatively easy for them to produce the weapons needed for their forces. In Japan they have severe rationing and virtually no production of consumer goods. That means that *all* Japanese industry is geared for war production and it means that all essential raw materials (steel, aluminum, etc.) go right into war production. In addition, during her two and a half years of exploitation of acquired territories in East Asia, Japan has managed to accumulate a huge stock pile of strategic material. She has large reserves of lubricating oils, high-octane gasoline, fuel oils, nickel, chrome and manganese. It is true that Japan's production of steel is one tenth that of the United States, but it is also true that her expenditure of ammunition and weapons during the past three years of war has been relatively negligible, and we must assume that her reserve of steel is large.

Our raids—and within a short time we'll have one thousand B-29s in operation—have done damage, but in anticipation of these raids, the Nips moved some of their vital plants to areas outside the big cities. These plants are well camouflaged, hard to find and harder to hit. Additional plants have been moved underground and into tunnels.

The job will be infinitely harder than the job in Europe. Our European base was Britain, a few hours from Normandy by ship. It will be different in the Pacific. It's 6,200 miles from San Francisco to Manila. It's 1,670 miles from Manila to Tokyo. And we'll have to bring every weapon, every bit of blood plasma, every can of C rations along that route, or routes of similar distances. It's going to be like that. That's why we'll have a long, long lag after V-E Day. That's why most of our men won't be able to come home, and that's why there won't be any new automobiles or electric refrigerators or nylon stockings for us at home.

We'd be fools if we didn't face the realities of the picture and lock up our dreams for a while.

THE END



COLLIER'S "It's the only way I can get him to drink his milk!" TONY BARLOW

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

the dogs from the plane. Thus the surgeon is on the ground ready to receive the dogs, unharness them and prepare for business.

Captain William R. Jacobs of Lewiston, Idaho, is the dean of jumping flight surgeons on the Alaskan Division. Twenty-four of his jumps have been to bring relief to crash victims. For this work he was awarded the Air Medal. On one of his jumps, however, Captain Jacobs found a lost pilot dead in the wreckage of his plane, but his pet Eskimo Husky, Sacktime, who always flew with him, was alive and had guarded his master's body for five and a half days. Sacktime's tail was frozen in the ice, and Captain Jacobs had to chop it free. The Husky recovered, and is a highly respected member of the Fort Nelson dog department.

A great part in preparing the Parapup unit was played by Lieutenant David Irwin of Grand Rapids, Michigan, a veteran Husky handler. For ten years Lieutenant Irwin has been an expert in dog-team operations. In 1934 he and his dog team made a 2,000-mile trip across the snow-clad terrain from Aklavik, Canada, to the Baker Lake region. It was Lieutenant Irwin who can be thanked by Maggie and Jiggs for their being selected for the pioneer leap.

THE training of the Parapup Corps is complete, and the dogs are ready for their first mission. As you read this, they may be tumbling out of a C-47 to save the life of some stranded pilot.

The traditional St. Bernard of the Alps with his brandy cask must now concede a rival who hereafter will spectacularly float down from the skies carrying blood plasma, sulfa drugs and penicillin, and then hitch up to a sled and haul the victims to safety.

THE END

A hearing aid and a telephone both use the same principles of sound transmission. So what could be more natural than that Western Electric, manufacturer of the famous Bell telephone, should also produce a hearing aid built to the same high standards?

Hearing IS OUR BUSINESS

Years of telephone experience go into every Western Electric Hearing Aid

● Today there is a new attitude toward hearing aids. Wearing one means simply that you can hear again, just as the wearing of glasses is a sign of corrected vision. Scientific developments have made possible small, inconspicuous, efficient hearing aids. Thus, thousands with impaired hearing are once again enjoying a fuller life in the world of sound.

Western Electric plays a great part in this trend, for the engineers in Bell Telephone Laboratories are pioneers and leaders in the science of sound. The Bell telephones used all over America are made by Western Electric and the Western Electric Hearing Aid has been developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories.

Yes, it's a healthy thing, this new attitude toward wearing a hearing aid. It means the opening of a new world to millions of hard-of-hearing Americans.

You may need a Hearing Aid if—

★ **If you are in the habit of favoring one ear only . . . or if you are always asking people to sit on your "good ear" side.**

★ **If you think people don't talk as clearly as they used to.**

★ **If people always seem to be mumbling behind your back.**

★ **If you find yourself not bothering to pay attention to conversation.**

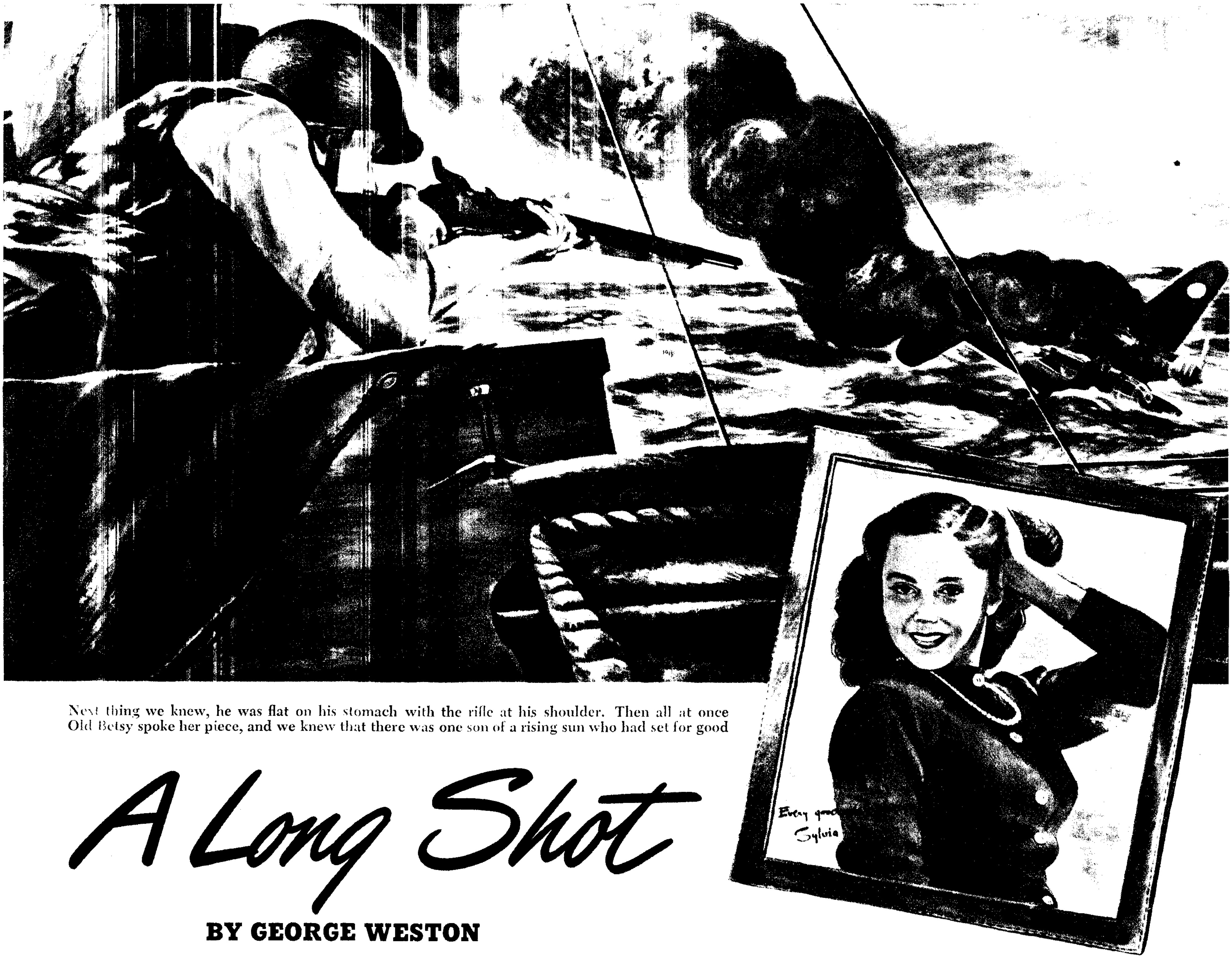
CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR about your hearing difficulties. If you need a hearing aid, see your local Western Electric Hearing Aid dealer for a free personal discussion. You will find his name and address under "Hearing Aids" in the classified telephone directory. Or you can write for information to: Western Electric, Dept. 380-B, 195 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Look on your Bell Telephone for this great name in Hearing Aids

On your Bell Telephone you see the words WESTERN ELECTRIC. The same name on your hearing aid means the same high standard of manufacture. The Western Electric Hearing Aid is easy to use, lightweight and comfortable. Its many features were designed by Bell Telephone Laboratories — by the same organization which brought the Bell Telephone to its present state of excellence.

Western Electric Hearing Aids

MADE TO BELL TELEPHONE STANDARDS



Next thing we knew, he was flat on his stomach with the rifle at his shoulder. Then all at once Old Betsy spoke her piece, and we knew that there was one son of a rising sun who had set for good

A Long Shot

BY GEORGE WESTON

EXCEPT for the shake of the engine, we might have been tied to a dock. It seemed a laugh to be wearing life preservers. Through the open door of the mess hall we could see some of the other ships of the convoy. A flash had come to look for dirty weather ahead; and when the weather is dirty in the Pacific, it isn't fooling. So seeing we were only two days away from where we might be able to leave mail, most of us on Hank's watch were catching up with our letters.

But the Gunner wasn't.

Nobody on the Passamaquoddy had ever seen the Gunner write a letter. He was a good-looking guy, tall and thin and kind of dignified, though part of that might have been put on to hide how young he was. He was sitting at the end of the table, oiling a long-barreled rifle. This rifle had never been Government Issue; not in any war. But the uniform under the Gunner's preserver was G.I. all right. The Gunner and his crew were the only ones on the Quoddy who wore G.I.s.

"What's the matter, Sailor?" asked Hank who had just finished his second page. "Don't they deliver mail up in your mountains?"

"Rifle needs oiling," said the Gunner. "It's Gramper's Old Betsy. They wouldn't let him get into the war personally, though he pestered them plenty. So when I joined up with the Navy he loaded Old Betsy and handed her over to me. As sort of representing him."

"Maybe you got Hank wrong," Nick said. "What he meant was a simple question: Have you promised your girl not to write her while we're fighting this war?"

"No, my girl sort of curdled on me," the Gunner told him. "She seemed to think I didn't write her enough."

"Then why didn't you write her more?"

"I wrote her every time there was news."

Hank had to laugh. "Sailor, you got to grow up," he said. "It ain't news that a girl wants most in a letter. These two pages I've wrote—you don't suppose that's all news, do you?"

He went back to his writing like a first-class mechanic showing off to an apprentice. Little Steve and Nick were writing, too. Steve was one of the Gunner's crew. He had drawn a picture of a heart with a harpoon through it, and now he began to fill a big balloon with what the heart was saying.

"How do you spell toots?" he asked. "Is it t-o-o-t-s or t-u-t-s?"

The Professor was the speller on Hank's watch, and, while he was telling Steve, I happened to look at the Gunner. He looked like he was hungry and was watching through a window to where the guys inside were tucking in turkey dinners. He put his oilcan in his cleaning kit, picked up Gramper's rifle and went striding out as if he was going to hunt a turkey for himself.

"Not on the Quoddy you won't find one," I couldn't help thinking. "Not in the Pacific Ocean on a Class B tanker."

Which only shows how little a guy knows till he comes to the back of the book where the answers are.

THE next day when the Quoddy lifted her bow, she raised it right out of the water. Maybe she was looking for a break in the weather. A break, did I say, Mister? There wasn't a sign of a break.

We were waiting for chow in the mess hall and while we were waiting, we had dealt out a few hands of poker to keep our minds off the weather.

"I'll open it," said the Gunner after nothing had happened for a while. He dropped a quarter in the pot.

"Raise you a quarter," said Hank.

"A quarter more," the Gunner came back when the rest of us had faded out.

The two of them looked at each other over their Mae Wests like a couple of pouter pigeons. Hank stayed and drew two cards. The gunner drew three and dropped another quarter in the pot.

"Raise you again," said Hank and put in half a dollar.

"I'm still climbing," said the Gunner in his dignified way.

Hank reached under and brought a leather frame out of his pocket. There were pictures of two girls in the frame. One was a blonde who looked as if nothing would faze her. The other was young and dark and had a smile that was sort of bashful.

"Sweetheart, here's where I need you," said Hank.

He reached in back of the blonde and drew out a five-dollar bill. "How do you want this to go in?" Hank asked the Gunner. "Four bits at a time or shoot the works?"

Before the Gunner answered, he picked up the leather frame from under Hank's elbow. The pictures had celluloid covers that had gone a bit cloudy.

"Do you mind?" asked the Gunner. He slipped the dark girl's picture out of the frame, so he could see it better. Under the picture were two lines of writing: "Every good wish always," and "Sylvia Lee."

"A nice name," said the Gunner.

"A nice girl," said Hank.

"I knew some Lees once. Where does this one live?"

"Santa Monica Boulevard."

"Is that in Santa Monica, California?"

"Where else?"

We knew Hank came from Los Angeles. The rest of us belonged farther east. The Gunner's home state was Tennessee. He slid the picture back in the frame.

"Looks something like my old girl," he said. "Is she the one you wrote to yesterday?"

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE KANELOUS

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

PAA

The System of the Flying Clippers

PAN AMERICAN PRESTIGE BRINGS NEW PRESTIGE TO

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

CHAMPION
4345

In its far-flung operations to the outposts of the world, Pan American Airways has been operating under stringent wartime restrictions and equipment limitations. It has nevertheless compiled an outstanding performance record in both contract work for the Army and Navy and in maintenance of its own commercial routes.

This achievement bespeaks a painstakingly scientific maintenance and service program. The small but vital spark plug naturally came in for close study because of its direct bearing on engine economy, performance, and dependability. Out of these studies and records emerged conclusive and dramatic evidence of superior performance, longer life, lower costs, lower maintenance and servicing time with Champion Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs.

The Champion Spark Plugs you buy for your car today are blood brothers to those used in Pan American's far-flying clippers. They are products of the same research and engineering, exclusive materials and processes; and, as a result, they bring an extra measure of performance and dependability to every engine.

[illegible] TOLEDO 1, OHIO

GUARANTEED DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUG
CHAMPION

TO SAVE GASOLINE —KEEP SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

JOAN EDWARDS' biggest Hit—
flowers-by-wire to her Mother!

"I send flowers by telegraph to Mother," says lovely Joan Edwards, "whenever I'm out of town — on Mother's Day and every occasion. Because flowers *always* say it better than words."

For Mother -
No. 1 on my Hit Parade
Much Love
Joan

In any event - wire Flowers

It's easy as 1-2-3, and not at all expensive

1. Go to a florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window. Tell him the name, address and town of the person to receive flowers — state the amount you wish to spend. You pay nothing extra for flowers by wire — except standard rate for telegram.

2. Your florist wires your order and your message for the card to an F.T.D. florist in the other town who immediately delivers fresh flowers from his stock.

3. F.T.D. florists are everywhere — but not all florists are members of Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association. So look for the F.T.D. Seal. It's your assurance of full value.

FLOWERS - BY - WIRE
AUTHORIZED FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY SHOP

BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

Listen to Joan Edwards, singing star of your "Hit Parade," CBS, Saturday Evening, 9 P M., EWT.

"No, I wrote the other one yesterday." Hank was still holding a half dollar in one hand and the five spot in the other. "Now what do you say if we go back where we started from. Half a buck at a time or shoot the works?"

"I've been trained, myself, to shoot the works," said the Gunner, kind of absent-minded.

Hank dropped the five-fifty into the Professor's cap and took out a quarter. The Gunner had to loosen his straps to get to his wallet.

"Five more," he said, and he put in a ten spot.

We knew then we were watching something pretty. You never know when things like this will break on board a ship. I was practically brought up in garages, and I used to think there was no place like garages for excitement or for talk about dames. But when the garage business went to pot and I took this job in the engine room of the Quoddy, I soon found out that in one day on a ship there is more excitement and more talk about dames than you get in a garage in a month.

"What do you mean: five more?" Hank snapped right back at him. "You heard me say I was shooting the works. If I had five more, I'd call you. If I had ten more I'd raise you. But you can't steam me out of this pot."

"You don't need five more to call me," said the Gunner, speaking quiet like he always spoke.

"Why don't I need five more to call you?"

"Because you can call me with the dark girl's picture."

I guess we all looked at one another kind of bug-eyed.

"Listen," said Hank. "Are you kidding?"

"No. But I figure I've got you beat, and I may as well get all I can. Wouldn't you? The dark girl's picture—you can call my raise on that, or I'll take five dollars out of the pot."

Hank peeked at his hand, holding his cards close to his chest. He didn't like kibitzers. All we had seen was his top card which was a nine spot.

"I know you're licked," he said. "So why not?"

He pulled the dark girl's picture out of the frame, dropped it in the Professor's cap, and laughed. I couldn't help wondering how she'd like that laugh if she knew.

He said. "What you got, Sailor?"

"I see three jacks," said the Gunner, beginning to squeeze out his cards so he could see the pips.

"You got to see more than three jacks. I got three kings looking at me."

"And here's another jack," said the Gunner. "Four jacks. And a king for a kicker. How's that?"

Nobody had to tell him it was good.

The Gunner put the picture in his wallet. Hank watched as if he had bit on something sour and yet was trying to smile. "All right," he said. "Now you got her, what are you going to do with her?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the Gunner. "I may practice writing to her. I don't see what I can lose, and there's a lot of things you can learn by practicing."

JUST then Doc came in with a pan of stew and we heard the ship's bell on the bridge. The rest of us paid it no attention but the Gunner knew what it meant. There's things you learn better in the mountains than down in the towns.

"The wind's blowed out," he said. "It came up quick and it's gone down quick. We may have company this afternoon. We can't be far from where we're going."

As soon as he had finished his stew, the Gunner nodded to Steve and they went to the roof of the stern housing. We knew what they went for. By the time we climbed up ourselves to see how the convoy had stood the storm, the Gunner was getting his babies ready for exercise. His crew—Steve and Snorty and Mac—had oiled and greased them, and now the Gunner was working his babies' joints to limber them up.

"They came through the storm all right?" the Professor asked.

"They came through fine," said the Gunner. The way he patted their round little barrels, you could see he liked them. They were twins and they rode around together on a turntable. The Gunner pushed them around and held them steady with two handgrips. It was like swinging a baby wagon around on its two back wheels. When he wanted action, he pressed his thumbs down on two buttons without taking his hands off the grips. As long as he kept his thumbs down, the twins shot off twenty words a second. They were wicked little babies when they talked.

Steve opened the ammunition locker and there was Gramper's Old Betsy fastened to two clamps inside the lid. The Gunner fed his babies with the ends of two strings of ammunition.

"They may be spitting those out before dark," said Hank.

THE blue sky had spread fast, and the waves were smaller and farther apart. Ahead and astern, port and starboard, the convoy moved on, like a big parade, only quiet.

Up near the front was a flattop that the boys called Old Mom. Along the sides and across the rear were fast-moving Navy patrols that always made me think of cops on motorcycles. We watched them cover their beats till old Cap Shuke, the officers' steward, came bopping over the catwalk from amidships.

"Word just come in," he shouted up to the Gunner. "Enemy aircraft. Approaching from the north."

While Steve went down for the helmets, we watched Old Mom. They had given her room and she had turned into the wind. The planes hopped off her back and headed north.

We heard later that they stopped most of the Nips, but a few broke through and it wasn't long before the air above the convoy was full of hell.

It was good to watch the Gunner then. When a bomb may drop on a tanker any minute, it helps to have somebody solid and reliable to watch. The Gunner was all of that.

His hands were steady as brake bands on the grips of his gocart. He swung his babies around and we saw he had a line on a bomber that was making a play for the Quoddy. Nick and Hank poured over the edge of the roof. I guess the rest of us stayed because we had sort of jelled and couldn't move. Or we were too dumb to move.

But the Gunner hadn't jelled. And he wasn't dumb.

He pushed the carriage around a little farther. He pointed it a hairsbreadth higher. But before his babies began to spit, a shell from another ship must have landed square in the bomber's open bay, because all at once that enemy bomber just wasn't there any more. Some of its pieces landed like shrapnel on the Quoddy's deck. Hank and Nick came up again and the Professor said, "That was a close one."

But Hank and Nick said nothing. They were listening to the Gunner and, what was something new for him, the Gunner was saying plenty. A piece of flying metal had broken the turntable of his baby wagon, and, until it was fixed, his babies were out of action.

Then, quick as that, he went quiet. Under the smoke, a low-flying enemy plane that was in trouble had made a belly landing on the water and wasn't more than a hundred yards from the Quoddy. Now we saw it under the smoke. Now we didn't. But we had seen it long enough to know that the Nip was trying to swing his gun around in our direction.

You wouldn't believe the Gunner could move so fast. First thing we knew, he had Old Betsy out of her clamps. Next thing we knew, he was flat on his stomach with the rifle at his shoulder, his elbows spread on the housing roof like the two front legs of a tripod.

Then all at once Old Betsy spoke her piece, and before we drew our next breaths we knew that whatever else might happen there was one son of a rising sun who had set for good and all. By that time most of our planes were back and the Nips that could make it were tailing it out of there. They had scored a few hits, but they hadn't sunk any of us. . . .

The Gunner was one of those birds who, when he was started, was hard to stop. While the convoy unloaded, and all the way back to Honolulu, there was hardly a day when he didn't practice writing.

And all the boys lent him a hand.

"What's the matter, Sailor?" asked Nick, the first time this happened. "Ideas running out?"

"Yeah," he said and he tapped his pen against his teeth. "Kind of not so plentiful. I've told her about Gramper and Old Betsy and I don't know what to tell her next."

"Have you told her about Nick?" asked Steve.

"What could I tell her about Nick?"

"How he was brought up in a Greek restaurant in Norwich. And how he learned his ABCs from the signs back of the counter. A for Apple Pie. B for Boston Beans. You've heard the story."

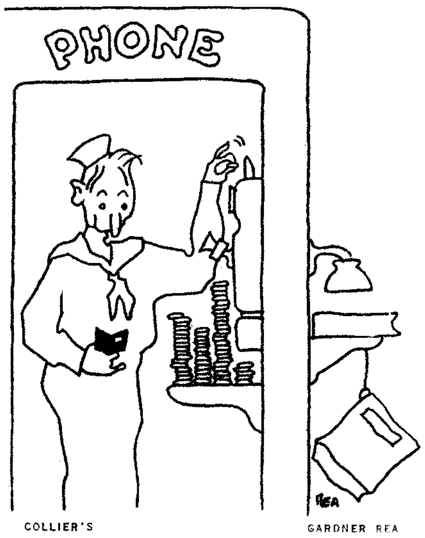
The next night, Nick got even.

"Tell her about Steve," he said, "and how he bought a little Hawaiian island—and then found out it didn't belong to the old native chief with the beautiful daughter who had sold it to him."

Practically everybody on the Quoddy had some sort of a story fastened to him, and one way and another we kept the Gunner in material. By the time we made Honolulu he had a package of mail that would fill a lunch box.

We heard him talking to Hank about it.

"You know Miss Lee better than I do," he said. "Would you send her all these? Or only a few?"



Hank's eyes nearly popped out of his head when he saw how many there were. "Why not shoot the works?" he said. "Isn't that the way you like to play it?"

The Gunner came back from the post office riding high. He had sent his letters air mail and he had received official notice that he had been promoted from Gunner's Mate First Class to Chief Gunner—apparently on the recommend of the skipper of the Quoddy.

"I could get married now if I wanted," I heard him tell the Professor. "A Chief Gunner gets good pay and allowance for dependents."

"You're lucky," said the Professor.

"I'll say I'm lucky. I've just about time to send Miss Lee another air-mail letter—about the promotion, I mean—not about getting married. I'll ask her to write Gramper."

NOTHING much happened between Honolulu and Los Angeles. We dropped anchor off San Pedro at ten o'clock on the kind of a morning they know how to have in California when everything adds up right. We watched the Harbor Boat come out with the Quarantine and Immigration officers. Pretty soon it passed around our stern and slowly moved amidships.

Then we saw that in a separate bunch from the officers in their uniforms, there was a group of civilians. And right in front was a girl with a big bunch of flowers pinned on her. Standing around her were a guy in a sporty-looking suit, another with a big camera slung over his shoulder and finally the spryest-looking old character with the trimmest set of white whiskers you ever saw.

"Why, it's Gramper!" the Gunner said, leaning over and staring hard. "Gramper! Hey, Gramper!" he shouted.

They all looked up as they slowly moved past and then we saw who the girl was. It was Sylvia Lee.

As soon as the Gunner had caught his breath, he moved over to Hank. Even if he came from the mountains, he knew that when a girl rated all the attention that Sylvia Lee was getting, he needed to know more about her. I guess the question he asked was in all our minds, the way we waited for Hank to answer.

"She's with General Films," he said. "That's all I know about her. She plays little parts. What they call a starlet."

"How did you have her picture?"

"It was in the frame when I bought it."

"But you knew her address."

"Everybody in Los Angeles knows General Films is on Santa Monica Boulevard." Hank laughed. "Think you'll keep up your letter writing?"

BY THAT time the harbor officials had come aboard and the others didn't have to wait long. When they hit the catwalk Miss Lee and Gramper were in the lead. You could see Gramper's suit was brand-new and that he had been to a barber who had fixed him up pretty. The Gunner went to meet them and he wasn't looking happy.

"Son," said Gramper, "this is Miss Sylvia Lee. You asked her to write me and she did."

"Stonewall," Sylvia Lee said.

She put out her hand and the Gunner took it—but instead of looking her in the eye, he looked at the flowers.

It was easy to see he was sinking. A dive bomber, or a torpedo plane: he would know what to do if they were suddenly sprung on him. But now all the Gunner did was just stand there and swallow hard and look at her.

"This is Mr. Myers, my agent," she said, introducing the guy in the sporty-looking suit.

"That old rifle of your grandfather's—" said the agent. "Old Betsy—have you got it handy?"

This was something the Gunner could do without going through the deck. He fetched Old Betsy from between her clamps in the ammunition locker, and the photographer took a few shots of the Gunner and the rifle, some with Gramper in the picture, too.

"And now," Myers said to the Gunner, "I want a picture of you and Miss Lee that will make everybody look at it twice. Take both his hands, Miss Lee. Now the old sunny smile."

Sylvia Lee smiled and the Gunner tried to smile, but the more he looked at what his four jacks had brought him, the surer he knew that he had lost part of his winnings.

"Now," Sylvia Lee said, "I want to meet your friends that you wrote me about."

We had our hats and caps off before she was halfway over.

"I've read so much about you," she said, moving down the line and shaking hands, "that I feel we're old friends. I want you all to come to a party we're having tonight. Mr. Myers has practically sold Stonewall's letters to General Films. If Stonewall is willing, Mr. Myers thinks he can get me a part in the picture. It would start up in the mountains with Gramper and Old Betsy, and it would end with Betsy saving the convoy."

The Gunner came to and said: "My letters—someone's buying them?"

Gramper puffed up then. "Sure, Stonewall," he said. "For thousands."

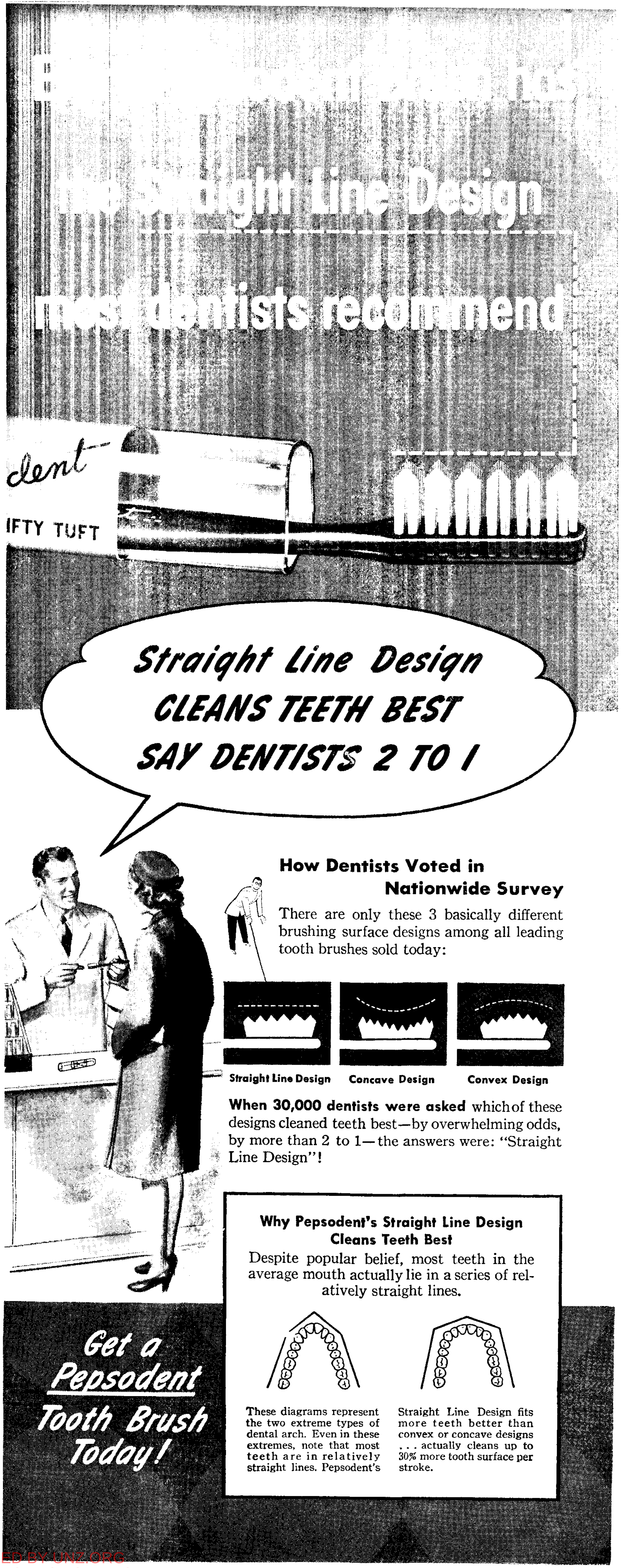
"They would have to be built up a little," said Mr. Myers. "Of course you understand that."

"I'm to be a Wave," said Sylvia Lee, her eyes and her voice both turning dreamy together. "I'm to be picked up at sea early in the voyage, and Stonewall hides me under his tarpaulin or something." She smiled at him again. "Meanwhile," she said, "you and Gramper are to be my guests while you're in port."

The Gunner looked at Hank sort of slow and Hank wasn't laughing this time.

"You know," the Gunner said, "I guess maybe I *will* keep on writing letters."

THE END



[illegible] has
the Straight Line Design
most dentists recommend

Straight Line Design
CLEANS TEETH BEST
SAY DENTISTS 2 TO 1

How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey

There are only these 3 basically different brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes sold today:

Straight Line Design | Concave Design | Convex Design

When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design"!

Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best

Despite popular belief, most teeth in the average mouth actually lie in a series of relatively straight lines.

These diagrams represent the two extreme types of dental arch. Even in these extremes, note that most teeth are in relatively straight lines. Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs . . . actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

Get a Pepsodent Tooth Brush Today!

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly. Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

"He's doubled his production by using Marlin Blades!"

Marlin double edge blades 18 for 25c. Guaranteed by The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn.

DERMOIL
PSORIASIS
EXTERNAL USE ONLY
SHAKE WELL

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) *Use* DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter *how long you have suffered* or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE.** Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement** to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. **Send 10c** (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. **Write today** for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 2823, Detroit 4, Mich.**

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB.

Big Jump into Germany

Continued from page 13

American planes met over Brussels, Belgium. There were five thousand ships in all, counting fighter escort, and they swung northeastward to the Rhine. As they crossed the river, the quiet paratroopers were hooking up to the guide lines and could see great globs of black smoke arising from the drop zones. The heavy bombers were just finishing the softening up.

The weather was on our side. For eleven superb days the sun had crossed the sky, brilliant from the moment it rose to its last setting red. It helped the men patrolling the sky, and the bomber fleets that went out day after day and night after night. It helped the men on the ground by drying out the soil over which they would have to move. Along the sacred German River Rhine it was the enemy who prayed for clouds and rain and overcast to help him against our supremacy in the air and the massive weight of our superiority on the ground. But on this day of decision the good weather held.

To me the only worrying thing about the enterprise was the fact that I was not in the least worried. It's not superstition. It is just that after seven years of crisis and war, I have come to feel that things are most likely to go wrong when it seems inevitable that they will go completely well.

But this slight twinge disappeared after half an hour in the air. Because the sight of airfield after airfield in northern France loaded with planes and gliders taking off and ready to take off was too real a sign of strength to brook any doubt.

The sky above was pale blue. Below us, golden soil and bright green meadows were cut by long morning shadows. Flying at a few hundred feet, banking steeply to let the cameramen get their shots, we saw the solid phalanxes of olive-green troop carriers and tow planes and gliders nose to tail on the perimeter tracks of the ground bases. From one field to another we went until it got monotonous, until we sat down on our flak suits and parachutes in the waist and just watched the sky. I no longer even felt worried that I was not worried.

On my right was Colonel Joel O'Neal, the Deputy Chief of Staff of the U.S. Carrier Forces, come to see the execution of what he had helped to plan. He chewed gum and looked at his map. Tech Sergeant Clarence Pearce and Staff Sergeant Fred Quandt sat silent, with their knees drawn up, and smoked. We all watched dark-bearded Sergeant George Rothlisberg, who sat and slept on the upended little khaki suitcase that carried his equipment. He just sat upright, with no support, and slept.

An Airborne Dream Come True

It was warm, despite the fact that we had taken the windows out of the waist, and the wind was rushing through. Outside, the sun was climbing, and you had just about absorbed the roaring of the four great engines and the screaming of the slipstream into the open fuselage as a thoroughly acceptable part of a perfect day, when someone nudged you and pointed out of the side.

You got up and looked, and there they were—hundreds of C-47s flying along in tight formation. This was the realization of months of training and planning. It was an airborne dream come true. It was a mighty olive-green river that surged steadily and inevitably over Germany, and over the Germans crouched behind their last great defense line below. It was a mightier river than the German Rhine, and this day would prove it. From now on in, it was business, strict and cold. The troop carriers looked sleek and well fed, bobbing up and down in the air currents and propwash like fat men in a gentle surf. But inside them there were thousands of desperate young men, trained to a fine edge and armed to the teeth. Slung under the green bellies of the planes were the bundles of explosives and ammunition and supplies for dropping to the paratroops. They nosed ahead inexorably, and behind them came other serials (large formations), and behind them still others, until the procession disappeared in the thin March mist.

Colonel O'Neal put his flak suit on over his parachute harness and strapped the steel flaps of his flak helmet down over his ears. We all did the same. The three photographers, their cameras clicking away, jostled one another at the waist windows as we swooped around the drop ships.

P-Hour, the drop hour for the paratroops, was 10 A.M. Just after 9:45 we passed our last check point. It was called the IP, or Initial Point, the same as a bombing run. Its code name was Yalta. All of a sudden the ground below us, which had been golden in the morning sunlight, turned gray. For a moment I thought that we had run into clouds. It seemed impossible. Then we caught a whiff. It was chemical smoke. Below us and around us was a bank of misty smoke that ran for miles up and down the west bank of the Rhine, across the river and over the east bank.

Here there was no sunlight; here in the center of green and fertile land was a clearly marked area of death. The smoke seemed a shroud. Outlines below us were indistinct. What had seemed warm now appeared ominously cold, and almost clammy. On our left was the first serial of paratroop pathfinders. We were flying at 700 feet.

Below us there was no sign of life. We looked for troops going across, for the familiar invasion LCVPs and LCMs of our Rhine navy. We saw none. The river below us was a slate-gray ribbon winding through a dull gray land; on our left the troop carriers, pregnant dolphins in an eerie sea; and down to our right, straight into the sun, the dark mass of the city of Duisburg. From its broad, regular inland harbor the sun reflected panels of light into the battle area.

Over the roar of the engines and the screaming of air in the waist windows we heard a faint thumping. Colonel O'Neal grabbed me by the shoulder and pointed. The intercom crackled and a dry voice said, "Flak at twelve o'clock and nine o'clock. But they're off the beam." Outside, coming up from Duisburg, were the shells from Nazi 88s. Black puffs of smoke feathered pretty far off to our right. All of a sudden I felt how tense I had become. There was no more flak for a moment and I began to relax.

And just at that moment we were over the first drop zone. It was 9:50, ten minutes early. On our left, paratroopers were tumbling out of the C-47s, their green camouflage chutes blending with the dark gray ground. The troop-carrier serial seemed like a snail, leaving a green trail as it moved along. And it was crawling indeed—about 115 miles an hour. Our big Fort seemed to me to be close to stalling speed.

We were watching the bright blue and red and yellow supply parachutes mix with the falling troopers, admiring the concentration of that first jump, when we first got it. I was surprised and pained. The ground, as far as we could see it through the smoke, was torn up as if a gigantic seed drill had passed over it. It was an insult that anyone should be left down there to shoot at us.

It sounded like a riveting machine, a heavy one. For a split-second I didn't catch on. Then I smelled the explosive—a stench that always nauseates me. You get it in outward-bound bombers when the gunners clear their guns. But we had no gunners. Our turret guns were taped up and our waist guns had been unmounted. We were here to photograph and record, not to fight. There was a sharp rap on the ship somewhere. We had been hit.

The drop run was finished, so we swung up in a banking climb to our left while the first serial turned sharply right and headed out. I listened to the engines. They roared healthily on. The sound of the slipstream was the same, and the crackling of the aluminum skin.

A Premonition of Disaster

I looked around the waist with new eyes. I noted the sheet of armor below each waist window and decided to stick close there. The men were busy with their cameras, their knees bent, and hunched slightly over to keep balance. I hung on to one of the innumerable pipes that run down the top of the fuselage, like a strap-hanger in a New York subway, swaying slightly as we banked and heeled. I looked at Quandt. He looked back, and nodded his head with the corners of his mouth turned down. I knew exactly what he meant, so I did likewise. Colonel O'Neal's Irish face remained impassive.

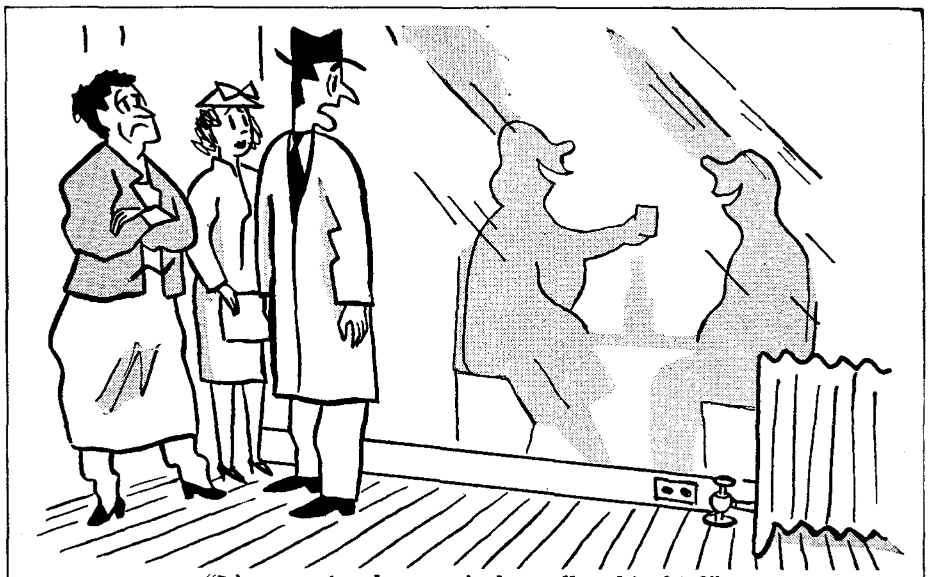
We turned and circled for a minute or two, and then joined another serial going into its drop zone. On the ground we could see occasional gun flashes, but no sign of life apart from them. No flak was coming near, so again a gradual relaxation made me see how tense I had become in every muscle. We watched the serial, with its fifteen tight little three-ship V formations, drop its load.

A hundred yards away from us, one of its ships, spawning parachutes from the rear, suddenly blossomed with yellow light up forward. It was not the reflection of the sun on the windshield. It was flame. And the ship turned off to the left in a steep glide. I remembered that two ships in the first serial had also slipped away, but with no apparent damage. Probably the pilots were hit by flak.

This bunch finished its work and turned for home. We turned off and joined a third formation, flying level with them at their speed and altitude. One of the photographers, crowded away from the window, was probably thinking along identical lines with me. There were a couple of extra flak suits back with us, and he stretched the double aprons flat out on the wooden floor.

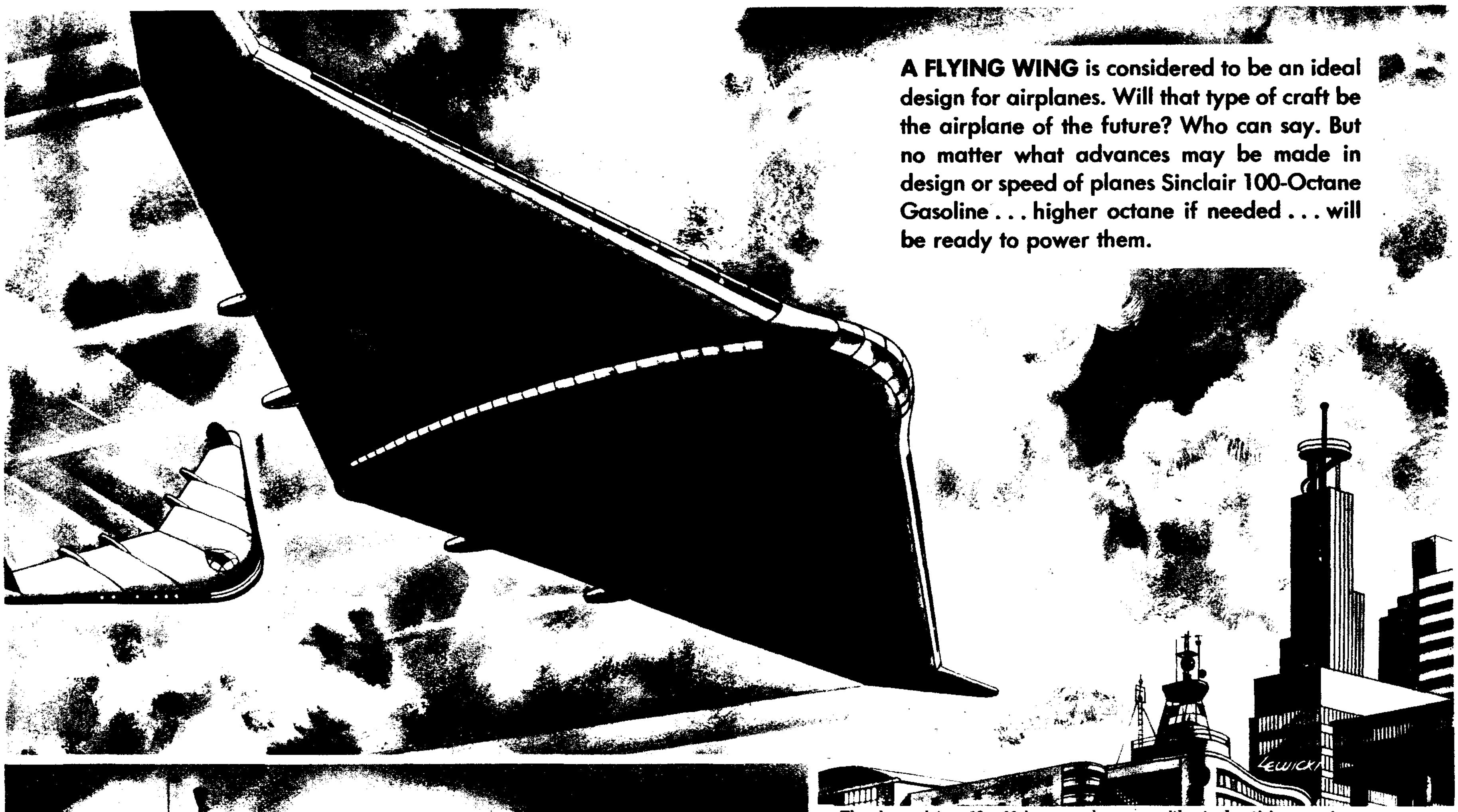
It suddenly seemed extremely silly to me that we should be there, because we were a huge bright silver B-17 flying along at almost stalling speed. We were probably the most conspicuous thing in the sky.

The Germans must have arrived at the same conclusion. We had been over the drop zone twenty or twenty-five minutes. We were



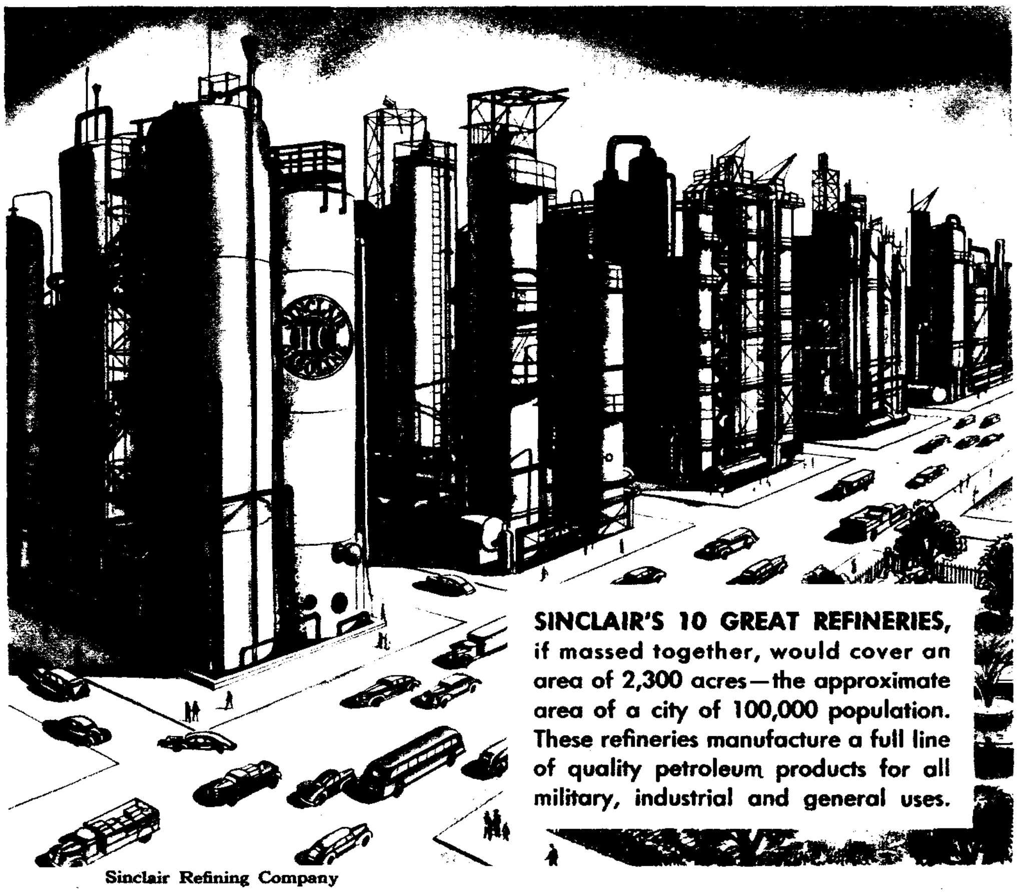
"It's very nice, but aren't the walls a bit thin?"

Do You Know that...



A FLYING WING is considered to be an ideal design for airplanes. Will that type of craft be the airplane of the future? Who can say. But no matter what advances may be made in design or speed of planes Sinclair 100-Octane Gasoline . . . higher octane if needed . . . will be ready to power them.

The above picture 12 x 19 in. on sepia paper *without advertising* sent free on request to Sinclair Refining Company, Dept. HO, 630 Fifth Ave., New York



Sinclair Refining Company

SINCLAIR'S 10 GREAT REFINERIES, if massed together, would cover an area of 2,300 acres—the approximate area of a city of 100,000 population. These refineries manufacture a full line of quality petroleum products for all military, industrial and general uses.

JUNK YARD
SINCLAIR

5,000 CARS roll into junk yards daily. Don't let your car be junked. Your Sinclair Dealer's Sinclair-ize Service helps protect against excessive wear and the junk yard. See your Sinclair Dealer today.

SINCLAIR

Sinclair's Post-war Program:

Better Products • Better Service

Blatz Beer

SPECIAL
PILSENER
BREW
Blatz
PILSENER
BEER
BLATZ BREWING CO MILWAUKEE

SPRINGTIME...and ALL TIME...

for Good Taste

As surely as spring follows winter, you'll find Good Taste in Blatz... always smooth and mellow. Try this fine beer, yourself. It's enjoyment you can depend on . . . in any season!

Fast Becoming
AMERICA'S NEW FAVORITE

Buy War Bonds Copyright 1945, Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. • *In our 94th year*

turning again to pick up the first incoming serial of C-46s. These ships, the Curtiss Commandos, carried more paratroopers and jumped them out of two doors at once. They were used in this operation for the first time.

We were banking to head back to the Rhine and pick them up. Hanging from my pipe, I could look almost straight down through the waist window through the tattered smoke at the ground. By now, there were several blobs of drop zones where the colored parachutes reminded you of a Mardi Gras sidewalk strewn with confetti.

And then we really hit trouble. It may have been the same gun. I did not see it. Radio Operator Roy Snow watched the tracers come up from the ground and lifted his feet to let the shells pass under him. In the waist we heard the riveter again. A short burst, then a longer one. The heavy steel-scaled flak suit and the heavy flak helmet, which had been weighing me down, now felt light and comforting. Then we got hit in a ripple. The ship shuddered, I grabbed my pipe. And then, as if it had been rehearsed, all five of us in the waist stepped onto the flak suits, spread on the flooring.

Flight in a Burning Ship

Over the intercom, Snow was telling our pilot, Lieutenant Colonel Benton Baldwin, that the left wing had been hit, and that fire was breaking out between the engines. The flak stopped. Baldwin was gaining altitude in a climbing turn. Smoke began to pour down through the plane, and in the left waist window. A tongue of flame licked back as far as the window, and the silver inner skin of the ship reflected its orange glow. The crew chief told Lieutenant Albert Richey that gasoline was sloshing around in the bomb bay.

Sitting in a plane that is being peppered by flak and being able to do nothing at all about it is a miserable feeling. But even that is nothing to the sensation of sitting in a burning plane. Baldwin used both extinguisher charges in a vain attempt to put out the fire. There was nothing to do but bail out.

This Fortress carried two thousand gallons of aviation fuel, which can almost ignite in a hot wind. One engine was burning; the one next to it was catching fire. The ship was still under control. But there was no telling for how long.

As we staggered out, we watched the C-46s come in and apparently walk into a wall of flak. I could not see the flak, but one plane after another went down. All our attention was concentrated on our own ship. It could blow up in mid-air any moment. We moved close to the windows. From the pilot's compartment came streams of stinging smoke. The intercom went out.

Up in the cockpit, Colonel Baldwin was keeping the ship under control, watching the fire eat a larger and larger hole in the left wing like a smoldering cigarette in a tablecloth. Looking down on the wing from above, he could not see a large fire. The flame was mainly below the wing.

ANSWERS TO DO YOU KNOW THE FUNNY SHEETS? (Page 51)

1—VII, 2—III, 3—X, 4—VIII, 5—VI, 6—I, 7—II, 8—IX, 9—IV, 10—XII, 11—V, 12—XI.

Suddenly we went into a sharp dip. Back aft we did not know what was happening. All we had was the smoke and the deafening noise, and the tiny fragments of molten metal which the wing was throwing back and which twinkled in the sun as they raced past the waist window.

We pulled off our flak suits and helmets. I reached down and buckled on my chest chute. It was obvious we would have to jump. But down below was still the cold, gray smoky country east of the Rhine. Impossible to tell what was happening down there. If it was not in enemy hands, it was a battlefield.

As we went into the dip, I thought the pilots had been hit, and I put my hands on the edge of the window to vault out. But the colonel brought her back under control, and we hung on. There was no movement among the men in the waist. We stood and waited—for flak, or more flames or explosion or for the Rhine to slide by below. There was nothing else to do. After what seemed hours, the Rhine was below us at last. The left wing was blazing, but three motors were still running.

We were hardly across the river when Roy Snow came back and told us that the pilot wanted us to jump. That and the Rhine River were all we had been waiting for.

Colonel O'Neal went back and began to struggle with the handle that jettisons the rear door. I jogged my chest pack up and down, made sure it was secure. The other men did the same. Colonel O'Neal was still wrestling with the door. I went back to help.

There was no panic. But if this telling sounds cool and collected, the actuality was not so. Uppermost in everyone's mind was just physically getting out of that ship. We were still flying at less than a thousand feet, which left not much time. I abandoned, with hardly a thought, my recording equipment and typewriter and notes and jacket in the radio compartment. Of the cameramen, only Quandt thought to take the film out of his camera. There was no point in trying to jump with anything in your hand because the opening of the chute will make you drop anything that is not tied to you.

The colonel got the door open and crouched in it for a moment. I shouted, "Okay, Colonel, get going." He didn't hear, but tumbled out. I got into the doorway.

All my life, one of the sensations I have disliked most has been the feeling of falling. As a boy I avoided the big slides in the amusement parks at Coney Island. Even now, working at the front, when I go up in a Cub or observation L-5, I always hope fervently that the pilot will not do those steep banking dives they like so much. The sinking feeling in my stomach when I fall is sickening.

Standing in the doorway of the burning Fortress, I somehow hardly thought of that. Down below, the ground was green and golden and friendly again. We had left the smoke zone, the sun was bright and the air was warm. Everything seemed friendly. It was the most natural thing in the world to want to leave the doomed plane and, anyway, behind me were three men waiting to jump, too. So I simply let myself tumble forward on my face. As I left the ship, the slipstream caught me, and it was like a big friendly hand that I could dig my shoulder into. The black rubber de-icer on the stabilizer was above me. And then all was confusion.

We were jumping at about six hundred feet, so I pulled the rip cord almost immediately. I pulled it so hard I almost jerked my shoulder out. There was more confusion. I felt as if I had come to a dead stop. The harness straps were digging into my flesh. My main thought was to save the ring, and I put it in my pocket. My next thought was gentle surprise that I should have been successful in parachuting the first time I tried.

For a moment there was relaxation, and enjoyment of the wonderful quiet that the departing Fort had left me in. Up above my head, the chute was glistening white, billowing like a sail full of wind. I began to sway, so I turned my attention to the ground.

I tried to remember everything I had read about parachuting—like pulling the shrouds to stop swaying. But I was afraid to try anything that might spill the chute. So I concentrated on worrying about where I was going to fall. Below me were a farmhouse, some open fields, a clump of trees and a pond. Men were running in my direction from one side of the house. Away in the next field Colonel O'Neal, who had also been swaying, had just come down.

I landed in a pasture. Trying to gauge my height to brace myself for the fall, I kept opening and closing my eyes, but was barely able to keep pace. I remembered to flex my knees. The next second I hit with a grunt. I snapped off the parachute and got to my feet. To my surprise I stayed there, getting my wind back.

The Hospitality of an Ally

It was the British Second Army area, and—true to the old Battle of Britain tradition—the parachuting visitor was promptly filled with tea and whisky.

I reached in my pocket for the ring. It is parachuting tradition to keep the ring to prove you have been in command of the situation at all times. The ring was not there. I had obviously been out of control.

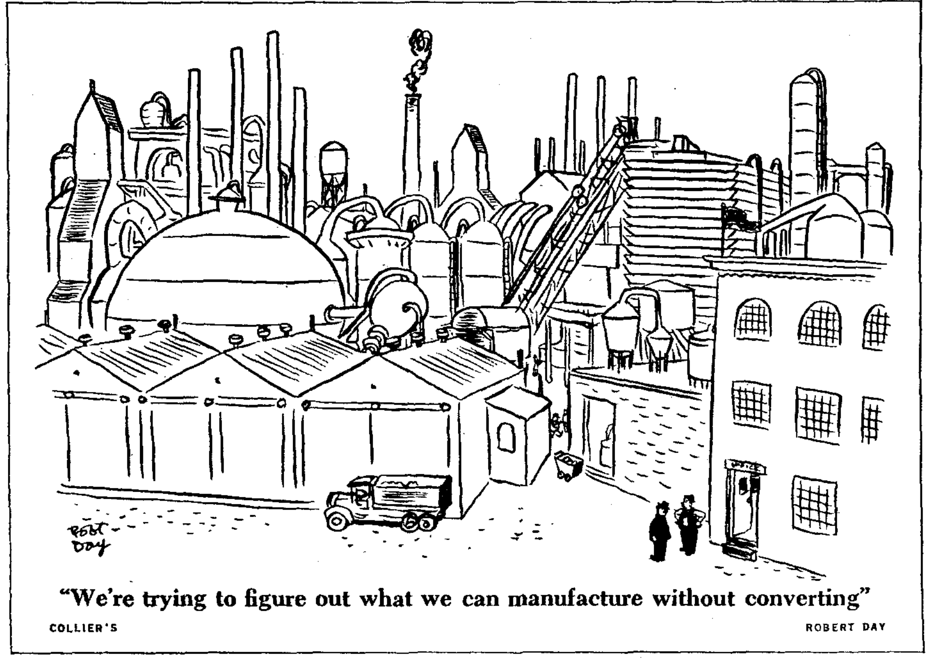
Word came that the colonel was all right, but that Pearce, who jumped right after me, had been killed when his chute streamed like an exclamation mark instead of opening. Our pilot pulled his rip cord in the cockpit by accident while putting his chute on after we had all got out. So he rode the Fort into a crash landing and came out safe.

All around us, as we stood on this approach route for the airborne forces, burning and disabled C-47s crashed into the fields. In every case the pilot stayed with his ship until his crew and passengers were out before bailing out himself. In some cases he stayed too long. It was a thrilling demonstration of the highest kind of courage to see a burning troop carrier come gliding in, to see two or three or four chutes blossom out under it, a pause as the ship turned away, and then another lone chute as the pilot got out. We stood looking up and cheered.

After a while, I noticed that my eye was hurting, and found that the chest chute had given me the start of a beautiful shiner as it was ripped up past my face. On hitching my way back to Paris next day, I found a telegram from my boss in London saying: "Better a purple eye than a Purple Heart."

By that time, there was good news from the front. Some 6,400 Nazis had been taken prisoner in the drop zones; the whole operation was a great success, and the British Second Army was slashing across the top of Germany—east of the Rhine.

THE END



"We're trying to figure out what we can manufacture without converting"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

84% Savings in Fuel Cost for MY Business?

Yes, that's exactly what one manufacturer saved in fuel costs, 84% in one year, after switching to a Commercial Model Combustioneer. And that's not all! Savings in labor amounted to $1560.00 more. This is the *actual* experience of a Combustioneer user who switched from another type of fuel. Furthermore, thousands of users who formerly hand-fired, report fuel savings of 20 to 30% with Combustioneer.

Combustioneer is the complete system for automatically feeding and burning coal, by the famed forced draft under-feed method of firing. It reduces furnace tending and supervision time by as much as 60%—gives constant, uniform temperatures day and night, and increases capacity of existing boilers by 20 to 30%. In addition, Combustioneer drastically reduces fuel cost and gives better control of heating and process steam.

The chances are that you can have a Combustioneer Commercial Model installed this spring. Without obligation, write for information about a Free Survey of your industrial or commercial building.

Domestic Model Combustioneers will be soon available to bring the luxury of economical, uniform automatic Combustioneer coal heat to your home.

Combustioneer
AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER
FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES

THE STEEL PRODUCTS ENG. CO.
1205 W. Columbia St.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

THE DRIVE TO VICTORY IS ON
★ BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS ★

TELESCOPE PRECISION Spotlights the new 1945

WEAREVER

Zenith

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT
WEAREVER

$1.95

In rich maroon, coachman's green, navy blue and black

Pen and pencil set, illustrated at right, in fine gift box...$2.75

By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

It's in the spotlight—deservedly in the spotlight—the superb new 1945 Wearever Zenith. Graceful as a shaft of light. Efficient as a bomb sight. Produced with the same devotion to precision that characterizes a fine telescope. The value of Telescope Precision is reflected in the durability of Zenith...in its finely wrought 14-carat gold point...its exclusive "C-Flow" feed...in the very beauty, balance and write-ability of this exquisite writing instrument. See, try, buy the guaranteed Wearever Zenith. Made by David Kahn, Inc., (Est. 1896).

FOR RELIABLE WRITING CHOOSE WEAREVER REFILL LEADS

Copyright and patented 1945—David Kahn, Inc.

☆ *BUY MORE AND MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS* ☆

Any Week

Continued from page 4

IF WE seem singularly concerned with food today it's because everybody is. Mr. R. W. Piper, of Beadling, Pennsylvania, digested our recent piece about a Chicago restaurant and admonishes against our trying to get him to eat *à la* Chicago. "Here's how we prepare real liver in the hills," Mr. Piper tells us. "You pound the liver with the sharp edge of a butcher knife, then dip in flour and fry in butter for five to not over seven minutes. Pork shoulder you dip in a mixture of milk, flour and egg and fry in butter." *Fry in butter,* the man says.

MR. T. L. WILLIAMS, of Dallas, Georgia, is of the opinion that "somebody at Collier's is going to catch hell for buying Gentleman's Town, by Felix Noland, in the issue of March 24th." If memory serves, that would be the fiction department. Anyhow, Mr. Williams is aghast at the idea of our publishing a story about Southern people who say "I" instead of "Ah" and who don't say "You-all" all over the place. "Worse still," Mr. Williams scolds, "the story was written by a Southerner, who ought to know better. Don't let it happen again. Stick to the standard brand written by people from the Bronx, who know how we Rebs talk because they have read other stories by other Bronx writers who have learned from still others."

NOW overseas with the Navy, Norman Paul Reinking, SKT 3/c, is certain you will be reasonably astounded by a deal his wife put through in Fort Wayne, Indiana. She sold their house on Winter Street to a Mr. Fall and bought a house on Spring Street from a Mr. Summer. That's the whole substance of Mr. Reinking's letter. What more do you want?

SO Mrs. Edith J. Reed, of New York City, says she asked her Italian fruit dealer if he ever read Collier's. "I read the Italian and the Engleesh," he replied. "But what's Collier's?" . . . G. W.

King of Sing

Continued from page 21

Lured by his Waring connection, 450 applicants turned up, and 185 were chosen. The fact that they were a mixture of races, faiths and nationalities seemed to Shaw a cause for jubilation. It even inspired him to poetry about a melting pot that sings. But the church didn't feel that way about it. This was supposed to be their church choir, made up at least half, please, of members.

So Shaw moved his singing melting pot, feeling righteous and wrathful. Now they rehearse in the City Center, run themselves on ten-dollar dues and are beholden to no one.

Rehearsal night is like a gathering of the faithful, even to a small but fascinated audience that is astonished at nothing: the Sunday-school room over in the garment district, where they used to rehearse before they moved to City Center; the red and gold piano lent by Billy Rose out of the trappings of his Diamond Horseshoe; and Shaw, conducting in bob-tailed shirt, baggy pants and carpet slippers ("I can't work in shoes").

Working up a terrific sweat, physical and emotional, he exhorts them. "Sing, people, sing," he moans. "It's no good, kids, it doesn't live! Sing music, people! Come on! Get sensitive! Hit it right up!"

They do, singing with a fervor that makes your spine tingle, and that is generated entirely, they tell you, by Robert.

There's nothing easy about rehearsal. No slow working over and over a thing. There isn't time. With rehearsals only once a week, concerts every month or so, and a terrific repertoire of music, ancient to modern, to be got through, Shaw keeps them going on high.

He does it not only with personal dynamics, but with pep talks and stunts—like draping Billy Rose's piano in a sheet and staging an unveiling; putting the singers through limbering, relaxing exercises before rehearsal, as usual, but this once getting them all to swaying and gaping, foolish like seals, since a reviewer said they acted like a bunch of trained seals; when they were paid $1,000 for a performance at Madison Square Garden, dividing the proceeds among the choristers, much against the better judgment of his secretary ("We needed that for a backlog, but Bob thought the kids would get a kick out of being paid"); conducting a last-minute whirlwind rehearsal backstage just before the Chorale marched out to sing Christmas music under Stokowski.

Shaw used to worry that he was too ministerial in the wording of anything he had to say. He writes weekly letters (mimeographed) to Chorale members, and he works very hard over them. He's proud now that they don't *sound ministerial at all.* They are full of slang and pep talk, homemade poetry, instructions about the next rehearsal, pats on the back about the last public success—all very casual and signed "Old Sweat 'n' Suds" or however he's feeling at the time.

Shaw's ability to get music out of people in a hurry works with strangers, too. A year ago he went to St. Louis to create a chorus at a convention of some twelve hundred music teachers from all over the country. He picked sixty to make a choir. "I rehearsed them in front of the audience, and then I rehearsed the audience in front of the choir." That was one day. The next day the choir went on the air over a coast-to-coast hookup. The results were good enough to raise a hundred invitations from other parts of the country.

Some of them have led to work with high-school kids, who sigh over Shaw the way they do over Sinatra and mob him for autographs. "The guys aren't so bad," he says, "but some of the little girls are carried away and forget their music. But they make a very spirited choir. Even when they make mistakes they do it with conviction."

Informality is the Tone

Probably no concert Bob Shaw conducts will ever seem very professional. The singers look too rapt and devoted, and Shaw is as informal with the audience as he is with the singers. At Northwestern University, where he made a choir out of one hundred and ten women and twenty men ("I put the women back in a corner and the men up front, and got a pretty good balance"), he gave a concert to a full house. "I talked to the audience about what we had been trying to do, and told them if things didn't go well we'd stop and start over. If things went bad I'd have fewer and fewer clothes on as the concert went along. The audience was singing with us by the end."

Shaw isn't worried about Bach and Brahms and other fine music being too highbrow for general appeal. He thinks the radio is spreading sophistication fast, even if most of its music is on the light side.

Anyway, Bob will explain the music as it goes along. Like Bill Schuman's Free Song. This is modern music and difficult at first even for trained musicians. So when the Bound Brook Community Chorus sings it at a concert pretty soon, Shaw intends to break it down for the audience. "I'll give it an emotional and technical breakdown, explaining why the voices enter at different times, how space and time are expressed in the music. Then we'll give a straight performance."

The Bound Brook Community Chorus started last summer, when Bob Shaw went out there in New Jersey to train a chorus to sing at a bond rally. The businessmen of the town got together afterward. "This is the biggest thing that ever happened to us," they said. "We aren't going to let it go." So they raised enough money to keep it running, including Shaw's expenses to come over every Thursday and rehearse them. One enthusiastic singer works two shifts straight at his war plant, so that he can be on hand for rehearsal. Concerts are sold out weeks ahead, and the local church choirs are all picking up membership, what with the increased interest in singing.

Maybe it's the minister in him that has turned Shaw into a crusader for song. Born in Red Bluff, California, twenty-eight years ago, of a family of ministers, his father head of the California Chapter of Ministers, his mother a church soloist, Bob started following in their footsteps. He and his five brothers and sisters all did church work, including the directing of a choir, and Bob did some pinch-hit preaching for his father.

Earning his way through Pomona College, he did anything else that turned up, from correcting papers in the Department of Religion to wrapping bread at night in a bakery. In between he was assistant director of the famous Pomona Glee Club, as popular at Pomona as football is at every other school. In his junior year, the director was on leave, and Bob took over. "You can't spoil a thing like that in a year, you know."

That was the year Fred Waring went to Pomona to shoot the picture, Varsity Show. He thought Bob was doing all right enough to leave him a standing offer of a job. So the next year Shaw came East, with half the makings of the first Waring glee club trailing after him, and has been directing Waring warblers over the air ever since.

A year's course in elementary harmony at Pomona, plus experience, is his total musical training. Proud Professor Lyman, head of the music department at Pomona, who taught him to beat time, declares Robert is the greatest choral conductor in the United States—maybe in the world. In 1943, the National Association of Composers and Conductors voted him the same. But Robert wants to study. So last year he applied to the Guggenheim Foundation for a fellowship. The Foundation was astonished; no conductor had ever had a fellowship before. But they agreed it was a good idea and gave it to him.

Two important orchestra conductors, Stokowski and Mitropoulos, have offered to teach Robert orchestra conducting. He'll probably learn properly sometime, but meanwhile he's doing it by his own uninhibited method, collecting any players he can find free when he needs them and making up an orchestra for a special concert. "I say to them, 'You know your instruments better than I do, but I know the score and what I want out of this. Let's work along. If you can help my beat, fine.' And these hard-boiled guys will stay after rehearsal, the woodwinds making one suggestion, and the brasses another. We've got a lot of friends now who, if they possibly can be free, are happy to play with us."

Shaw prepared his Chorale to sing The St. Matthew Passion under Stokowski in March. "But in April I get his orchestra. Only I have to pay more for the orchestra than he has to pay for the Chorale."

The big April occasion was the first performance of a piece for chorus and orchestra being written especially by a young American composer, Norman Dello Joio. The Chorale commissioned Dello Joio to do the job, paying him $1,000. The piece is a musical interpretation of Stephen Vincent Benét's Western Star. "About the people who came to Virginia and New England and their ideas You know, the young days of America, written and sung by young Americans."

Whether the critics like the piece or not, Shaw knows they'll talk about it. This is one of his ambitions for the Chorale: to have it a proving ground for composers, where they know their stuff will be tried out. If a work goes over, then he hopes it will be picked up later by major orchestras. That's what happened last year, when the Chorale gave a first performance of The Prairie by Lukas Foss, and the New York Philharmonic followed this winter with a full-dress show.

Another Shaw ambition is to establish a series of choral concerts, just as we now have series of symphony concerts. "A considerable part of the greatest literature in music is written with chorus," he points out.

Working Toward His Goal

One reason he works so hard on his Broadway and radio jobs is to help furnish paying outlets for any singers who want them. "I'm working at it two ways, training small professional choruses and large community choruses, some of whom might become professional."

Radio and show people do nose around the Chorale for talent, and choristers have gone with Waring, Spitalny and the USO, as well as into the special choruses that Shaw trains. Glenn Bryant went on leave from the Chorale and the New York police force to play a leading part in Carmen Jones. But mostly the choristers are content with their amateur status and to sing for joy and for Robert.

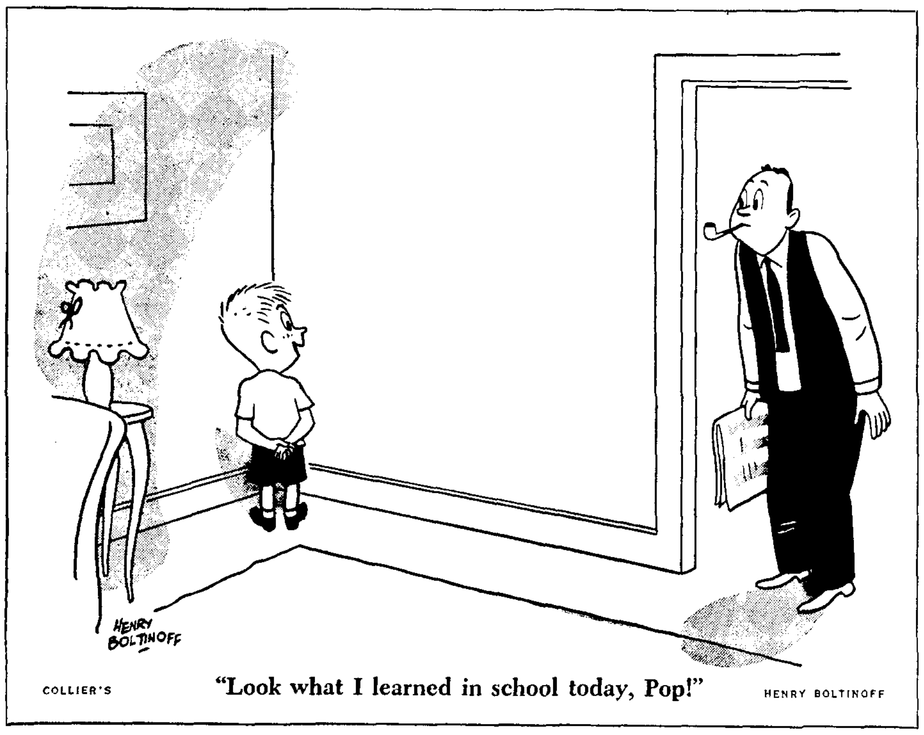
"We've played more benefits than Milton Berle," says Shaw, "and made considerably less money."

When the Chorale does go after cash, it's only to have it to hire an orchestra, or commission a composer. Shaw himself can scarcely be accused of money grabbing. He won't let you do any, either. He'll come out to your town, just for expenses, and give you a rousing, singing time of it. But then you're not to sell tickets to his concert.

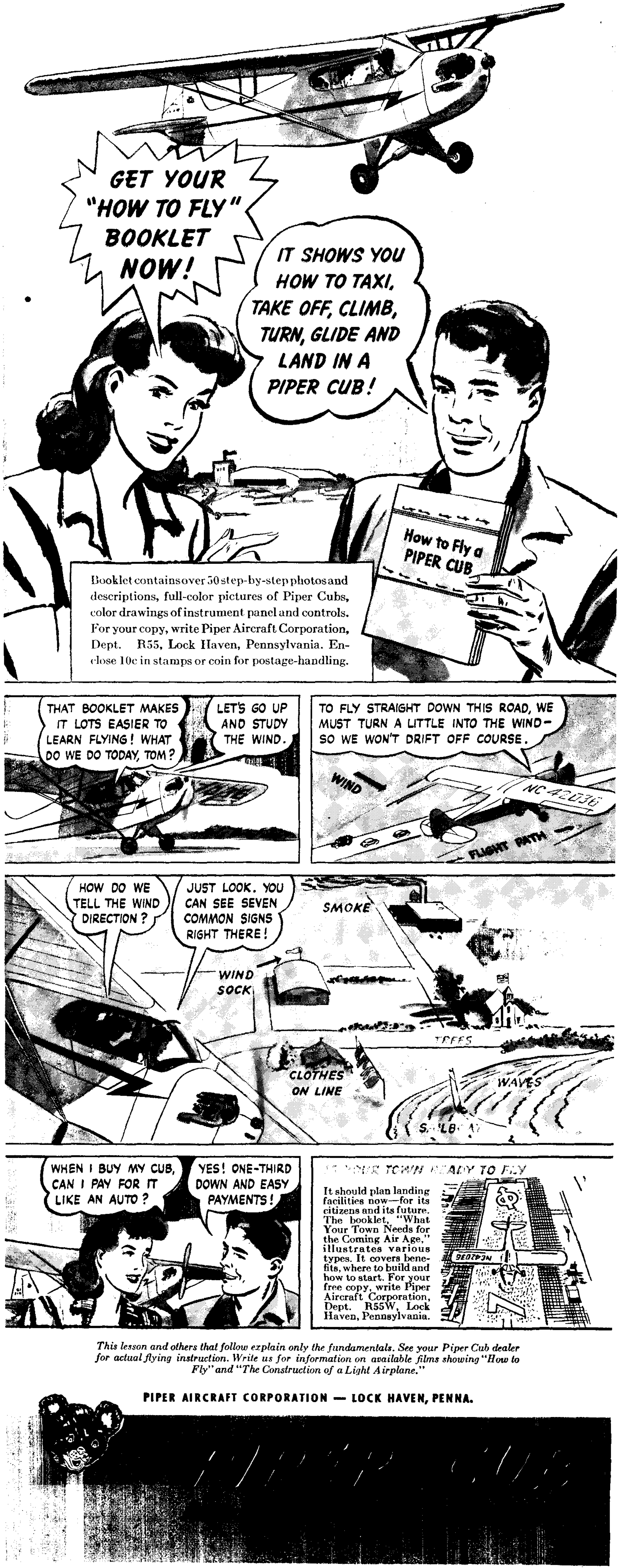
"I wear a nice dark business suit for my concerts," he says, "and everything is informal. We want the audience to know we're interested in having them like this music, and that we're not there just to make a lot of money."

They like it, all right. That's what all that shouting is about.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Look what I learned in school today, Pop!" HENRY BOLTINOFF


GET YOUR "HOW TO FLY" BOOKLET NOW!
IT SHOWS YOU HOW TO TAXI, TAKE OFF, CLIMB, TURN, GLIDE AND LAND IN A PIPER CUB!
How to Fly a PIPER CUB
THAT BOOKLET MAKES IT LOTS EASIER TO LEARN FLYING! WHAT DO WE DO TODAY, TOM?
LET'S GO UP AND STUDY THE WIND.
TO FLY STRAIGHT DOWN THIS ROAD, WE MUST TURN A LITTLE INTO THE WIND—SO WE WON'T DRIFT OFF COURSE.
WIND
NC 42036
FLIGHT PATH
HOW DO WE TELL THE WIND DIRECTION?
JUST LOOK. YOU CAN SEE SEVEN COMMON SIGNS RIGHT THERE!
SMOKE
WIND SOCK
TREES
CLOTHES ON LINE
WAVES
SAILBOAT
WHEN I BUY MY CUB, CAN I PAY FOR IT LIKE AN AUTO?
YES! ONE-THIRD DOWN AND EASY PAYMENTS!
IS YOUR TOWN READY TO FLY
NC42036
PIPER CUB

Booklet contains over 50 step-by-step photos and descriptions, full-color pictures of Piper Cubs, color drawings of instrument panel and controls. For your copy, write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Dept. R55, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania. Enclose 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling.

It should plan landing facilities now—for its citizens and its future. The booklet, "What Your Town Needs for the Coming Air Age," illustrates various types. It covers benefits, where to build and how to start. For your free copy, write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Dept. R55W, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

This lesson and others that follow explain only the fundamentals. See your Piper Cub dealer for actual flying instruction. Write us for information on available films showing "How to Fly" and "The Construction of a Light Airplane."

PIPER AIRCRAFT CORPORATION — LOCK HAVEN, PENNA.

Watch Crystals You CAN'T BREAK

PROTECT YOUR WATCH
A watch with a broken crystal is useless. Go to any jeweler—ask for a G-S FLEXO CRYSTAL **100% BREAK-PROOF.** Can be fitted while you wait. Any size. Any shape. ***Guaranteed.***
GERMANOW-SIMON MACH. CO. Rochester, N. Y.

QUICK FIXER!
Loose bathroom tiles and fixtures, such as towel racks or soap dishes, can be securely reset with PLASTIC WOOD!
PLASTIC WOOD
HANDLES LIKE PUTTY • HARDENS INTO WOOD

Sky-Rite
SOLD AT BETTER STORES
AIR MAIL
Lightweight
STATIONERY
Buy SKY-RITE for Lightness—Whiteness. Takes ink. Made to Fly. Dealers — WRITE for CATALOG.
AGENCY PAPER CO., NEW YORK 13
Factories: New York—Chicago
Distributors Everywhere

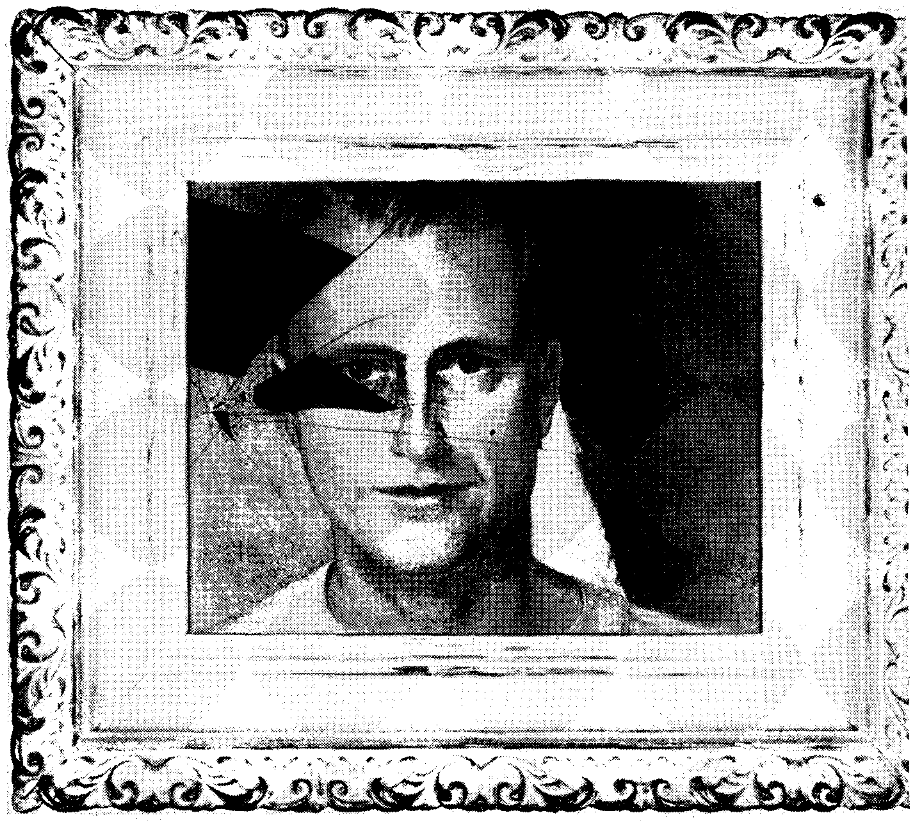
CAT'S PAW
NON-SLIP
Rubber Heels & Soles

ASTHMATICS!
If you find it difficult to get relief TRY
Let Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR help reduce the severity of your next asthmatic attack, notice how its aromatic fumes aid distressed breathing. Use it and see how dependable it is—potency rigidly standardized through strict laboratory control—quality always uniform. Ask for ASTHMADOR in powder cigarette or pipe mixture form at your favorite drug store.
Get ASTHMADOR today!
ASTHMADOR

E&J Folding
WHEEL CHAIRS
Rehabilitate the handicapped
EVEREST & JENNINGS WHEEL CHAIRS
Fold
For Travel! Work! Play!
YOUR DEALER CAN SUPPLY YOU OR WRITE
EVEREST & JENNINGS
1032 N. OGDEN • LOS ANGELES 46, CALIF.

STAMMER?
This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method *for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering*—successful for 44 years. **Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 4304, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.**
GET THIS FREE BOOK!

The Week's Work



Self-portrait of Ken Thompson, as viewed in a cracked mirror

KENNETH W. THOMPSON is one of those artists whose maps have helped make this global war more understandable. His map illustration for Quentin Reynolds' Transfer to the East (p. 16) brings a sharp realization of the awesome distances involved in shifting men and arms from Europe to the Pacific.

Thompson disclaims the designation "cartographer," as implying more knowledge than he has of geography and technical map making. Yet the maps he makes, with their tricks of perspective, of light and shade, reveal pertinent-for-the-purpose facts about the earth's surface more clearly than do conventional geography maps. His gift for simplifying the aspect of great areas is useful, too, in illustrations other than maps, as in his recent from-the-sky view of a postwar airport, shown with the article, Battle of the Airports (Collier's, March 31st).

Because of his map-making skill, Thompson now is engaged in two full-time careers. By day he makes maps for Army Air Forces newsreels—those important training-and-news films which the AAF shows to its men in bases all over the world. By night, five nights out of seven, he works until two or three in the morning at his regular peacetime work, such as Collier's illustrations.

When we asked Thompson for a picture of himself, he decided that here was a subject that ought to be kidded somehow, and conceived a self-portrait done looking into a cracked mirror. Only he couldn't find a cracked mirror, and his wife, superstitiously, wouldn't let him smash one. So he used a good mirror and imagined the cracks and thus produced the portrait you see here.

Thompson reverses the old artist story, in that his father persuaded him to take up art almost against his will. He wanted to be an engineer like his father, "but my dad knew I was no student, so he said to me, 'Let's just go look in at some art schools, see what they're like,' and I soon found myself happily enrolled in one of them."

His wife, Mary Tyson, is a portrait artist who enjoys the use of her husband's Manhattan studio, now that he is working for the government. The Thompsons have a seven-year-old son, Kenneth Stuart.

Elizabeth Dunn

© UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

WHEN three women try to make one man do what they want him to, and when their separate plans are upset by another woman, an outsider, a foreigner—you have, if you are a writer, the makings of a story.

Author Elizabeth Dunn encountered such a situation among some people she knew and on it she based a pleasant-reading serial story, Sentimental Week End, scheduled to begin in next week's issue. Although the story's dialogue is the frothy, witty kind, there's a serious undertone, as the author shows how isolationism—a world-scale problem—works out in the small-scale lives of individuals.

Mrs. Dunn feels that Sentimental Week End solves for her the dilemma in which the war places "escape" writers. She suspects that she and other fiction writers have been taking the war with too much tension. "There's nothing funny about war, heaven knows," she says, "but there are aspects of living affected by the war which are funr Light fiction can deal with the fringes of w as in this story, with lifted eyebrow."

Mrs. Dunn regrets, in a way, that her li has followed a conventional pattern. "F biographical purposes, I wish I'd been bo a gypsy on the banks of the Nile. But f any other purpose, my kind of life is mu more fortunate. I was born on Long Islar had a happy childhood, went to pub school, then to Vassar, worked for a whi married, had two children—and here I a pretty pleased with it all."

Shortly after college, Mrs. Dunn tour New York state lecturing on birth contr "I don't know why they ever let a young u married woman undertake such a task, b my audiences were polite to me. Probab they just sat and thought out their wint plans while I talked."

There followed a succession of jobs—department-store stylist, magazine editor, fe ture writer. "Then, after several years of la basting all Tories, I went right out and met nice one, and let him lead me to the alta

Her Tory husband, a naturalized Englis man, is still a Tory, and she is still a Liber "This leads to discussions lasting till 2 A.M even after more than a dozen years of ma riage, and works out very well. I am grad ally loosening his moral fiber while he tightening mine."

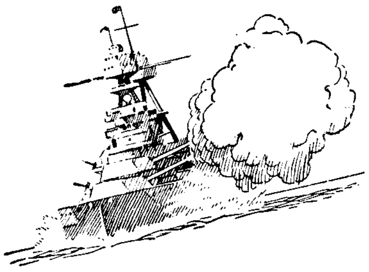
Mrs. Dunn began writing fiction when sl was six years old, she says, but didn't make career of it until after she was married. No she leaves her New Canaan, Connectic house every morning at 8:30 and goes dov to her Main Street office, where she wor hard at her writing from 9 to 12:30 and th she goes back home again.

Mrs. Dunn doubts if ever again she'll a *tain the imaginative heights of fiction sl* reached with her first novel, produced at a six or so and entitled Marjorie Marks, Pri cess of the Old Mill. Nobody ever found o that Marjorie was a princess. She liv tragically, all alone among the rats at t mill, poor thing!

HARNETT T. KANE is best known f his three best sellers, Louisiana Hayri (about Huey P. Long); The Bayous of Loui ana; and Deep Delta Country. But, as you see from his article, New Orleans' Priva War, p. 27, his chief interest lies in the a of fine eating.

"The story occurred to me when I pass a restaurant one day and heard the click of lock as the manager locked the door a crowd waiting outside," Kane says. "Lat I talked to the manager and was permitted stay in the kitchen a while, listening a watching.

"It was a pleasant article to write. think I must have gained a few pounds in t process of preparing it." . . . A.



ELGIN'S LATEST CONTRIBUTION TO VICTORY —THE FINEST MARINE CHRONOMETER IN THE WORLD

● It's the master navigating instrument on a ship—the Marine Chronometer. Timekeeping accuracy, dependableness are vital. As one of its war tasks, the Elgin Watch Company has designed and equipped itself to make these precision instruments. Before World War II, Marine Chronometers had never been manufactured in this country. The Elgin Chronometer has advantages over any other ever made *anywhere.*

HOLD FAST TO YOUR DESIRE . . .

there will be more Elgins

PROBABLY you have been unable to find the Elgin Watch of your choice. If so, don't let your hopes down. For the day is steadily drawing nearer when you can again select from a generous array of brilliant *new* Elgins.

Meanwhile, the fourth generation craftsmen who will make these fine timepieces are devoting their precision skills to vital war work . . . just as you would expect. But their nimble fingers are eager to get back to the creation of Elgin Watches for men and women. for you.

And those will be timepieces of true distinction . . . in beauty and in accuracy. So hold fast to your desire when you see foreign-made watches trying to take the place of the American-made Elgins. There *will* be more Elgins . . . gracefully styled and dependably accurate. *You'll be glad you waited for an Elgin.* Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A.

Lord Elgin

ELGIN

Lady Elgin

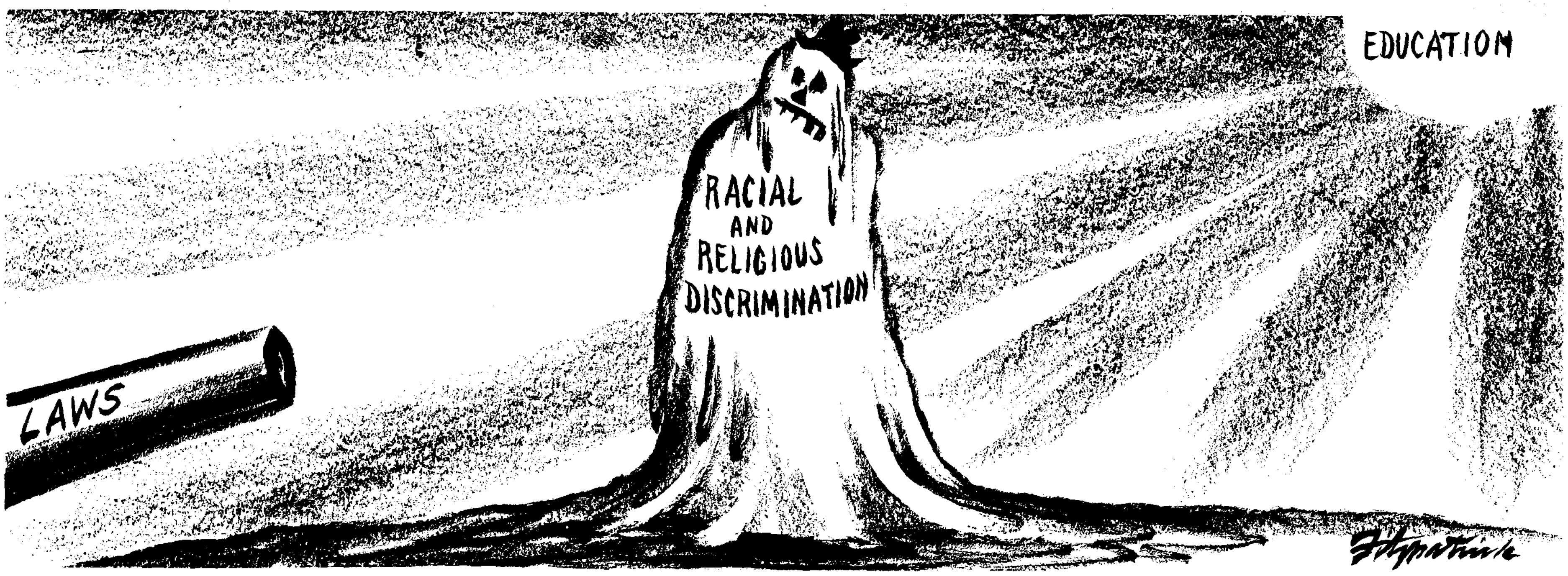
AMERICA'S OWN DISTINCTIVE WATCH WORD SINCE 1865

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

HENRY LA COSSITT
Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS
Managing Editor



LAWS AGAINST PREJUDICE

IT LOOKS as if the next big wave of social reform in this country is slated to roll in the direction of efforts to legislate racial, religious and nationality discriminations out of employment. We mean laws to discourage employers who now won't hire, and unions which won't countenance hiring, Jews, Gentiles, Negroes, Catholics, Baptists, Germans, Irish, etc., etc.

New York State has led off the parade with its much debated Ives-Quinn Act, effective July 1st. This law calls for a five-member commission, to carry on chiefly educational and persuasive work against discrimination in employment, but it also provides legal penalties for cases where education and persuasion fail. Numerous other states are considering adoption of variations of the Ives-Quinn Act.

The trend seems a most interesting one to us. That discrimination based on prejudice is practiced here and there in the United States is no news to anybody. Whether it can be gradually eliminated by carefully framed legislation remains to be seen; or whether, as the New York law's opponents predicted in the furious debate that preceded its enactment, such laws will only foster racketeering and blackmail and give a new lease on life to such things as the Ku-Klux Klan and the Black Legion.

Our feeling is that these laws can be made to deliver excellent long-range results if they are administered by people of courage and broad vision. The emphasis should be placed consistently, we think, on education and persuasion, with fines and jail sentences kept far in the background. Most people hate to be coerced, especially where their pet prejudices are concerned, but many people are amenable to argument.

One encouraging factor is that, so far as we can observe, the tide is already running pretty strongly against racial and religious bias in the United States. More and more of us appear to be realizing that this country is uniquely vulnerable to stresses and strains produced when people of all manner of descents and creeds live in the same community; and to be realizing, too, that we could wreck ourselves if we should let those stresses and strains get the better of us. More and more organizations are on guard against these dangers; more and more city authorities and civic groups are doing constructive and farseeing work to prevent race riots or break them up in a hurry.

It won't be laws that will finally solve our prejudice problems; it will be a realization by all of us of the fact that race and religious antagonism is bad medicine in a country which calls itself a democracy. But carefully drawn and shrewdly administered laws will help.

NORTHROP SPOTS SOME JOBS

NORTHROP AIRCRAFT, INC., Pacific Coast maker of the famous P-61 Black Widow night fighter, employs about 10,000 men and women just now. Before the war, its pay rolls carried only about 2,500. After the war the aviation industry, which the war has jet-propelled from 44th to first place in size in this country, must shrink. How about the aircraft-plant workers who will be squeezed out by that shrinkage?

The thought had occurred to a lot of these workers. It had hit them so forcibly, indeed, that last fall the drift away from aircraft-plant jobs to jobs with peacetime futures became alarming. Yet the planes had to be built—and have to be until the Axis is hollering "Uncle" in tones of poignant sincerity. How to halt the drift?

La Motte T. Cohu, Northrop board chairman and general manager, took thought, and presently came up with what strikes us as the best plan we've yet heard of under this head. Northrop now has every one of its employees card-indexed according to what kind of work he or she did before coming to Northrop and would like to do after the war—and also where the employee would like to do that postwar work. The company tries, and with considerable success to date, to find out where each of these employees can reasonably hope to get such a job later on.

High-speed sorting machines handle these cards; so that, should some contractor tell Northrop he wants to hire 25 bricklayers after the war, the machines in about 25 minutes can spot 25 ex-bricklayers now making planes and hoping to go back to laying bricks.

The drift away from Northrop has pretty well stopped, now that the company has taken to attacking the workers' natural fear of postwar unemployment in this constructive and reassuring way. Other West Coast war industries are taking up the idea. It isn't patented, and it would be a fine thing, we think, if it were to spread pretty much throughout our war-industry setup. It is mainly by self-help and co-operation of this type that we can hope to maintain high employment after the war, rather than by reliance on government to do it.

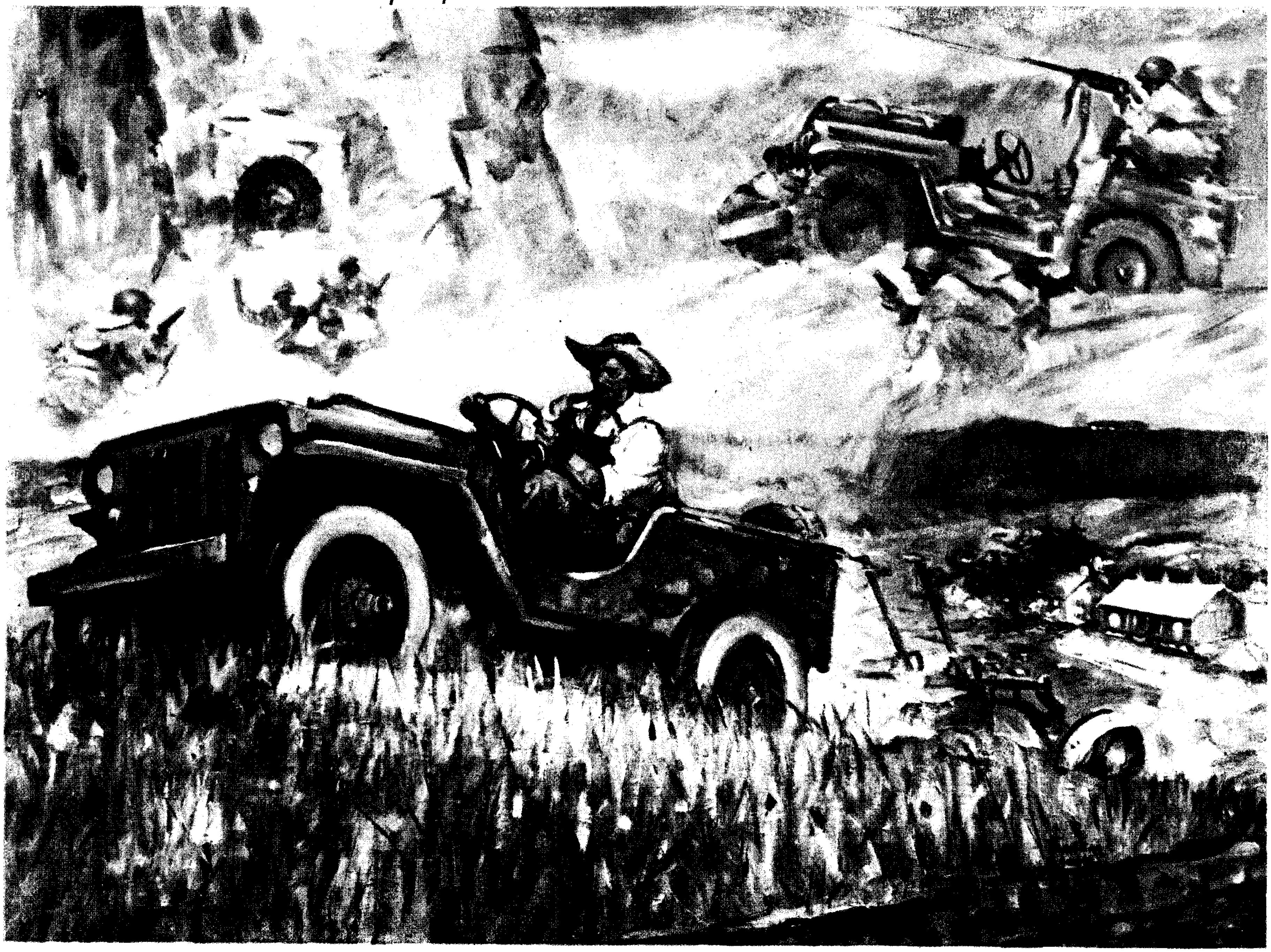
HOW ARE YOUR PERSONAL BRAKES?

FROM April 15th to June 1st is normally a time when automobile accidents balloon; and this year it is a time selected by the International Association of Chiefs of Police for a campaign of motorist education in the care of automobile brakes.

Every driver knows that his brakes are vital to the safety of his car, himself and his passengers. We all know, to our sorrow, that our cars are getting older than many of us ever expected they would get before we could turn them in on new cars. Frequent checkups are essential to the continued health of your car; and the brake checkup is of top-flight importance.

Here is a rough-and-ready test which you can make yourself, without unscrewing a nut or even looking at the brakes. Just press down the brake pedal with your foot. If there is one inch or less between the floorboard and the point where the brakes take hold, then your brakes are too loose for safe driving, and need an adjustment. If there is more than an inch between floorboard and gripping point, your brakes are most likely in good shape. How about testing them now and, for the sake of our seriously shrinking motor transport potential as well as yourself, getting them shipshape and keeping them that way?

• • To millions of people all over the world "**JEEP**" means **WILLYS** • •



The Sun Never Sets On the Mighty "Jeep"

JEEPOTENTIALITIES

Tough, irrepressible, battle-stained—the mighty "Jeep" is today doing its appointed task on the battle fields of the world, *as planned.*

That this mighty "Jeep" is speedy enough, powerful enough, versatile enough and rugged enough to meet the stiffest demands of war is not an accident.

The "Jeep" was designed, powered and strategically engineered expressly as a *war* machine—to perform and *keep going* no matter *when, where* or *what* the demand—and to stand up.

The same skilled craftsmen who were able to produce a "Jeep" equal to the harsh and unremitting demands of a world-wide war, have developed plans to adapt it to greatly expanded usefulness on farms, in industry, in small businesses and among individuals with many widely diversified needs. Have you considered Jeepotentialities—after the war?

★ ★ ★

We have received many letters asking us about buying "Jeeps" after the war. Among the numerous "Jeep" uses suggested in these postwar plans are, operating farm implements, towing, trucking, road work, operating power devices and many personal business and pleasure uses. Does the "Jeep" figure in *your* postwar plans? Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo 1, Ohio.

Willys *Builds the Mighty* **'Jeep'**

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD
Chesterfield
They Satisfy

It's Spring again
IT'S TWO AGAIN

Just the way it used to be . . . Two to grab for the morning paper, Two places to set at the table . . . and Two Chesterfields over Two cups of coffee . . .

Yes, and when you share Chesterfields together you share all the benefits of smoking pleasure Real Mildness—Cooler Smoking—Better Taste.

Copyright 1945, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.